REAL WEST MAGAZINE

REAL WEST

50¢ CDC
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
FEB. 1971

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

WAR BONNET FOR A SQUAW

THE NAVY VS THE INDIANS

ARIZONA'S TRAGIC HERO

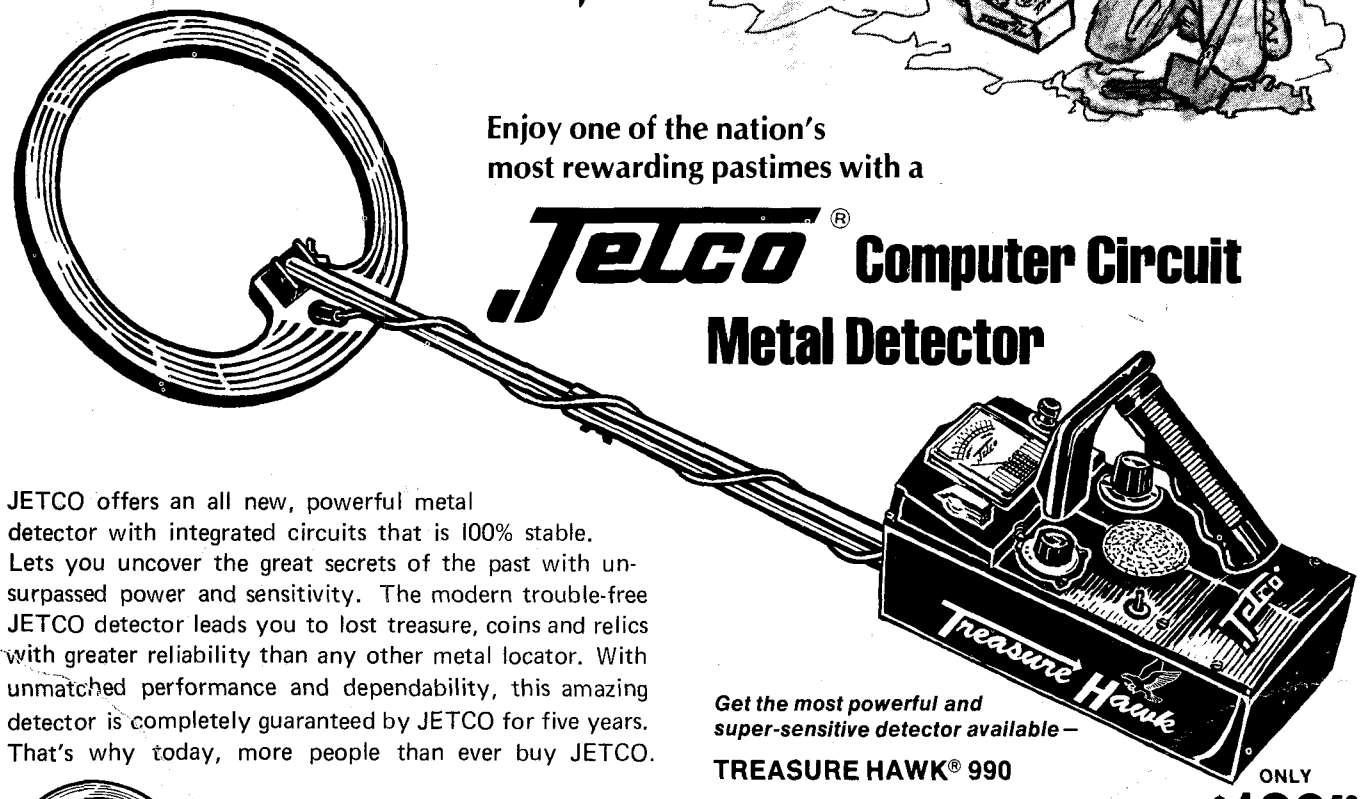
RETURN TO DEATH VALLEY

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

ARTIST OF THE SALT LAKE TRAIL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COULD THIS BE YOU?



Enjoy one of the nation's most rewarding pastimes with a

Jetco® Computer Circuit Metal Detector

JETCO offers an all new, powerful metal detector with integrated circuits that is 100% stable. Lets you uncover the great secrets of the past with unsurpassed power and sensitivity. The modern trouble-free JETCO detector leads you to lost treasure, coins and relics with greater reliability than any other metal locator. With unmatched performance and dependability, this amazing detector is completely guaranteed by JETCO for five years. That's why today, more people than ever buy JETCO.

Get the most powerful and super-sensitive detector available—

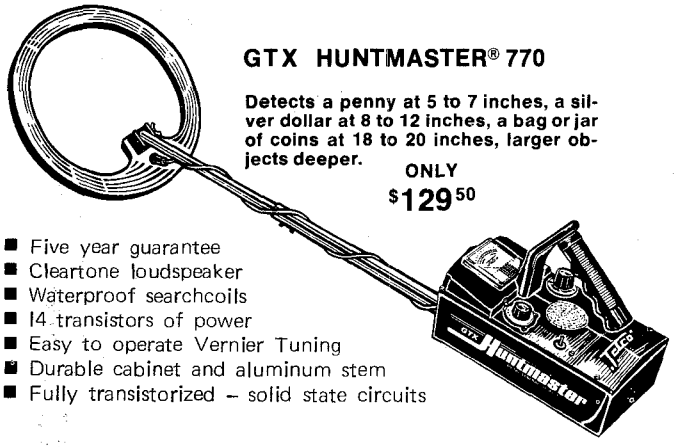
TREASURE HAWK® 990

ONLY **$189.50**

Detects a bullet to 5 inches, a penny to 8 inches, silver dollar to 14 inches, a gold chest over 6 feet.

- 16 Transistors of power
- Fully transistorized—solid state circuits
- Sensitivity selector
- Waterproof searchcoils
- Five year guarantee
- Lightweight: only about 4 pounds
- Unbreakable cabinet and exploring stem
- Precision tuning with pin point accuracy

Comes with two searchcoils -- a 12 inch coil for maximum depth on large objects and a 6 inch coil for small object sensitivity at intermediate range. Designed especially for the professional and serious treasure and relic hunter.



GTX HUNTMASTER® 770

Detects a penny at 5 to 7 inches, a silver dollar at 8 to 12 inches, a bag or jar of coins at 18 to 20 inches, larger objects deeper.

ONLY **$129.50**

- Five year guarantee
- Cleartone loudspeaker
- Waterproof searchcoils
- 14 transistors of power
- Easy to operate Vernier Tuning
- Durable cabinet and aluminum stem
- Fully transistorized -- solid state circuits

GTO SEARCHMASTER® 550

The GTO is an all new, complete and ready to use metal-mineral detector with many of the features of more expensive models.

ONLY **$89.50**

- Vernier Tuning
- 10 full transistors
- Five year guarantee
- Cleartone loudspeaker
- Lightweight: only about 3 pounds
- Detects all metals and detectable minerals
- Choice of waterproof searchcoils – 6 or 12 inch

DO IT YOURSELF AND SAVE!

With the GTS® Deluxe kit model detector -- Assembles in about four hours. No knowledge of electronics required for easy assembly. Highest quality parts. Guaranteed to be better than any other kit model available. Only $59.95.

FREE CATALOG

ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE FROM

JETCO® ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES, INC.
P. O. Box 132 JEW • Huntsville, Tex. 77340

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

START YOUR NEW CAREER **NOW!** WITHOUT OVERHEAD! ANY PLACE! ANY AGE!

UPHOLSTERING JUST ONE CHAIR can pay you as much as your present weekly paycheck!

you don't even have to quit your present job!!!

Start learning now. At home, or in the garage, in your spare time — no outside classes to attend. If you can tie a knot and drive a tack, you can learn this business, quickly, easily. You start learning the basics **right away** through the proven MUI Home Training Plan. And before you're barely into it, you can start doing the simple upholstering jobs that are all around you waiting to be done. Chairs, cushions, seats, footstools. Even before MUI students finish their training, people start bringing upholstery jobs to them, and remember—the **world is full of furniture that needs fixing and re-upholstering and more is wearing out all the time!**

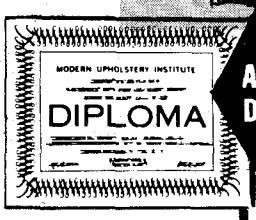
"What started as a hobby, now pays me $10 an hour"

Yes, many MUI graduates make better than $10 an hour turning old wornout furniture into bright new decorator pieces! **Stack it up against what you're doing now!** Are you making $150 a week? $200? $250? Do you put in long hours of dull work, with small raises? Is that the way you want to spend the rest of your life? Just imagine, you can make $150, $200, $250 upholstering just **one** chair or sofa these days! And if you're the kind of person who likes to work and earn, you can sometimes finish a job like this in a day. That's pay, . . . **and it beats what most college graduates make!**

AS YOU LEARN, YOU JUST SLIP INTO THE IMMENSE FLOW OF UPHOLSTERY WORK! Think of all there is! . . . Sofas, lounging chairs finished in beautiful fabrics, which MUI tells you how to get at the right price — even leather and all the new vinyls. And then you have built-ins and breakfast nooks, boats, trailers and all the millions of automobiles in America. Yes, you learn all this and *more!* When we finish teaching you, (in your own home in your spare time) and when you get our California state approved diploma, you **know** this business . . . **as a real professional!** You will then have one of the most fantastic moneymaking skills in America built into your head and hands! No one can ever take this skill away from you . . . and no one can ever fire you, because **you're the boss** of a business that you can take with you . . . You can make big money from then on . . . any time, **anyplace you want to put out your shingle!**

When you read the papers you see there's a strike here, a lockout there. Detroit lays off 150,000 men. A plant is shut down and moved out of state. A new automated machine eliminates 5,000 jobs. They talk about dislocated workers and try to do something about it. What pays the bills if you get caught up in one of these situations? When you know upholstering, life gets very simple and lots of fun. It's simple because where there are people, there are upholstery jobs and lots of them. It's fun because life is fun when the bills are paid and there's money in the bank, even enough to buy those things you've always wanted for yourself.

YOU GET SIX BIG FURNITURE KITS FREE



YOU GET THIS **AUTHORIZED DIPLOMA** WHEN YOU GRADUATE

BRAND NEW OR REPLACEMENT GUARANTEED TO CONSUMER BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE IS DEFECTIVE & REPORTED WITHIN 30 DAYS OF PURCHASE

MUI IS APPROVED BY THE CALIFORNIA SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION AND IS AUTHORIZED TO ISSUE A DIPLOMA IN UPHOLSTERY.

MODERN UPHOLSTERY INSTITUTE
Box 899 **DOG** Orange, Calif. 92669

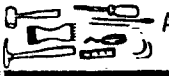
WORK THE HOURS **YOU** LIKE TO WORK!!

If you favor a regular 35 hours a week, upholstery lets you do it and make a really fine living. On the other hand, if you're really ambitious and want to work 60 or 70 hours a week, **you are starting to talk about some big, big money!** The important thing is that the choice is **yours,** not somebody elses! (Not like when you're working for someone else.) Many students of retirement age just do a few pieces now and then just to keep things nice and comfortable.

TO GET STARTED, JUST GET THE COUPON IN THE MAIL . . . TODAY!

It costs you nothing to get the information and there's no obligation. No salesman is going to call you. This much and this much only, every successful MUI graduate must do for himself — **send the coupon today!**

YOU'LL GET A BIG ILLUSTRATED 32 PAGE BOOK ON UPHOLSTERY• and the upholstery business, and an actual free sample lesson showing how the fabulously successful MUI system is taught. For your sake and the sake of your future, do it now. Cut out the coupon, fill it out, put it in an envelope and mail it now. Air mail reaches MUI about two days sooner!



ALL THE SPECIAL "TOOLS OF THE TRADE" ARE YOURS . . . **FREE**

THIS FREE UPHOLSTERY BOOK may be the most important information you ever read.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

MODERN UPHOLSTERY INSTITUTE, Box 899 DOG Orange, Calif. 92669

Please send the FREE UPHOLSTERY CAREER BOOK, the FREE SAMPLE LESSON. I understand I am under *no obligation whatever and am just* sending for the free facts on job and career opportunities in Upholstering and the MUI home training program. I understand that no salesman will call.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

APPROVED FOR VETERANS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST

Volume XIV
Number 90
February, 1971

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor/Patrick Masulli
Managing Editor/Edward T. LeBlanc
Gun Editor/Major R.O. Ackerman
Treasure Editor/E.S. LeGaye

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

TOM HORN, MAN OF MYSTERY
By Joe Koller

THE ORIGIN OF RUSTLING
By Gilbert Patten

HORACE TABOR, THE SILVER KING WITH TWO QUEENS
By Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

THE LOST GOLD OF THE MURDERED MINERS
By Maurice Kildare

CARRY NATION, THE ONE WOMAN RIOT
By Paul T. Nolan

THE FABULOUS JOHN TWOHIG OF OLD SAN ANTONIO
By Valerie Owen

THE MILLION DOLLAR TICKET
By Louise Cheney

JIM HAYDEN: MERCILESS MULESKINNER
By Ethel Kimball

GERONIMO'S LAST FIGHT
By George Hart

McCARTHYVILLE, THE DEADLIEST TOWN IN THE WEST
By Will Carpenter

GREAT INDIAN SPEECHES
By Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

TRUE REAL WEST ADVENTURES

Early Colorado's Most Controversial Character 6
by Clarence M. Fink
Jay C. Freeman: Horse And Buggy Sheriff 8
by Olga Freeman
Arizona's Tragic Hero 13
by Maurice Kildare
Across The Continent: The Frank Leslie Excursion To The Pacific, Part One 18
by Thomas A. Frazier
The Navy Quells An Indian Uprising 23
by T. W. Paterson
Alfred Lambourne: Artist Of The Salt Lake Trail 28
by A. J. Simmonds
Manley's Return To Death Valley 30
by Louise Cheney
Lost Treasures: John Welch's Lost Gold Cache 32
by E. S. LeGaye
The Lieutenant Took Them For A Ride 38
by Edward Hay
War Bonnet For A Squaw 40
by Harold Preece
Alias Jesse James - Conclusion 46
by Carl W. Breihan

SPECIAL FEATURES

The American Indian 35
Real West Pictorial 36
Not All The Heroes Were Men: Indiana Sopris 66
Dehydrated Foods: An Ancient Indian Discovery 67

DEPARTMENTS

Gunsmoke Gallery 44
Mail Roundup 64
Editor's Corral 68
Ask Your Questions 78
Bunkhouse Bookshelf 80

REAL WEST published monthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Vol. XIV, No. 90, Feb., 1971. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn.

©Copyright 1970 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Executive offices and office of publication, Division St. Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $5.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Anna Mae De Luca. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept.* **27588** *555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. **27588** 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐

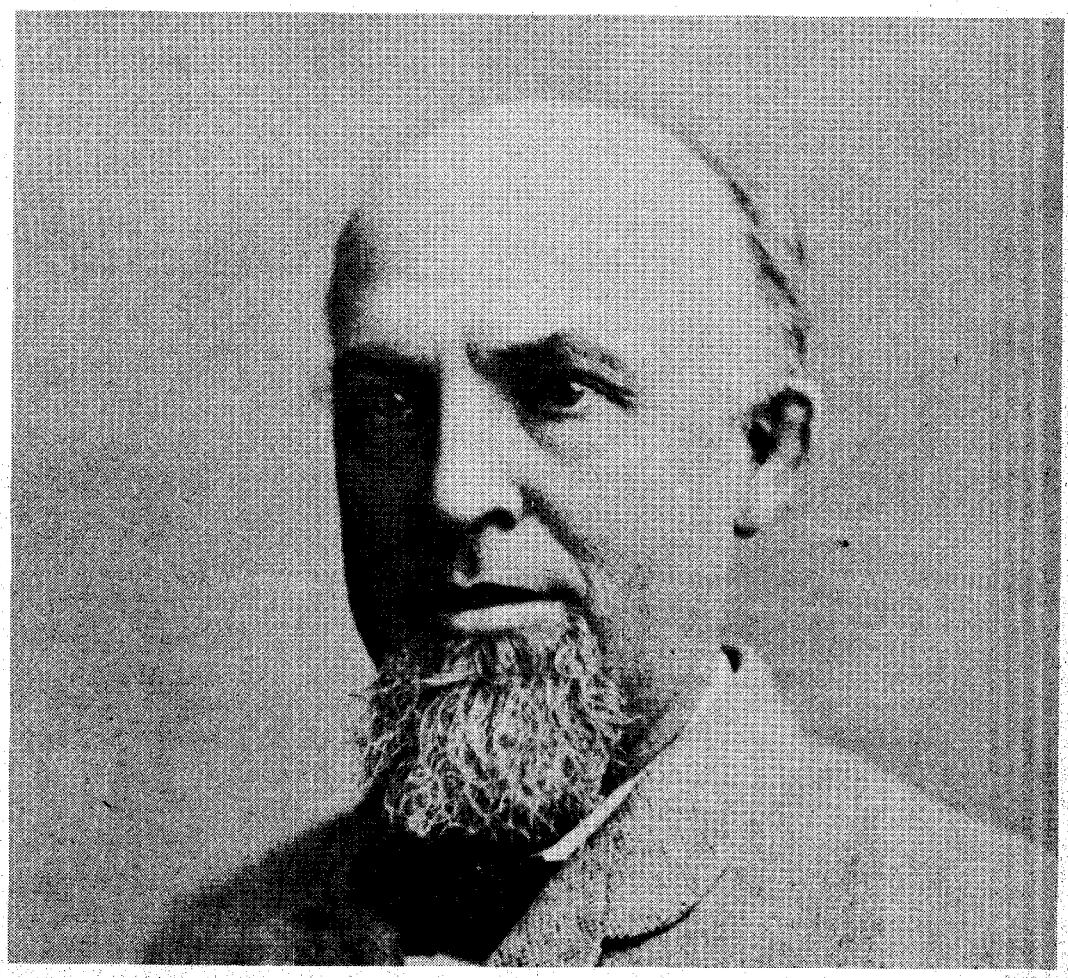
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"EARLY COLORADO'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL CHARACTER"

by Clarence M. Fink

When Mark M. "Brick" Pomeroy hit Denver, Colorado in 1879, he started a weekly newspaper that was a financial success before the first issue was printed. Then, he started a company to build a tunnel under the Rocky Mountains and he might have succeeded if his impatient creditors hadn't forced him into bankruptcy!

State Historical Society of Colorado



Mark M. (Brick) Pomeroy. He envisioned a tunnel through Gray's Peak 25,200 feet long. Money was raised and work started but the tunnel was doomed to failure.

They called Mark M. "Brick" Pomeroy a "fabulous failure" but it took the Panic of 1893 and the misuse of funds by bigwigs in the gigantic effort of the Atlantic-Pacific Tunnel venture to defeat him in what was probably Colorado's and the nation's greatest construction attempt.

Pomeroy was without doubt the most energetic, thought-provoking man ever to hit Denver, and he was by no means an unknown before his arrival in the elevated city in 1879. Having once been called a "Copperhead" during the Civil War for his harsh criticism of Lincoln, this controversial

(continued on page 70)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCITING BUYS FROM THE OLD WEST!

LAW WEST OF THE PECOS

by Everett Lloyd

As saloon-keeper, Justice of the Peace, and Oracle of some of the most humorous decisions known to the law, Judge Roy Bean's posthumous fame has become world-wide. Frtpc. Prolog. Photos. Illus. Gr. 4-12. CC. SBN 8111-0133-9 $2.95

DIG HERE!

by Thomas Penfield

Revised and enlarged edition of this revealing guide to lost treasure and abandoned mines in Arizona, California, New Mexico and Texas. Mapped end sheets. Illus. Reading sources. Gr. 7-12. CC. SBN 8111-0043-X $4.95

PIONEERS OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER

by Harriett Farnsworth

Fascinating stories based on personal interviews by the author with old-timers. Relive those adventurous days as you read this volume. Fwd. Photos. Gr. 7-up. CC. SBN 8111-0102-9 $2.95

LATEST AZTEC DISCOVERIES

by Guy E. Powell, USN (Ret)

New digs in Texas point to Trinity County as the place of origin of ancient Indian civilizations. Photos. Maps. Mapped end sheets. Gr. 7-up. CC. SBN 8111-0132-0 $4.95

GREAT GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WEST

by Carl W. Breihan

Gripping, ruthlessly real biographies of the great gunfighters of the West by one of the foremost authorities of Western Lore. Complete picture section, including rare photographs of gunfighters. Gr. 7-12. SBN 8111-0077-4 $5.95

INDIAN CIVILIZATIONS

by Robert S. Reading

From ancient Mayas and Incas to the Maritime People of Alaska; from the Iroquois of New England to the Nez Perce of the Northwest. Sketches. Biblio. 212 pages. Gr. 7-12. CC. SBN 8111-0094-4 $4.95

REMNANTS OF THE OLD WEST

by Harriett Farnsworth

Pioneers of the Death Valley, California, and Arizona areas are interviewed in tales that report Indian sagas, gold strikes, boom towns, and the hardships, valor, and strength of a colorful people. Fwd. Photos. Gr. 7-12. CC. SBN 8111-0110-X $2.95

COMANCHE LAND

by J. Emmor Harston

A unique and valuable history on the Comanche Indians by one who spoke their language and spent years in research. Gr. 7-12. CC. SBN 8111-0030-8 $5.95

The Naylor Company

Book Publishers of the Southwest

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

SIOUX ARROWS AND BULLETS

by Paul Sanford

Uprising of Sioux in Minnesota in 1861 and their pursuit for two years by U.S. troops across the northern plains. Documented by official reports of officers, with battle experiences gathered from letters back home. Gr. 7-up. CC. SBN 8111-0281-5 $5.95

GHOST GOLD

by Oren Arnold

Many treasure seekers have been drawn to Superstition Mountain and the fabulous Lost Dutchman Mine for more than a hundred years — here is the thrilling story for armchair prospectors. Illus. end sheets. Pref. Photos. Gr. 4-12. CC. SBN 8111-0072-3 $2.95

SO SAY THE INDIANS

by Louis Thomas Jones, Ph.D.

Folklore and verbal history of many tribes native to varied localities incorporate valuable material on Indian customs, language, and racial differences. Carefully documented and interestingly told. Gr. 7-up. CC. SBN 8111-0292-0 $6.95

LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE

by Leland Lovelace

A fascinating account of some of the most famous lost mines, by an author who knows the facts and legends. 260 pages. Gr. 8-12. CC. SBN 8111-0136-3 $4.95

Send all orders and checks to:
VICTOR SPECIALTIES
Dept. RW271 Charlton Building
Derby, Conn. 06418

Send books listed: _____

_____

_____

_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

( ) Check ( ) Money Order

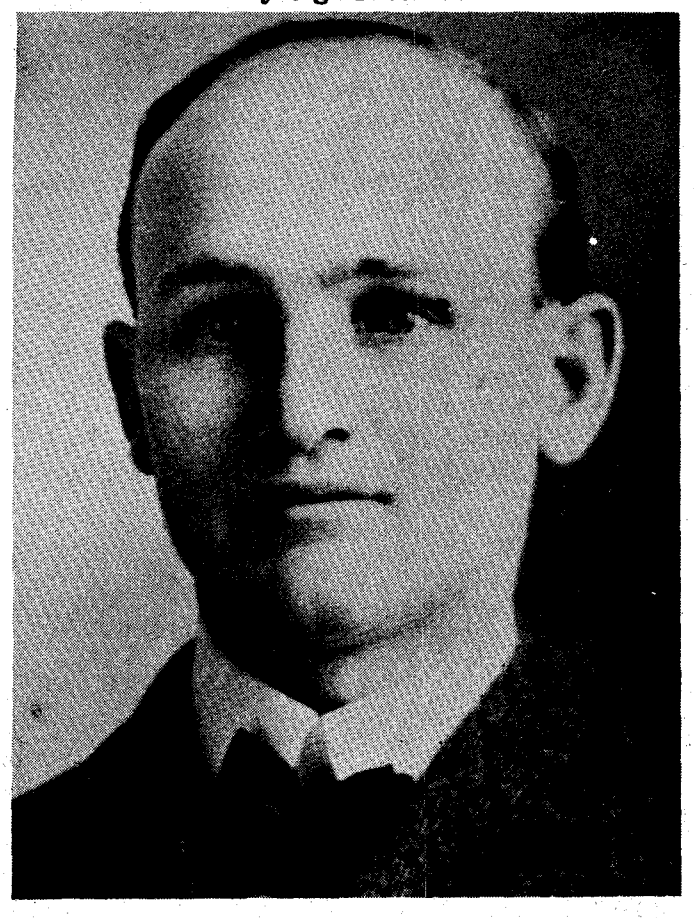
Please add sales tax where applicable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAY C. FREEMAN:

Sheriff Freeman had a railroad war on his hands in the Deschutes River Valley in North Central Oregon in 1908. He drove his buggy night and day and kept his big Colt pistol ready for business. Observers agreed that Sheriff Freeman's efforts saved a lot of lives before the last spike was driven.

By Olga Freeman



Freeman family album

Jay C. Freeman, "horse and Buggy" sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon, 1908-1912, battled elements and lawlessness during the last great railroad construction war in the Deschutes River canyon of North Central Oregon.

The bitterly contested railroad war for supremacy in Oregon's Deschutes River canyon spelled big trouble for Sheriff Freeman.

The last great railroad construction war between the giant builders E.H. Harriman and James J. Hill was fought in the canyon of the Deschutes River in North Central Oregon. The weapons were sticks, knives, pick handles, dynamite, court orders and injunctions.

Into the thick of hostilities was thrust Jay C. Freeman, sheriff of Sherman County, whose western boundary is the river. Little did young and personable Jay realize when he was elected in 1908 that he would be kept busy night and day, seven days a week, during his four and one-half years in office. No doubt he expected rather uneventful years with perhaps some horse stealing and cattle rustling. The county's area was small, only 834 square miles; and its population, 4200. He was to prove equal to the unlooked-for challenge.

The year 1908 saw the railroad drama begin in earnest. There were earlier preliminary skirmishes. James J. Hill visited the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland in 1905. His pronouncement, "I want to help develop this great State," set off rumors that he intended to build a railroad through Central Oregon, first to Bend, then to Klamath Falls, and eventually to California.

Such reports were not lost on Harriman. He reacted by organizing a subsidiary, the Deschutes Railroad Company. It hastened to survey and file maps of rights of way over government land in the Deschutes River canyon.

Mystery surrounded another occurrence. Stewart H. Holbrook, a noted Western author, relates: "One day into the Central Oregon country went a genial sportsman, one John F. Sampson, who carried more poles and reels and trout flies than had ever been seen on the Deschutes River, a notable trout stream. Sampson appeared to be carrying a lot of cash, too; and so taken was he with the sportsman's paradise that he bought options on wild lands and ranches all over the place."

Next we find the mythical Mr. Sampson arranging to meet William Nelson in a park in Portland. He held the controlling interest in a speculative railway company, the Oregon Trunk line, which was organized in Nevada in 1906. The company had made a survey from The Dalles to the mouth of the Deschutes, then up the river for some 85 miles, and across country to Madras. Maps had been filed with the U.S. Department of Interior in 1906 and 1907. When offered $150,000 for his interest, Nelson accepted readily although somewhat baffled by this sudden interest in his non-existent railroad.

At last the truth was out! Sampson was the world famous engineer John F. Stevens of Panama Canal and Great Northern Railroad fame. Announcement was made on August 16, 1909, that the Oregon Trunk Railroad had been sold to John F. Stevens for James J. Hill, who would now furnish the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Horse And Buggy Sheriff

funds with which to build the line. Just four days earlier, Stevens had denied any connection with Hill. When confronted, he merely replied, "I don't go duck hunting with a brass band."

And so the battle between the railroad titans began. Twohy Brothers of Spokane were named contractors to build the grade for the Deschutes Railroad Company, the Harriman subsidiary. Camps were set up at strategic locations in the 45-mile stretch from the mouth of the river to Sherars Bridge.

Porter Brothers became the prime contractor for the Oregon Trunk. They soon had more than 1,000 men on the job working under 20 separate contractors.

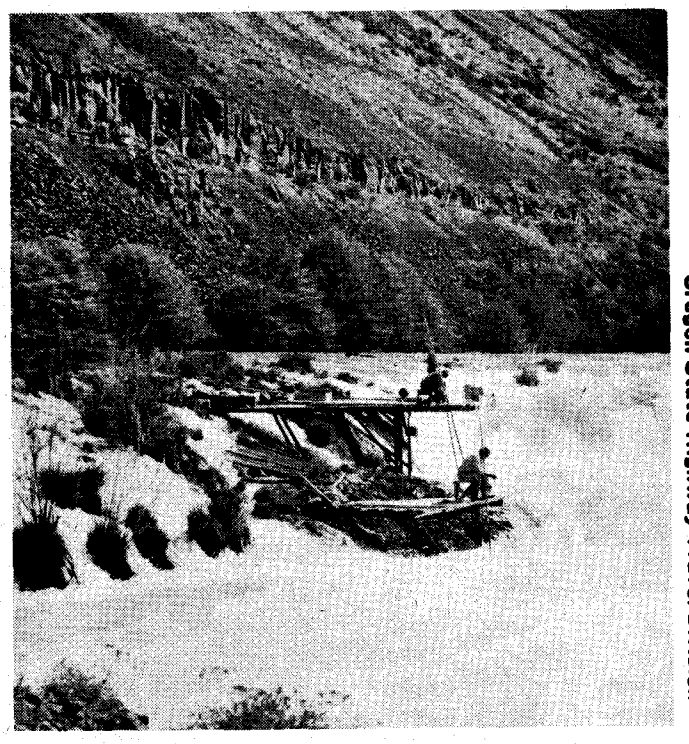
The mild-mannered and quiet-spoken new sheriff in his horse-drawn buggy became a common sight at the construction camps. Complaints reached him constantly of harassment by the opposing forces. A favorite tactic involved setting off dynamite blasts to spew rocks into the rival camps, often at meal or bed time. Hidden caches of powder were often detonated to cause shortages and delays. Many a man had to be taken to the hospital from flying rock injury, and a few died.

Supplies and equipment for the camps were hauled over the Columbia Southern Railroad, a north and south branch line through the center of twenty-mile wide Sherman County from the Columbia River to Shaniko, a distance of 60 miles. As the grading continued southward from the river's mouth, Grass Valley superseded Moro as the freighting point.

Twohy Bros. set up their main headquarters and commissary at Grass Valley. From there they built a ten-mile road to the river at Horseshoe Bend at a cost of $10,000. It traversed the ranch of Fred Girt from whom a 30-day purchase option had been obtained. Verbal agreements were made with other landowners.

A road to Horseshoe Bend was imperative. It was here that precipitous cliffs to the water's edge made tunneling necessary across the bend. Porter Bros. were elated when they discovered that Twohys had not exercised their option. They lost no time in buying the Girt property, even to paying the $38,000 inflated price. Soon a fence and an armed guard at the gate appeared, effectually preventing the Twohy teams from reaching the river. A nearby spring from which Twohys had been getting their water supply was also acquired and a sign erected, "No water to spare. Porter Bros."

Twohy Bros. resorted to the courts. Upon obtaining a temporary injunction from the county judge, Sheriff Freeman set out to enforce the order on a



Oregon State Highway Travel Division

Indians continue to fish as they did in 1908 at Sherars Falls in the Deschutes River. The Oregon Trunk road bed blasted from solid rock is seen on the hillside.

Saturday evening. The Porter men ignored the order and continued next day to stop all Twohy traffic as before. On Monday morning the sheriff returned, this time with several sworn-in deputies as reinforcements. With this show of force, the Twohy wagons were allowed to go down the grade.

To impress the Porter employes that he meant business whenever he served an order, Freeman arrested Tony Scarpilla, Harry Carlton, and Sam Lappona. He charged them with inciting a riot by refusing permission for the Twohy wagons to proceed.

During the month that the injunction was in force (It was rescinded by Circuit Judge Butler.), Twohys dispatched from 10 to 15 wagonloads of provisions each day to the river. Their 800-foot tunnel was rapidly taking shape.

Mack's Canyon, 25 miles upstream, was also blocked with a gate. Wagons were being unhitched and drivers beaten off with pick handles and clubs. Again, Sheriff Freeman was dispatched with an order to open the road. When he met with resistance, he placed the foreman under arrest, handcuffed him, and put him in the buggy for a trip back to Moro, the county seat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After driving a half mile, the foreman repented of his action. "I'm sorry I shot off my face, but I had to put on a front before my men."

To which the affable sheriff replied, "You seem a decent enough fellow. I'll make a bargain with you. If you agree not to attempt to keep any wagons from going through, I'll take off the handcuffs and let you go."

The Horseshoe Bend section was the scene of some of the bitterest feuding. Both parties claimed exclusive rights. Porter Bros. were accused of unlawfully excavating rock, of pulling up survey stakes and undue interference. The sheriff was kept busy serving cease and desist orders and investigating grievances. After considerable legal maneuvering by both sides, the Hill interests agreed to keep to the west bank of the Deschutes if the Harriman people would keep to the east bank.

And so the building of the grade continued a pace on both sides of the river. Summer heat, often over 100 degrees in the walled canyon, winter cold, dens of rattlesnakes, illness and accident did not deter construction. Typhoid fever broke out from drinking the polluted waters of the river, made so by the refuse of the camps of six thousand laborers.

Even the sheriff had encounters with rattlesnakes. One night he was returning over the Harris grade, west of Moro, and ran into three. He commented, "It makes a fellow lean just a little in the opposite direction to be riding along a grade after dark and have a big rattlesnake sing out on the bank just opposite your face."

Frequent fights broke out between the Italian laborers employed by Porter Bros. and the Austrians working for Twohys. An unexplained explosion killed two Italians and badly injured five others. Unsolved was the murder of an Italian who had been tied to a post near the mouth of the Deschutes and twice shot through the back of the head. He was thrown into the river, post and all, only to be found when waters receded.

One thoroughly frightened laborer lingered only long enough to tell his tale of woe to the sheriff but not long enough for an investigation. "One night as I lay sleeping in my tent, I awoke to hear a ripping sound. Looking up I caught the glint of a razor blade as it cut through the canvas only a foot from my face. I lay still. The ripping finally ceased after cutting clear across my tent. I was scared. As soon as daylight came, I beat it here to tell you, but I'm not going back to that labor camp no more."

Costs of this last big construction job to be done by sheer man and horse power were minimal. The going wage for common laborers who endured the hard work, the heat and cold, the risks to their lives was 20 to 30 cents; for carpenters and concrete men, 35 to 40 cents; for teamsters, $6 per day; and for drillers, $7 per day. Lodging was furnished, and meals averaged 25 and 30 cents.

The construction brought many undesirable hangers-on to the county. Sheriff Freeman was often called to Grass Valley. The town was booming. Most of the workers arrived there by way of the Columbia Southern. Every available house and building was in use. Six restaurants were in operation. Twohys converted the second floor of the half-block long Citizens Commercial Company store building into a hospital. The bank, the depot and all the suppliers were hard put to find help.

The opportunity to prey on the workingmen's wages was not overlooked by the unscrupulous. One day two of the town's ministers and a few irate citizens came to call on the sheriff. Their complaint was that a disreputable house was operating half way between their two churches. "We want something done."

"Rest assured that something will be done and now," promised the young sheriff.

He hitched up his team and headed for Grass Valley. Accompanying him were three of Moro's young men. Upon arrival at the house in question, he sent them in to reconnoiter. One of them made a purchase of a bottle of whiskey, and the others were served beer. All such refreshments were illegal under the county's dry law. The sheriff then entered and engaged Madame Billy in conversation. "How do you get away with what you are doing?"

She flipplantly replied. "Oh, I have no trouble with the local enforcement officers."

"Well, how about the sheriff?" he asked.

"I haven't met him yet, would like to, so I could make some kind of accommodation with him."

Imagine her surprise, when he retorted, "You're looking right at him and he's not for sale."

At which piece of news, she picked up a pitcher of beer and threw it in his face. One of the girls, sensing that all was not well, grabbed the bottle of whiskey and threw it out the window.

Her wrath knew no bounds when her customer ran outside and reappeared with the bottle. "Stupid! Why didn't you take the bottle and keep going."

At which outburst, the sheriff calmly announced, "I am herewith closing this house, and you four girls better be on the train tomorrow morning. I'll be at the depot in Moro to check on you. And as for you Madame Billy, your address will be County Jail, Moro. I'm taking you in for throwing beer, illegal beer at that, in my face." She was to reside there for 60 days for her indiscretion.

Another time complaint reached him that an obnoxious and illegal traffic was being carried on near Sherars Bridge. One of the larger construction camps was there. The extremely bad road, made worse by the February thaw, did not deter him.

He found a typical wild west village in full blast. Whiskey, beer and other liquors were being sold as near beer (allowed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The dappled grey team and buggy used by Sheriff Freeman in his relentless pursuit of evildoers; this time commandeered by Mrs. Carl McKean, the deputy's wife (left) and Mrs. Freeman, the sheriff's wife.

under the law). Some festive females were in charge of a hurdy gurdy. His ultimatum: "I'll give you three hours in which to leave." This was common practice among law enforcement officers of the day. Upon expiration of the three hours, he returned to find the purveyors and their nefarious goods had completely vanished.

Bootlegging, selling near beer more alcoholic content than allowed, petty thievery, store safe blastings, and fights were all grist in the sheriff's mill.

These offenses were trifling by comparison with cattle and horse stealing. Both animals were in heavy demand. Twohy Bros. had four stations along the river with each butchering eight head of beef a day. At the height of construction in September of 1909, local supplies were inadequate. Twohy once brought in 800 head of cattle from Montana. Another freight brought 73 horses. Similar shipments were arriving regularly for Porter Bros.

Small wonder that the temptation to steal was great. A few of the more notable cases which Sheriff Freeman pursued relentlessly are worthy of recall.

The butcher shop at Grass Valley reported that cattle were disappearing at night from the corral near the slaughter house. Freeman suggested that the next time a number of cattle were to be on hand, let him know and he would conduct a vigil.

Soon thereafter the butcher called and said he would have 20 head of cattle in the pen that night. Sheriff Freeman, Constable French and the butcher hid in the straw stack. Despite snow on the ground and zero temperature, they continued their watch. Soon three men were seen approaching on horseback. The butcher whispered in surprise, "Why, there's my employee Fred Hendershott. I've always thought of him as such a nice young man and valued his services highly. No wonder the thieves knew when I had cattle." The other two turned out to be Joseph York and James Payne. They opened the corral gate and drove the cattle easterly. The three sleuths followed, and upon arrival at the Payne ranch, Freeman arrested the rustlers.

In the trials which followed, the charge against Fred Hendershott was dismissed for insufficient evidence. Joe York was found guilty and sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary. Jim Payne was adjudged not guilty.

One of Freeman's first cases was that of Jack O'Neale. Upon being fired from the farm where he was working, he deliberately crossed the road to Pape's, knowing they were away on a trip, and stole a team and hack. The local newspaper commented, "That fellow is certainly a most undesirable citizen, but his nerve exempts him from the spineless cactus variety."

Since the thief had a 10 days' start, the sheriff inserted a large ad in the newspaper containing a complete description. A tip led to the successful recovery of the team and hack across the Columbia River at Goldendale, Washington, where O'Neale had sold them for $150.

The most notorious thieves captured by the sheriff were the Hill gang. They were suspected of stealing horses and shunting them between their two ranches

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

--the one on the Deschutes River, 25 miles from its mouth, and the other, the Barlow gate ranch, west of the Cascade Mountains.

Ranchers whose horses had been stolen were up in arms. Upon a tip, Sheriff Freeman made a trip--long, hot and dusty--to Tygh Valley. He had stabled his team, and by lantern light was headed for a night's lodging. He saw a lone rider approaching. He played a hunch. He stopped him and ordered him "to get off your horse and on this one."

The man angrily shouted, "Who do you think you are?" and started to unbutton his sweater. At this gesture, Sheriff Freeman clicked his own gun.

Later the man confessed, "I heard that click and I knew it was a Colt and they don't miss, so I didn't draw my 10-shot automatic Mauser pistol from its holster under my arm."

Sheriff Freeman later remarked that was the nearest he ever came to shooting a man during his entire term of office.

The man turned out to be Fred Willis, a hired man of the Hill's. With this bit of information, Freeman reasoned that Willis was on his way to the Deschutes ranch to warn Albert Hill of surveillance and the need to get rid of the horses at the Barlow ranch.

Freeman decided to start immediately for the river ranch. He arrived about daylight and was met at the door by Albert Hill with a Winchester in hand.

"Put it down," quietly ordered the sheriff. And he did!

"I saw you come in and watched you from my bedroom window and I don't know why I didn't shoot you," Hill said.

"Yes, I saw the curtain move. But I was pretty certain you wouldn't shoot," replied Freeman.

This ended the nefarious operations of the Hill gang. Willis was convicted of horse stealing and received an indefinite sentence of from one to 10 years. Albert Hill received a like sentence. Walter Hill found it expedient to leave the state and was never brought to trial. Their valuable ranches went to pay court and attorney costs.

The determined efforts to bring cattle rustling and horse stealing to an end was noted by the *Moro Observer:* "With the active help of Sheriff Jay C. Freeman, District Attorney Burdette and the juries, a crimp has been put in the larceny of cattle and horses in this county."

Neale Freeman was a lad of 10 when his father became sheriff. He vividly recalls some of the incidents.

He accompanied his father on August 4, 1911, to the state penitentiary. The prisoners were Willis, the aforementioned horse thief, and Rudolph Williams, who had been convicted of shooting at a railroad conductor. A two-time loser, Williams with a great deal of braggadocio instructed Willis on how to get by as a convict.

But when the prisoners were dressed in and Sheriff Freeman was bidding them goodby, Williams broke down and cried, all his boasting gone. It was an unforgettable experience for the impressionable boy.

Another recollection concerned Robert Dwyer who was lodged in the Moro jail for stealing a couple of horses and a saddle. Neale felt proud that his father thought him responsible enough at age 13 to travel by train (changing three times) to Condon to pick up Dwyer's horse. It necessitated staying all night at the hotel. The next day upon presentation of the order to the liveryman to surrender the horse, he refused unless the feed and stable bill were paid. A telephone call reassured him that the bill would be paid. So Neale mounted the horse for his lonely 45-mile ride back home.

Dwyer was destined to be the last man Sheriff Freeman took to the state penitentiary; not, however, without a struggle.

Sunday morning when Freeman and his deputy Carl McKean went to the jail to escort Dwyer to the train, they found him unclothed. "Put your clothes on," ordered the sheriff.

"Come get me if you can," he replied.

As Freeman approached the cot upon which he was lying, stark naked, Dwyer delivered a swift kick. He then turned on McKean and bit him. He reacted with a blow to Dwyer's mouth which drew blood. The prisoner wiped off the blood and smeared it all over the sheriff's new suit. Finally, the two men got him down on the cold concrete floor, and managed to clothe him.

Train arrival time was fast approaching. Neale was dispatched post haste to the depot to request the train be held. Grudgingly, this was done, allowing Freeman and his prisoner to board without further incident.

Another prisoner who left an impression on the young boy was Warren L. Snelling. He had served time in a number of prisons. His undoing was his beautiful handwriting. When inebriated and broke, he wrote checks. It was said of him, "He was a little too good with pen to stay out of the pen."

When sober, he was a most personable individual, about 35 years of age, good looking, and a fine accountant. Freeman had him working on the county's tax records during his stay in jail.

He had learned many arts and crafts during his various confinements. The handsome horse hair bridle which he made and gave to Neale was greatly admired since the boy's consuming interest at the time was his horse. He made other lovely gifts for Neale's mother and the deputy's wife. During his stay in Salem he learned to play the trombone. The last heard of him was from Calgary where he was a member of the municipal band.

One incident which always brought a chuckle from the sheriff in retelling happened in The Dalles. He had gone to call on Sheriff Levi Chrisman of Wasco County concerning a wanted suspect. Chrisman said, "I'm about to shake down the hobo jungle camp on the river. Why don't you come along. Your man may be there."

Chrisman found the two he was looking for. One of the denizens of the camp sidled up to

(continued on page 72)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARIZONA'S TRAGIC HERO

by Maurice Kildare

Today, more than a century after Andres Moreno's heroic actions fighting Apaches and Yavapai Indians, the true story of that Mexican American's valor is finally told. When he finally was murdered twenty years after his discharge from the Arizona Volunteers, few knew that a brave man had died.

Photo furnished by the author

The grave of Andres Moreno as it was found in the pines off the Mogollon Rim road.

Soft breezes through the pines on the Mogollon Rim sighed sad requiem over the rock mounded grave. At the head stood a plain Army type white tombstone bearing the inscription:

Andres Moreno
Co E
1 Bn
Ariz Inf
July 11, 1840
July 16, 1887

The lonely grave was found by Howard W. Folkers, Highway Engineering Technician of the U.S. Forest Service the summer of 1967. The six foot six handsome Folkers, better known as "Slim", could learn nothing about Moreno or how his grave came to be there in the vast Coconino National Forest.

Who was Moreno and why was he buried in such a wild place on the road over the wilderness rim from Strawberry Hill? Certainly he had been a member of the Arizona Volunteer Infantry in 1887. Obviously whoever erected the tombstone knew that he had been. The few people, hunters and forest rangers, who had seen the grave idly supposed that he had been killed in an Indian skirmish. But there had been no Indian fights in the area after the Battle of Big Dry Wash with Apaches in 1882.

Not liking mysteries in my own back yard, I went to work trying to solve the matter. The problem required two years researching.

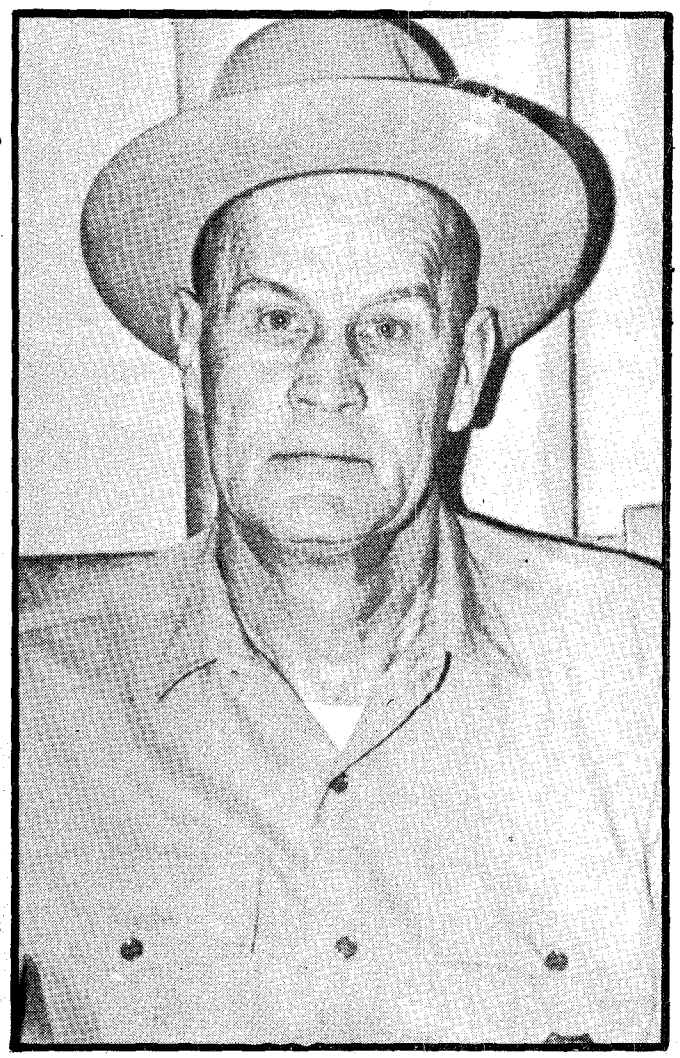
A check of the few records available revealed no Moreno name. Mexicans were considered so unimportant in 1887 that doubt existed there would be an obituary in any territorial newspaper. Yet surprisingly in this case there was an account in several, although small, that Moreno had been murdered where buried. Just that and no more. But Yavapai County court records gave the names of the principals and accounts of the slayer's trial. Yet none of them revealed the fact that Moreno had been one of Arizona's most outstanding fighting heroes.

Intrigued by the case, more research plugging followed item by item the story came to light.

Moreno was born in the state of Sonora, Mexico, and brought to Tucson by his parents at an early age. Presumably it was there that he enlisted in the Arizona Volunteer Infantry. Very few detailed records exist of the partial regiment known to history as the Arizona Volunteers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo furnished by the author



Howard "Slim" Folkers found the Moreno grave in the Coconino National Forest along the Mogollon Rim.

Outbreak of the civil war caused the withdrawal of U. S. troops from Arizona Territory. Immediately hostile Indians began raids that almost wiped out the sparse settlements and mining communities. The bloody attacks continued unabated even after arrival of the California Volunteers from the west coast.

Territorial Governor John N. Goodwin requested and eventually received authorization to recruit a regiment of volunteers to protect the citizenry. The enlistment period was for one year. However, only five companies were mustered in, late in 1865. They were A, B, C, E, and F, consisting of 350 officers and men.

Companies A, E and F were all "native Americans," i. e., Mexicans. Company B was made up of Maricopa Indians and Company C, Pimas. All officers were Americans except Lieutenants Manuel Gallegos and Primitive Cervantes.

By November there were 97 men in Company E of which Moreno was a member. The captain, E.S. Washburn, had as first and second lieutenants John Van der Mehn and Gallegos. Mehn departed almost immediately on being commissioned, without informing Washburn.

The company was trained in civilian clothes and without rifles at Tubac by California Volunteers. As Washburn reported to the adjutant general, they were the laughing stock of other military.

On being issued clothing, rifles and ammunition companies A and E were ordered to march from Tucson to Fort Whipple (Prescott). Enroute a number of volunteers decided that they had had enough and deserted.

From Fort Whipple January 4, 1866, the companies were sent on to Camp Lincoln in the Verde Valley of central Arizona. Plagued by bad weather all the way the command was forced to hold up three days on Grief Hill due to heavy rain storms.

While the companies constructed adequate quarters on the east side of the Verde River Indian raids were almost constant. Also, the companies had now become largely mounted infantry.

On January 31, Gallegos took thirty men in hot pursuit of Indians who raided the few nearby settlers but failed to overhaul them. That same day Washburn receipted for some supplies and miscellaneous property from a unit of California Volunteers who immediately departed.

The Camp Lincoln command then consisted of Cervantes with Company A, 35 men, and Company E, 88 men.

Having no shoes the volunteers made moccasins of buckskin and rawhide. Supplies would continue to be a serious problem all the time they served there.

On February 11 Gallegos with 45 men and five days rations, resumed the Indian trail where abandoned. Following signs, the second night Apache fires were discovered by Moreno and two others while scouting.

Preparations were made for attack, the volunteers closing in afoot. At daylight when they opened fire the Apaches vanished into a series of caves in the cliff wall at their backs.

These caves consisted of a row against the base, and larger ones above them. For three hours during a steady exchange of gunfire neither side inflicted any damaging casualties.

At this time Moreno stood five feet, eight inches tall, a slender man weighing 150 pounds. It was he who suggested and pointed out, that a lower cave on the south side lay wide open to attack. Considering the situation, Gallegos gave him four men to mount an assault.

Maneuvering far around under cover, Moreno led them into the rocks. The volunteers with long knives clamped between their teeth, rifles stacked plunged suddenly around the shielding shoulder of the rock wall and inside the cave with revolvers flaming.

The cave was filled with Apaches who were taken completely by surprise. Emptying revolvers, the volunteers swiftly finished off the survivors with knives. Two were wounded but they had killed eighteen Apaches.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the wounded were brought out Gallegos sent six more men to Moreno. Striking the next cave in the same fashion, seven Apaches were killed and four captured. One by one the other low caves were cleaned out. Most Apaches fled upward into those overhead.

Moving in with twenty men, Gallegos led the attack on them himself. He sent a two pronged line climbing the rocks towards the caves, leading one and Sergeant Miguel Elias the other. They all but gained the ledge from which the caves opened when Apaches spewed out on the volunteers in a wild horde.

Those remaining below opened a heavy fire and Indians rolled off the wall in death throes. But their covering fire was not enough, forcing into retreat those so nearly gaining the objective.

Moreno was with Roque Ramirez about half way up the wall. Between them they held off the Apaches, killing at least ten. This permitted the withdrawal with four wounded.

Working out to safety on one side, Moreno and Ramirez found themselves cut off. Then followed the bitterest fighting of the entire week. When Ramirez was wounded, Moreno courageously held the position while he sought safety below.

For some reason the volunteers on the flat land imagined that Moreno had escaped. Instead, Apache fury was concentrated on him in the rocks. Lead and arrows fell around him and great boulders were rolled down on his position.

Not faltering once while dodging thundering rocks he kept firing until out of powder and ball. He then resorted to the revolver carried in a holster.

Every time a hate snarling visage showed up over the rocks before him he fired point blank and never missed. But he had only five loads. When they were expended he drew his knife, crouching under the overhang he prepared to die in mortal combat.

From above a savage slither-

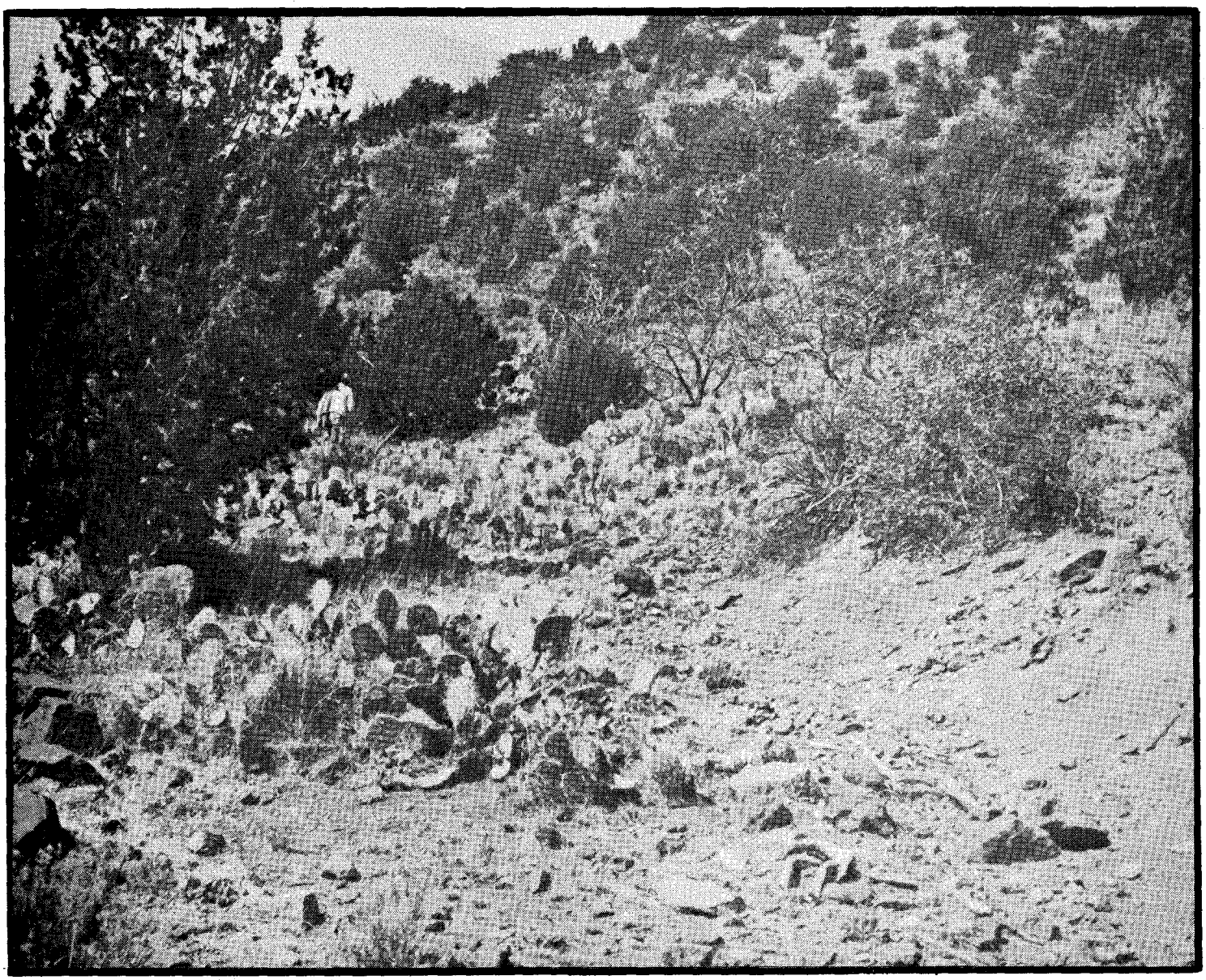
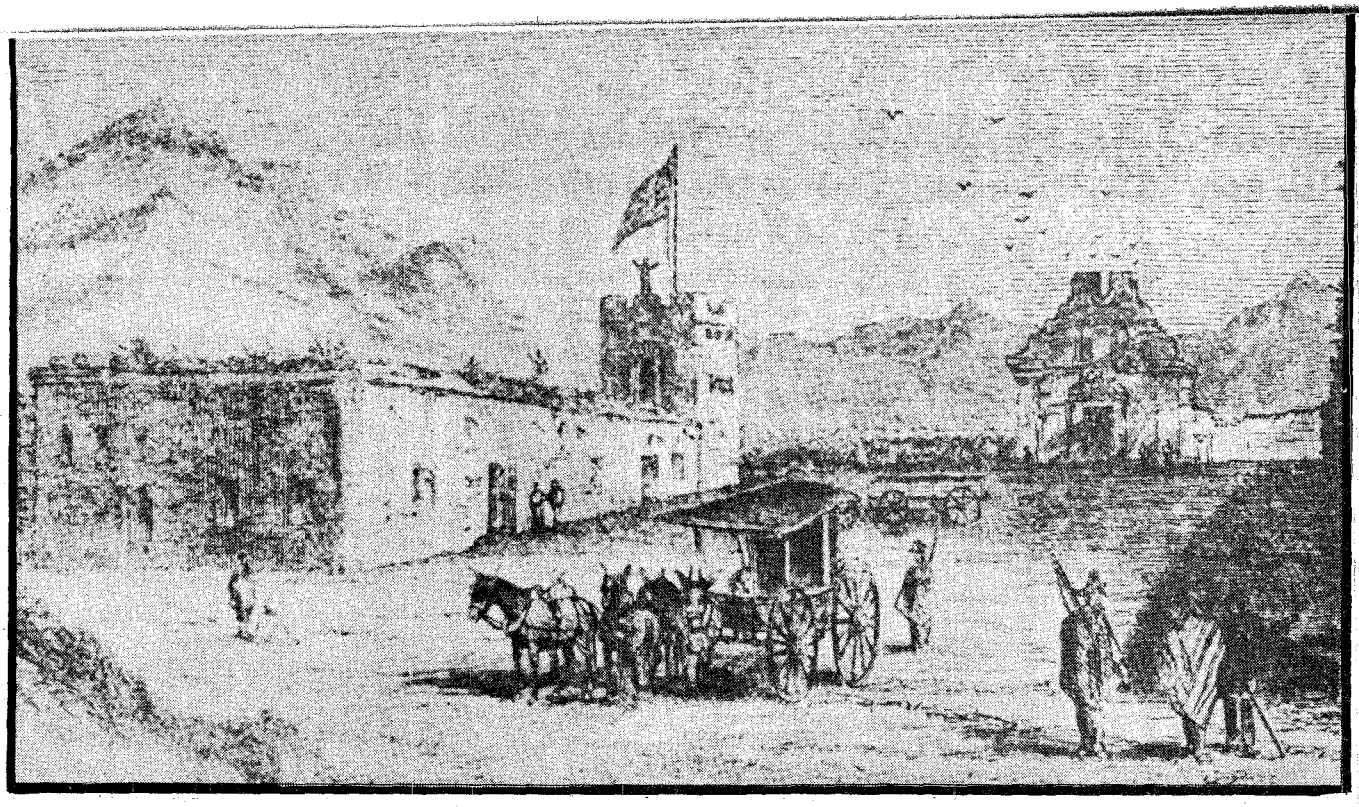


Photo furnished by the author

Grief Hill, in Central Arizona, where many of the Arizona Volunteers were killed by Apaches. Note traces of the old military road still show although overgrown with cactus.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From Harper's Weekly

The presidio at Tubac, Arizona where the Arizona Volunteers trained in 1865.

ed belly down over the rocks onto him. Fighting desperately, he sliced the Apache three times and that ended him.

Down below when able to stand up Elias revealed that the man above creating so much damage to the Apaches was Moreno. From that moment on the valiant Mexican was known as the toughest of fighters who never gave a thought to the odds against him.

While Gallegos sent ten men forward a second Apache dived in on Moreno. Dispatching him in hand-to-hand combat he suffered a slash across the left shoulder.

Finally covering hot lead drove the Apaches back into the caves. Recovering his useless weapons, Moreno unhurriedly descended the sloped wall.

A check of available ammunition disclosed hardly twenty balls left. Gallegos ordered the return to Camp Lincoln. More than forty-five Apaches had been killed in the engagement and twelve captured.

On return of the expedition Washburn left immediately with fifteen men for Fort Whipple to obtain supplies. Before departure he ordered half rations for the volunteers, which they refused to accept. Most considered deserting, for they had neither been paid or fed adequately.

Returning on the 25th Washburn brought back barely enough food to keep the command two weeks. He then dispatched eighteen men to Fort Whipple. The fort was also short of rations but another freight train was due from the Colorado River port of Ehrenberg.

To produce something in the way of extra food Ramirez obtained permission to go fishing. When he failed to show up for muster a search party went out. His naked, mutilated body was found on the river bank. All clothing, weapons and ammunition had been taken by the Apaches who ambushed him.

Moreno was scout for the party under Elias that proceeded in pursuit on foot. The marauders were tracked downstream and across Clear Creek. A number of settlers were preparing to put in crops there but none had seen any Indians for the past several days.

The small party turned back up the lower side of the river. Suddenly arrows fell and lead balls whistled into them. Two men were wounded. Beating the Apaches off temporarily they started on. While others carried the wounded, Moreno fell back as lone rear guard.

A dozen Apaches running over their sign heaved up out of the ground swells. Falling into a prone position Moreno killed one, wounded at least two more and succeeded in driving them off.

Running fast, he tried to catch up with the others but didn't make it. A second time he was forced into a stand. This one proved brief. About to be overwhelmed, he broke out and sprinting hard, managed to get across the Verde River to the north side below the bend where Camp Lincoln stood.

Elias and those carrying the wounded had been forced to halt for a rest period. Having anticipated their move the Apaches crossed the river and began closing in on two sides.

Waving the wounded party on and almost exhausted, Moreno fell behind a fallen log to open fire at considerable distance. He was a crack shot and the defensive stand permitted the wounded to reach the camp.

For a few minutes he managed a hot and desperate defense keeping the bloodthirsty Indians off his neck. Resorting finally to his revolver he had expended all loads when volunteers from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time and again Moreno had saved the day. The scout's courage and fighting skill stemmed a full scale Apache attack. It seemed as if no knife or bullet could hurt him.

camp raced onto the scene.

Their timely arrival came at the very end of the fight when he would have gone under.

With sixty men and five days rations, Gallegos went out again. But the company returned without seeing a single Indian. On the 21st he headed another scouting expedition with 56 men. Two days out they ran into a carefully laid Apache ambush. The savages pounced on them from cover, into instant hand-to-hand fighting.

In the brunt of the battle, Moreno used his knife with most telling effect. While others were being overcome or forced into retreating he stood fast. Striking with astonishing speed and whirling his body around to prevent being struck from behind, he cleared the Indians around him. This alone stemmed the tide of redskins from overcoming the entire command.

His vicious resistance gave the others a breather, enough delay to take adequate cover. Three charges of Apaches were handily beaten off. When they fled the scene volunteers pursued but failed to come up with them.

It was this engagement that caused Washburn to send a report to the territorial adjutant general complaining about the lack of bayonets for the rifles, or even lances that could have been used in the skirmishes.

Most of his time was spent going to Fort Whipple begging for rations, clothing, ammunition and equipment the volunteers so sadly lacked.

On March 11 he took 27 men from Company E on one of his constant trips to Fort Whipple trying to obtain supplies. While setting forth on a new and better route Moreno was dispatched ahead as a scout. Finding a single moccasin track he followed the sign cautiously. From a ridge he soon looked over on a Yavapai Indian camp. At that time they were more dangerous as sneak marauders than the Apaches.

This occurred at noon. Retreating far enough to be seen he signalled Washburn's detachment to hurry on. While moving back onto the ridge he was discovered going into hiding. Yavapai warriors streaked for his position intent on killing him, unaware of other troops in the vicinity.

By the time help reached him the fast shooting Moreno had killed two. Bursting on over the ridge the volunteers killed six more. Retreating on the run the Yavapais grabbed their women and children, scattering into hiding like a covey of flushed quail.

After destroying the camp the party went on to Fort Whipple, returning with the scantiest amount of supplies. For the next month thirty men were kept on the road to the fort trying to obtain more.

Apaches were constantly pillaging and menacing the small settlement on Clear Creek where it entered the river. Half a dozen volunteers were detailed there. One of them being Moreno. He decided it was useless to sleep in the cabins if they were going to catch any Indians sneaking in.

On the fifth night he lay on the edge of a cornfield. The stock near the cabins began stirring around uneasily. Crawling through the weeds and grass to closer proximity, he saw two Apaches outlined against the starlight.

Aiming carefully he brought one down, but the other managed to escape. Before being able to reload his rifle the ground around seemed to sprout Indians. One came at him with a knife in striking position. Rolling aside he kicked him in the middle with both feet. As that Apache was hurled off to the ground a second appeared almost over him. As the Indian threw himself forward and down, Moreno drove his knife home. Hot blood spilled over him.

Kicking the legs of a third Indian out from under him he leaped into a crouch in time to cut still another one to death. Upright, he feinted and kept twisting his body quickly to keep from reaching him.

Once when he didn't turn fast enough a knife blade cut through his left shirt sleeve. He then got on around, slashing the Apache's throat completely across in one sweep.

His desperate knife fighting occupied mere seconds. His shot having awakened the sleeping volunteers and settlers, they now poured from the cabins shooting wildly into the night. At least the noise scared the Indians away. It was then discovered that during the melee twelve head of cattle and four horses had been stolen.

"We go after them," Moreno declared. "They can't be far."

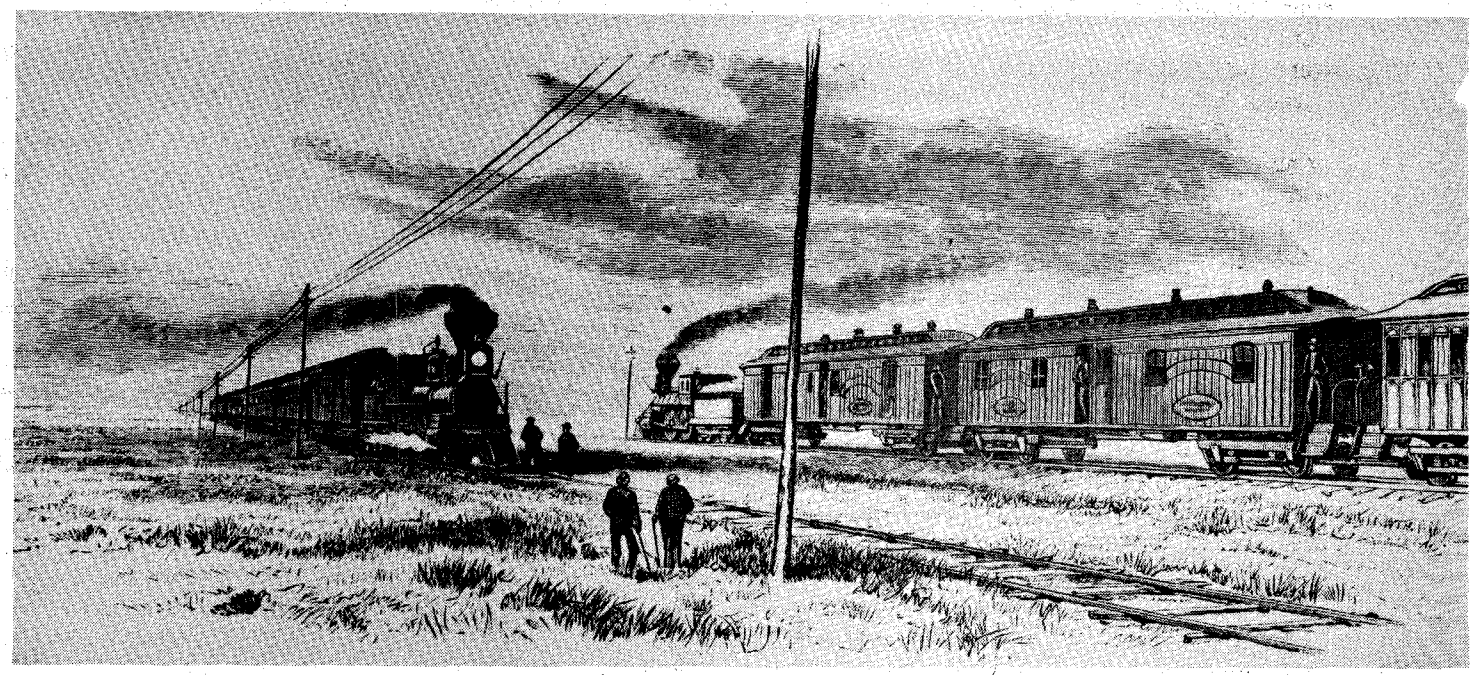
Leading off in a job trot he made for the hills ahead of the rest. Before gaining far he came onto the stock milling around in a depression. Scared by Indian smell, the animals kept trying to dodge around those trying to drive them afoot.

Hunkering to the ground Moreno levelled his rifle and killed the nearest one. Reloading swiftly he got a second before the other Apaches could gather to start for him. The volunteers and settlers arrived on the scene, putting the Indians to flight. Except for Moreno the stock, most valuable to the settlers, would have been stolen.

(continued on page 59)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACROSS THE CONTINENT:



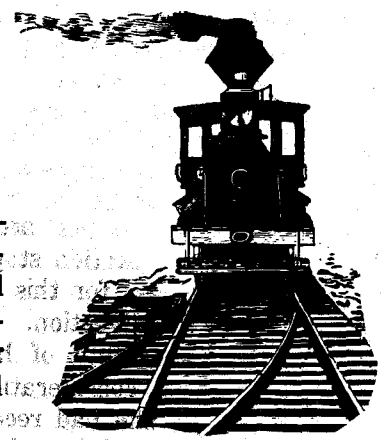
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Eastward and westward bound railroad trains passing on the prairie near Fremont, Nebraska. Often such meetings called for stopping and socializing among the passengers for a short time.

The FRANK LESLIE Excursion To The Pacific

Part 1

By Thomas A. Frazier



In 1877, Frank Leslie, publisher of a weekly newspaper, planned a much-heralded trip across the continent by railroad. It was billed as a great adventure but the Leslie party traveled in style in a Palace car with a dining car and sleeping car in whith the Leslies "roughed it".

Custer was dead; the archfoe, Sitting Bull, fretted ed in Canadian exile, his warriors scattered and dispirited. The war whoop echoed no longer over the plains and the prospects for peace in the West seemed solid at last. The Red Messiah, Wovoka, and his Ghost Dance, destined to be the spark for the final serious Indian uprising, were contained within the small limits of his own tribe and were largely unknown, even to the Indians.

Such was the situation when Frank Leslie, "Prince of Publishers", decided to capitalize on the public's intense interest in things Western by letting them participate, vicariously, in a railroad trip across the continent. Details, complete with pictures, would be published in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper", an immensely popular weekly which sold

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for ten cents. The paper originated in New York, which would also be the starting point for the journey.

Frank Leslie was not only a colossus of the publishing world; he was also a national figure. President Rutherford B. Hayes termed his weekly paper "an institution of the country", but Leslie's efforts were not restricted to the one publication; he had dozens, including books. However, the "Illustrated Newspaper" was, by far, the most popular of his productions and the account of his travels would be widely read. He would call it "Across the Continent: The Frank Leslie Excursion to the Pacific".

Leslie's real name was Henry Carter and he had been born in England where he had learned his business. Accompanying him on the trip would be his second wife, Miriam, a substantial and talented contributor and partner in his many enterprises, plus a retinue of artists and photographers, friends and employees to a total of nine.

The contrast to pioneer trips westward a comparatively few years previous, and even in 1877, the year of the Leslie trip, is marked. Instead of a back-breaking, bone-rattling covered wagon, inadequately protected from the elements, exposed to the dust and heat of the plains, the Leslie party's headquarters would be a Palace car. Included would be a dining car and a sleeping car. The rampaging elements would be observed from behind the safety of a glass window. Where the wagon train leader would worry about the health and fortitude of his mules or oxen, perhaps leaving some dead en route, the Leslie party rested secure in the knowledge that the iron heart of the locomotive would prove more than adequate for the journey.

The participating railroads, more than anxious to benefit from the publicity to follow, offered their services gratis. Even in those days the value of advertising was appreciated. These services included, in addition to the sumptuous car, the ministrations of cooks, conductors, and pullman porters, not to mention waiters while dining.

The food supplies were kept fresh and wholesome in iceboxes: wooden boxes installed beneath the car and stocked with ice at each stop. Superb cuisine was guaranteed by the presence of every modern cooking convenience, including a huge roaster and a charcoal broiler. Fresh fish was procured at each station stop. There would be no tragic Donner Pass for this party. The ultimate hazard would be indigestion.

The possibility of hardship, however, had been taken into consideration. Mrs. Leslie told of the warnings she had received from friends when she had announced her plans. They told her of the fatigue and stiffness she would endure living in the limited area of the car; they mourned about how dark she would become from the Western sun; they sighed as they pictured her loss of sleep due to the noise and jolting of the train, and were aghast at the difficulties to be experienced in bathing and dressing. Mrs. Leslie, in true pioneer spirit, dismissed these dire predictions.

To recall the spirit and mood of the time, it may be beneficial to cite some of the news items from the very papers in which this epic excursion was reported. The year, remember, is 1877.

On August 4th the remains of the officers of the Seventh United States Cavalry, killed with General Custer by Sitting Bull, were buried at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Brigham Young died at Salt Lake City, Utah, on Wednesday afternoon, August 29th, in the 77th year of his age.

A monument to John Brown, executed at Harper's Ferry, Va., was dedicated at Osawatomie, Kansas on the 31st.

It was rumored that Sitting Bull, with 1,000 Sioux warriors, had re-entered the United States from Canada for the purpose of joining Chief Joseph.

Crazy Horse, a Sioux chief, was arrested, and on attempting to escape was stabbed with a bayonet, from which wound he died.

William M. Tweed was examined as a witness by the Aldermanic Committee on Municipal Funds in New York. He spoke freely and in detail of the history and operations of the various rings.

The hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Brandywine was fittingly commemorated on the 11th of September.

John Greenleaf Whittier was seventy years of age on December 17th and the occasion was celebrated by his friends in Boston with a banquet.

Such items are fascinating, demonstrating as they do the nearness of history and the past to our time.

At the risk of rambling, one must consider the advertisements appearing in the paper, then as now a major source of income:

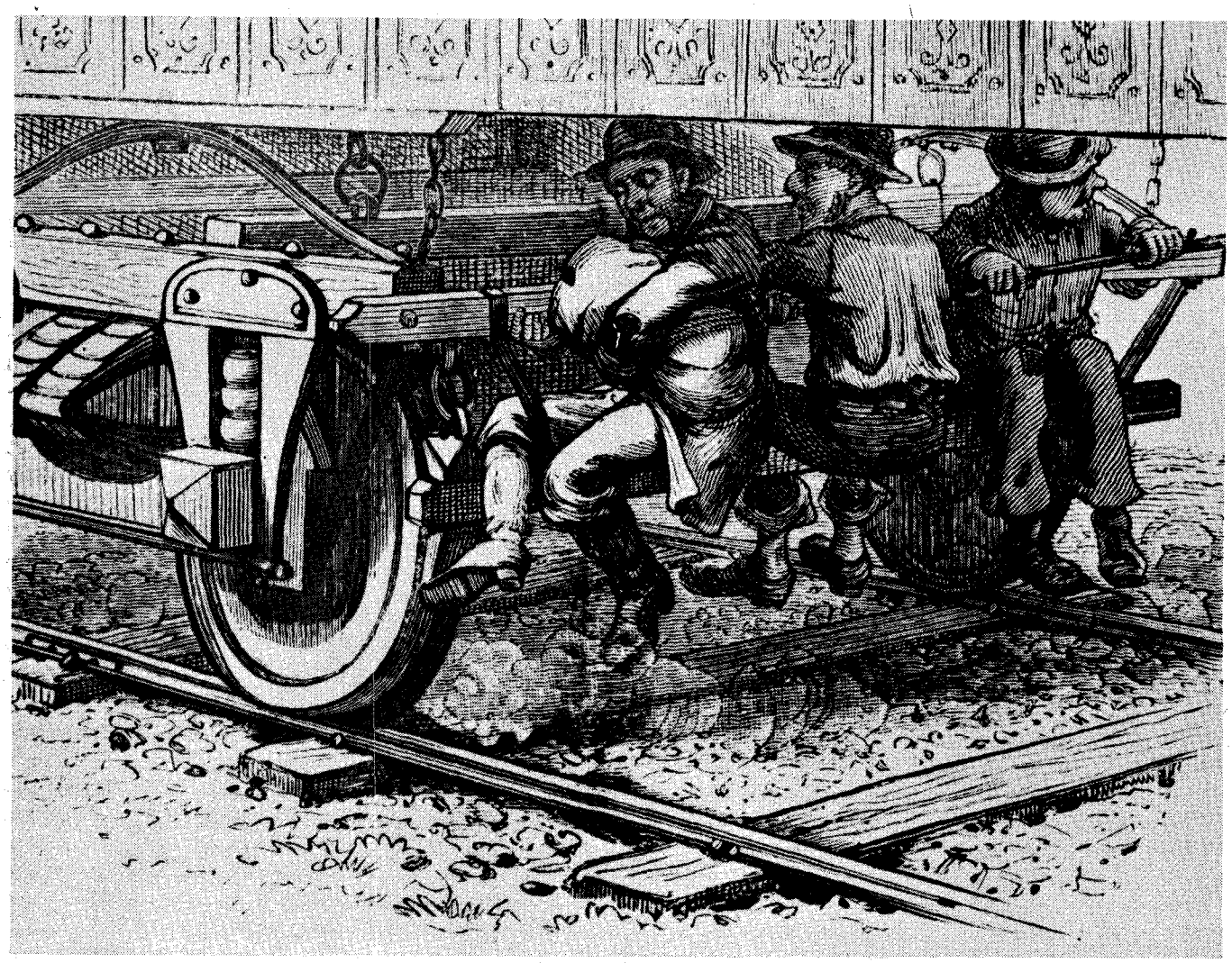
OPIUM and Morphine habit cured. The ORIGINAL and only absolute CURE. Send stamp for book on Opium Eating.
TAPE WORM infallibly cured with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars, address with stamp to (etc. etc.).

THIS IS NO HUMBUG. By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage.

There was a ready market, then as now, for the gullible, although the organ offer looks good.

NEW ORGANS - 16 stops, $120; 13 stops, $96; 12 stops, $85.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Tramps often rode on the trucks underneath the cars, a mighty dangerous and dusty ride.

On the evening of April 10, 1877 (a Tuesday), the party assembled at Grand Central Depot, New York City. Over one hundred friends were on hand to bid farewell and numerous champagne bottles and food hampers were loaded into the Palace car. The intrepid pioneers clambered on board, waved their farewells and to the accompaniment of the locomotive's whistle and the explosion of torpedoes placed on the track by Leslie's friend Wagner, the rail tycoon, they were off.

Dispensing with the eastern and contiguous states, we will join the Leslie party starting with their passage through Nebraska.

Fremont was passed, and great excitement was generated by the approach of an eastbound train. Both trains slowed, then stopped, and nearly all passengers emerged onto the platform to enjoy a break in the monotony, to greet the other travelers, and to stretch their legs.

The one photographer in the Leslie party assembled his camera and soon everyone was striking the stiff, self-conscious pose so typical of these early days of the camera. The three artists were busy at their sketch books and some interesting pictures resulted. The scene where the two trains stopped was sketched and it is, to say the least, a lonesome sight; two railroad tracks stretching to infinity, accompanied by telegraph poles, the immensity of sky above and the limitless prairies on all sides. Mrs. Leslie referred to it as a "great empty waste"

The small station of Ames was passed, then North Bend, when someone called out, "Indians!". Everyone rushed to the windows for the first glimpse of these quondam enemies. They saw small clusters of teepees a short distance from the tracks with some of the blanketed owners standing bareheaded and motionless, observing the train which represented the power of the whites which was to drastically change their way of life.

The Leslie party was most favorably impressed with the appearance of these Indians. They had expected (wrote Mrs. Leslie) "meanness and squalor" instead of the "decency and dignity" displayed. One enthusiastic young woman of the party declared that they were actually handsome. In response to this, a traveler from one of the other cars (for the other cars carried commercial passengers) who claimed he had made the trip twelve times, advised the young woman to "make the most of them". He said they would be the most favorable specimens she

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They saw much as they journeyed west. Brown bearded men and silent soldiers, prairie dogs and Buffalo, fires and desolation all sent thrills through the passengers.

would see; the others to be met with along their way would not be up to this standard. In regard to Mrs. Leslie's expectation of "meanness and squalor" among the Indians, one wonders what reaction a trip through the New York City slums would have brought.

The sight of the Indians excited talk of the possibility of seeing buffalo herds but, to the disappointment of most of the party, they were informed that, in the past three years, this great beast had entirely disappeared from the contiguous area traversed by the railroad tracks. Only heaps of their bones could be seen now and then bleaching in the sun. Even the antelope, formerly plentiful, had retreated from the area. The men of the party were told, regretfully, that the only targets for their pistol practice from the platforms would be prairie dogs and ground owls. In the hey-day of the buffalo, it was considered "great sport" to slaughter these animals from the trains, and excursions for this express purpose were regularly arranged by the railroads. Great waste was involved in such "hunts" and the Indians, understandably, were incensed.

The next station of any consequence was Schuyler, county seat of Colfax County. The article mentions a sprinkling of neat houses, and the usual gathering of stragglers on hand to see the train. Mrs. Leslie mentions the "brown-bearded men, with slouch hats and pantaloons tucked into their big cow-hide boots" and wonders out loud about the absence of womenfolk at the station. The women, no doubt, were busy from dawn till dark cooking, sewing, making cheese and butter, cleaning, planting, and taking care of a brood of children. Mrs. Leslie obviously had a maid and a cook.

The artists were quite prolific at these stops and some of their pictures are interesting. There is depicted a prairie dog town, with the citizens either sitting bolt upright observing the train and its passengers with wide eyes and twitching noses, or diving with a sharp bark into their burrows. The young boys of the town regularly visited the train for the purpose of selling prairie dogs they had captured. One picture showed Pawnee Army scouts off duty, dressed in army caps, long-coats complete with cape, standing stolidly and silently on the platform.

There was a long distance between towns, and most possessed small populations. Schuyler, mentioned above, for instance, had eight hundred people. However, along the way, scattered miles from each other, Mrs. Leslie mentioned seeing lone ranches, "dug-outs" she called them.

The stations of Clark, Lone Tree, Chapman's and Lockwood were passed, and the train approached a "supper station", Grand Island. Mrs. Leslie noted that since the party was well-provisioned, such supper-stations were welcomed only for the chance to walk along the platforms or perhaps venture a little further and get a glimpse of the town proper.

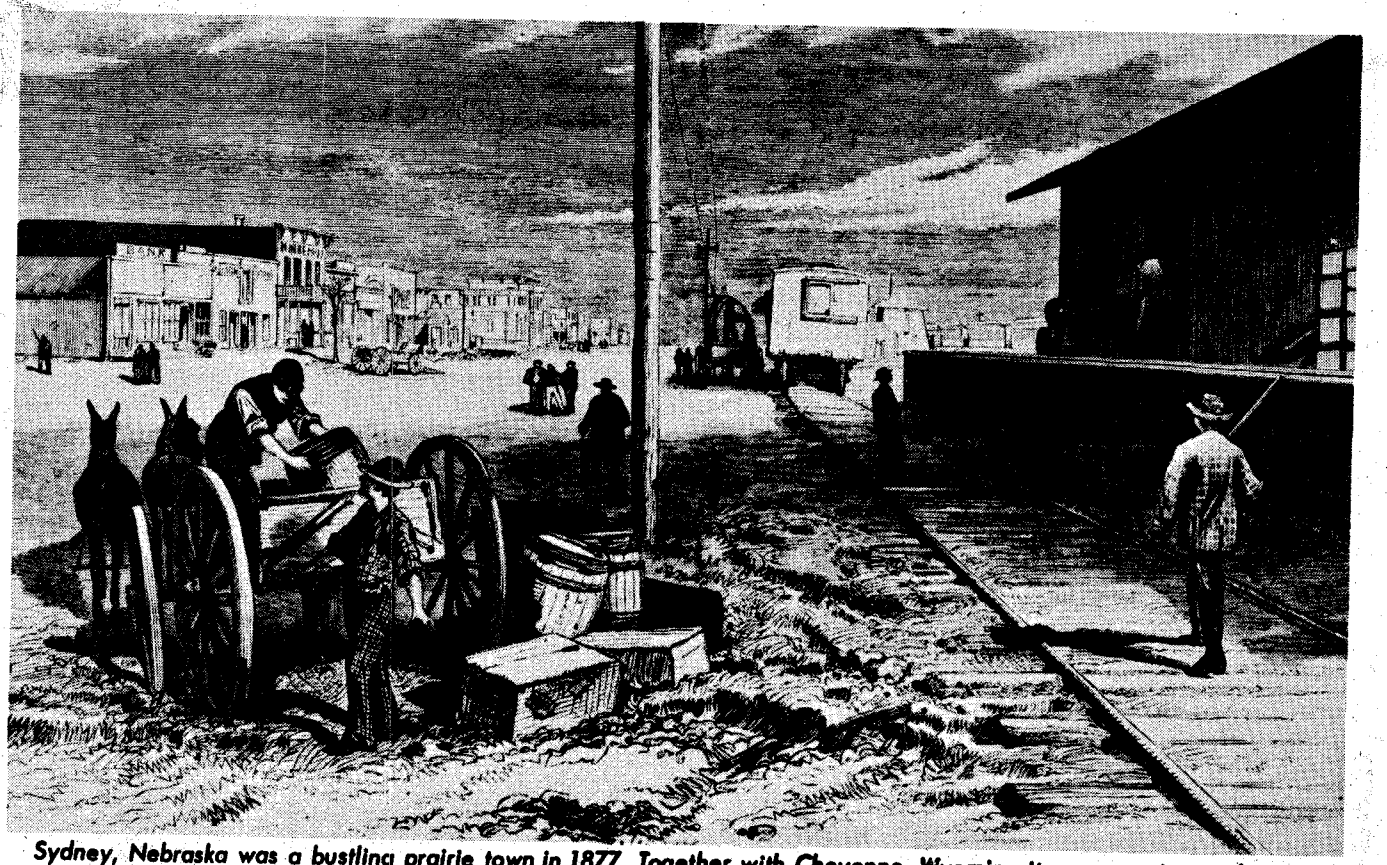
En route from Grand Island the entire party flocked to the windows to see a prairie fire. In the distance, their dark figures lighted by the flames, they could see the settlers fighting the conflagration which, if unchecked, could not only destroy valuable forage but possibly their homes.

Wood River, Shelton and Kearney are passed, the last being more or less of a ghost town, replaced in popularity by Kearney Junction, just four miles beyond. Kearney Junction had a population of about one thousand and was just about five years old when the Leslie party passed through. The most striking thing noted about this settlement was the absence of trees and shrubs - just a long stretch of brown dirt with the white houses arranged, as Mrs. Leslie said, "like a child's toy village set up at random on the nursery floor." The crops raised here were excellent, and the grazing lands and stock-raising facilities were good. Texas cattle, they were told, were occasionally driven up for grazing, at which time there was usually a murder or two in town.

A goodly number of the towns recalled incidents of the immediate part which thrilled the passengers as they gazed upon the very spots where Indian war cries had reverberated. Plum Creek, for instance. A few years before, a band of Cheyenne, led by a war chief who rejoiced in the name of Turkey Leg, had successfully wrecked a train on a small culvert near the creek for which the town was named. They fired the cars, after removing the various articles of freight, and as they were celebrating their victory and gloating over their loot, they were attacked by forty-eight Pawnee scouts attached to a nearby Army command. The Pawnee changed the Cheyenne victory into defeat, utterly routing them.

A veritable catalog of names of towns, stations and depots are recited, such as Coyote, Cozad, Willow Island, Warren and Brady Island, and McPherson, with no comment made by the writer. North Platte, when mentioned, is accompanied by the remark that it is notable for its great dairy and cheese manufactory. It is also noted by the writer that, as the train travels, the stations grow less and less frequent, and smaller and smaller in size. Big Spring and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Sydney, Nebraska was a bustling prairie town in 1877. Together with Cheyenne, Wyoming it was a main supply point for the Black Hills region.

Barton are passed, then came Julesberg. We are told that Julesberg was named for a Frenchman, Jules Berg, who was notorious in the earlier days of the frontier. Jules and another desperado, one Jack Slade, fostered a mutual hatred of each other for quite a period of time with no definite advantage accruing to either, until one fatal day Jules was captured by Slade, who tied him to a post and for over an hour leisurely engaged in pistol practice. The story goes that Slade poured a multitude of bullets, none fatal,

(continued on page 57)

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

A party of gold miners leaving Cheyenne for the gold fields of the Black Hills.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NAVY QUELLS AN INDIAN UPRISING

by T. W. Paterson

On July 4, 1863, four Lamalchis of the Cowichan tribe were executed by hanging, brought to justice by the British Navy. Sailors from HMS Forward, HMS Devastation, and HMS Topaze had taken part in the manhunt and battles with the hostile Indians.

Photo by author

Victoria's peaceful Pioneer Square, where tragic Caroline Harvey was laid to rest in 1863.

Few would realize today that peaceful Pioneer Square in downtown Victoria is the British Columbian capital's last link with a series of brutal murders and a savage killer whose reign of terror was finally ended by roaring navy cannon and royal marines storming a Gulf Island shore.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For here, where old men now doze in the sun amid stately oaks and eroded monuments, where pigeons and gulls flutter noisily in search of crumbs, to the Sunday morning chime of cathedral bells, 15-year-old Caroline Harvey was laid to rest a century ago.

Ironically, while the tragedy began miles upcoast, the final act was written but blocks away, in Bastion Square, where, July 4, 1863, before a crowd of wailing squaws and frowning braves, fate came full cycle.

"Intelligence was brought to town yesterday of as cold-blooded a murder as it has ever been in the province of the journalist to record," the Victoria *Colonist* reported, April 9, under the headline, "Horrible murder by Indians."

The chilling intelligence had been a breathtaking tale of treachery and miraculous escape told by a halfbreed Cherokee named John Henlee. He and his partner, Bill Brady, also American, had arrived in Victoria enroute to the Cariboo goldfields, when they decided upon a hunting expedition in the Gulf Islands.

Landing on a small island south of Salt Spring Island, Henlee had left Brady to cook supper while he hunted. Upon returning to camp shortly after dark, he found Brady entertaining visitors, three Cowichan braves and two squaws.

After dinner, all had retired; the miners to their tent, the natives, "who seemed very friendly," sleeping outside.

"In about an hour's time, however, the sleepers were aroused by shots fired into the tent, by which both of them were wounded.

"Brady was rendered helpless, but Henlee, though hurt in three places, viz: one wound in the thigh and two in the left arm, fought the assassins with his uninjured fist. In the scuffle which ensued he received two severe cuts on the head from a squaw who attacked him with a knife, but he finally succeeded by dint of hard and well dealt blows, in making his antagonists run, when he seized his gun and fired after them, but with what effect he does not know."

Despite his own wounds, Henlee nursed his dying partner until the end, three days later. He then launched their whaleboat and began a painful, daylong voyage to Victoria, landing at Oak Bay. Rushed to the hospital, doctors removed a musket ball from his thigh and buckshot from his arm and groin, reporting him to be in serious condition.

Said the *Colonist:* "The public will anxiously look to the authorities for the institution of active measures for bringing the offenders to justice, as it is a subject that seriously affects the security of settlers in the outlying districts."

Sadly, it was just the beginning, for, the very next morning, headlines cried, "Another atrocious murder!"

This time the victims were German settler Frederick Marks and his married teenaged daughter, Caroline Harvey. Their murder "vies in cold-blooded atrocity with that which we chronicled in yesterday's issue," raged the newspaper.

The tragedy had begun with the 40-year-old homesteader accepting work on the Plumper Pass ranch of Christian Mayer. Loading the family possessions into two boats, Marks and Caroline had sailed northward in one, Mrs. Marks and their five younger children following with a guide in a second craft.

The little convoy had proceeded without incident to Saturna Island, when they were separated during a squall. Proceeding to Mayer's ranch, Mrs. Marks had inquired after the others, to be assured they would arrive shortly. But when hours passed without any sign of the overdue couple, Mayer and an Indian employee headed for Saturna, to find "the debris of the boat and portions of a trunk both of which had been hacked to pieces with an axe."

Searching frantically, Mayer found Marks' two dogs unharmed, "but every article belonging to Mr. Marks had been stolen."

His helper had taken one look and exclaimed in Chinook, "The Cowichans have murdered them."

Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Lt. Comdr. The Hon. H.D. Lascelles, in command of the Gunboat FORWARD led a naval expedition against the marauding Lamalchis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hastening to Victoria, Mayer reported his grim discovery and told of "a certain bad Indian (later identified as a Lamalchi sub-chieftain named Ah-Chee-Wun), who has been in the constant habit of boasting of exploits of this nature, and how little he cares for Gov. (Sir James) Douglas and the men-of-war. (Mayer's) Indian has told him that this ruffian, in company with several others murdered three white men at Plumper's Pass, in 1858, and sank their canoe."

As fear of a general uprising swept the coast, authorities in Victoria urgently discussed the reign of terror. They faced a temporary problem, however, in that no warships were immediately available, HM Gunboat *Forward* being at San Juan Island, HMS *Devastation* on a northern cruise, and HMS *Grappler* undergoing refit at Esquimalt.

The following day, *Forward*, under command of Lt. - Cmdr. the Hon. H. D. Lascelles, returned to Esquimalt to await orders as Police Commissioner Augustus F. Pemberton conferred with Governor Douglas.

April 14, the *Forward* was still at Esquimalt, prompting a scathing *Colonist* editorial: "It is incomprehensible how the government can allow day by day to pass, without sending one of the gunboats to arrest the murderers. Both the *Forward* and the *Grappler* might have been dispatched on such a service; and, before the blood of their victims was dry; whilst their hands were reeking with human gore, and gloating over their fiendish deeds, the murderers might have been lodged in our prison."

When *Foreward* finally made ready to sail, the newspaper sarcastically suggested "She will probably get there in time to hear of a few more massacres."

Weeks passed with little word of the manhunt, but with reports of increasing Indian restlessness on both coasts of Vancouver Island. HMS *Forward* then returned to Victoria with Mrs. Marks and children, and three braves and a squaw suspected of being implicated in the Brady and Marks murders.

Cmdr. Lascelles, with Police Superintendent Horace Smith, has steamed first to Saturna Island to examine the Marks' camp, naval and police officers noting the smashed boat, a broken stove, and, on a rock, a pair of garters and a shoe. A torn, bloodstained petticoat was retrieved from the water, but neither Marks nor Caroline was found.

Cruising the Gulf of Georgia investigators soon heard rumors that a band of Cowichans, the Lamalchis, had been responsible, shooting Marks as he sat by the fire, then chasing Caroline onto a rock where cruel hands held her as a squaw plunged a knife into her breast. Her body was then stripped, a piece of the stove tied to her hair, and thrown into the sea.

Days later, HMS *Forward* spotted several canoes returning from a potlatch at Chemainus. When officers approached in a gig, one canoeman pulled desperately for shore, bolting into the trees.

Cmdr. Lascelles immediately seized a chieftain in another canoe as hostage. Within an hour, villagers surrendered the fugitive, named Stalehum, who turned out to be the hostage's son and a prime man suspected of the Marks' murders.

Proceeding up Sansum Narrows, *Forward* searched every canoe, bringing the frightened natives to with a shot fired overhead. But by this time word has spread and no further suspects were located until the warship anchored in Kuper Island's Village Bay, home of the recalcitrant Lamalchi tribe and the notorious Ah-Chee-Wun.

From the deck, officers could see squaws hurrying into the forest with goods on their backs. When an interpreter hailed the village, two youths paddled alongside, to be told, "We want to communicate with the chief," one of the expedition later recounted.

"After waiting an hour we hailed them again and were told they would have nothing to do with us. After two or three ineffectual attempts to converse with them, the interpreters explained to them that they should have a quarter of an hour to send a chief to communicate, and, in the meantime, a red flag should be hoisted, which, when hauled down, was to be a signal that the gunboat would fire."

Hastening ashore with the ultimatum, the boys conferred with a chief. When they made to return to the ship, he stopped them at musket point, and those aboard *Forward* heard an old woman yell, "Don't go, they have come after the murderers but they won't get them."

When the time limit expired without further response, Cmdr. Lascelles ordered the flag lowered, at which all Indians still in view fled into the trees.

Forward then fired a warning shot over the woods, to be instantly answered by a devastating volley of musket fire from shore, Indians firing from behind rocks and trees, the gunboat answering with deadly belches of solid shot, shell, grapeshot and musket fire.

The duel continued without visible injury to either side for 90 minutes, when, suddenly, a seaman fell dead, shot through the temple.

Cmdr. Lascelles ordered his ship to cease fire, and as a moody silence descended upon the island, again demanded an interview, and was again refused. After conferring with Supt. Smith, he decided to break off the engagement, spend the night at Chemainus and return in the morning.

When *Forward's* marines charged up the beach the next morning, they found Kupa Island deserted; not a man, woman or child was found. Ah-Chee-Wun had vanished. The frustrated gunboat then cruised southward, to meet, with further failure. Disgusted, Lascelles joined HMS *Grappler* at Comox. Together, the men - o' - war steamed back to Kuper.

As before, when marines and bluejackets stormed the shore,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they met no resistance, although invaders were amazed by the abandoned Lamalchi defences. "In the Block House, which had been strongly constructed of logs, properly morticed and loop-holed on three sides for musketry, they discovered one 24-pound shot, which had only penetrated the front wall. There were rifle-pits all round, in which the Lamalchas (sic) hid themselves during the engagement. There were also regular rifle-pits constructed inside the Block House, covered over with thick plank."

The invaders then burned the village, "which was a large one," and all remaining canoes.

Proceeding to Pender Island, the warships met HMS *Devastation* and began a search for Brady's body. Following Stalehum's directions, they located the helpless miner's remains in Shark Cove. After an examination by Dr. Turnbull, Brady was formerly interred.

At Cowichan, through the influence of Bishop Demers, teenagers Kaisue and Swane-a-hya, and an old woman named Thask (meaning "a fly"), were taken into custody without resistance, villagers simply arguing that as but one white man had been slain, it was only fair that one Indian be tried.

Here, *Forward* picked up Mrs. Marks and family, returning to Victoria with the prisoners and reports the Lamalchis had gone into hiding on Galiano Island. Also included in Supt. Smith's report was a second reference to the dreaded Lamalchi chieftain, "who has not been caught, (and) boasts that Mr. Marks is the eleventh white man he has killed."

His name was Ah-Chee-Wun, Smith's frightened informants had said, with an uneasy glance over their shoulders, and he was feared by Indians and whites alike. Reputed to be more than 100 summers old, he had the strength and appearance of a young man, was a deadly shot with a musket, "neither arrow nor bullet could harm him," and his enormous war canoe "skimmed the water with the speed of the wind."

Others had told how he could smell enemies from miles distant and could walk through solid rock. "They believe. . . . that whoever he threatens is doomed," said the *Colonist*, calling him a "perfect fiend."

At the preliminary hearing John Henlee, still "suffering much," testified against Kaisue, Swane-a-hya, Thask and Stalehum.

In the meantime, Supt. Smith was busy recruiting a special police force for the invasion of Galiano Island, despite a report from the schooner *Royal Charlie* that the Lamalchis had returned to Kuper Island. The merchantman noted, "They were very insolent and said while the gunboat was firing they were lying in the woods looking at her and laughing at the *tenass* warship for wasting her powder and shot."

The Lamalchis even had had the audacity to order quarry workers off Salt Spring Island within a week or "they would cut all their throats."

When a number of halfbreeds recruited as guides for the forthcoming expedition balked at wages of $1 a day, Supt. Smith had had to prevail upon Commodore Spencer for additional bluejackets and marines from HMS *Devastation* and *Topaze*.

A week later, *Forward* and *Devastation* ended a second sweep of the Gulf Islands with another prisoner, several hostages and witnesses. The starving Lamalchi, separated from his tribe, had surrendered when Cowichans refused him food. Also at Cowichan, Kaisue's wife, suspected of instigating Brady's murder, gave herself up to settler John Humfries.

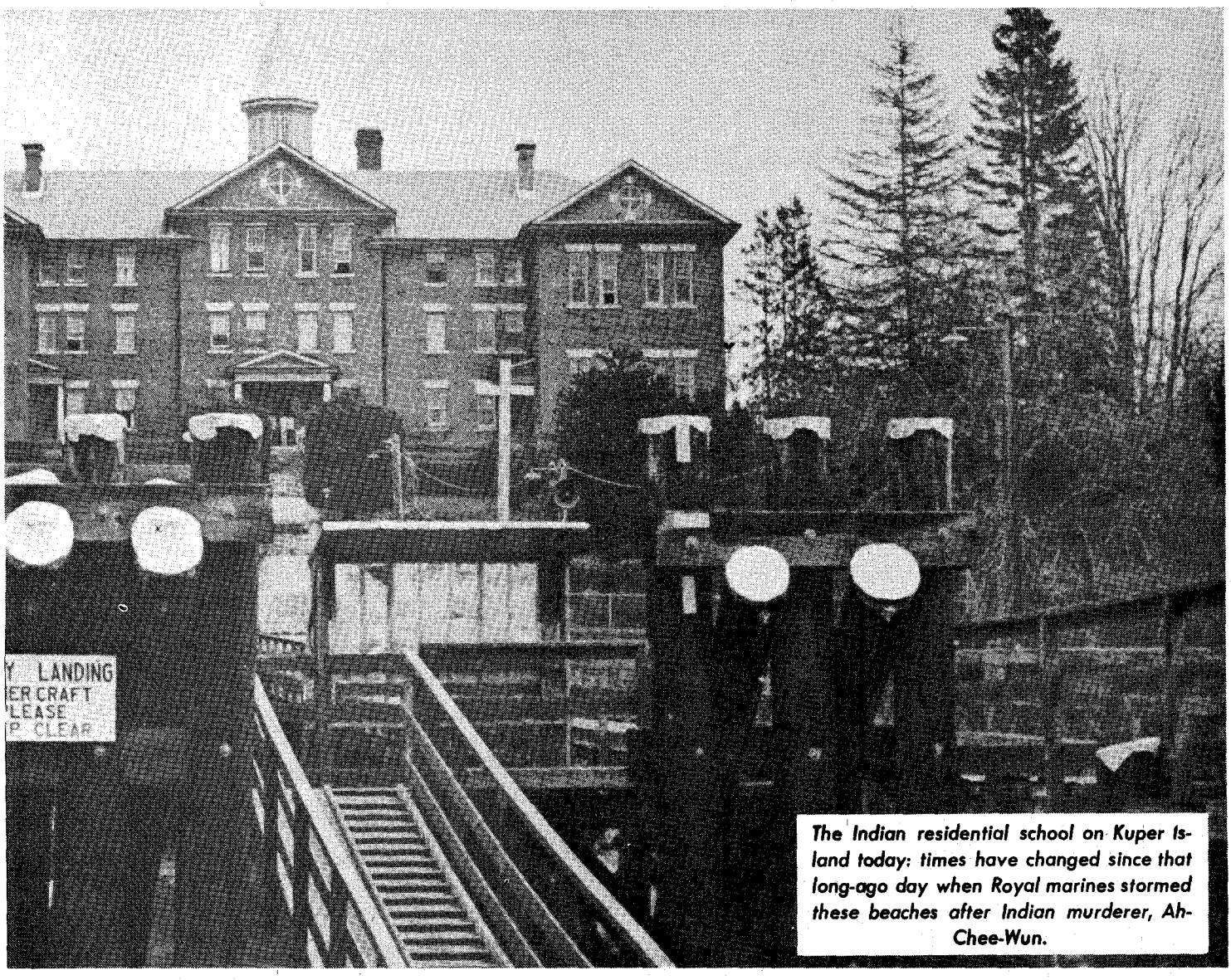
Early on the morning of May 23, Kaisue, Swane-a-hya and Stalehum, convicted of slaying Brady, mounted the gallows before the police barracks in Bastion Square, as 350 persons, mostly grieving Indians, watched silently. Minutes later, it was over. The sentence of old squaw Thask had been commuted to life imprisonment.

When the gunboats completed yet another expedition, they had four more prisoners. But the dreaded "pirate chief," Ah-Chee - Wun, had again escaped the net. His capture, however, seemed imminent as all neighboring tribes "consider they have compromised themselves with him, and are bent upon having him."

Finally, June 8 HMS *Forward* steamed back to Victoria with the "blood-thirsty villain" in irons. Surprisingly, the Lamalchi terror and two companions had been captured with little resistance at his secret cave on Galiano Island. The reign of terror was ended.

When the hated firebrand, "who has not by any means a forbidding appearance, if we except the villainy which lurks in his piercing, wicked eye," took his turn in the dock before Chief

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Indian residential school on Kuper Island today: times have changed since that long-ago day when Royal marines stormed these beaches after Indian murderer, Ah-Chee-Wun.

Photo by author

Justice Cameron, it was to face an equally anticlimactic finale. Charged with the shooting of seaman Charles Glyddon aboard HMS *Forward* during the Kuper Island battle, he and companions pleaded not guilty, Ah-Chee-Wun testifying he had not fired during the skirmish and that "his heart was very good towards white people."

After hearing the statements of Supt. Smith and the accused men, the jury had retired. Two and a - half hours later, it found Ah-Chee-Wun, his brother Shanah-saluk, and Qualatultun guilty of Glyddon's death, recommending mercy. The following day, Justice Cameron sentenced them to death.

For the savage murder of Caroline Harvey, Um-wha-nuk was also sentenced to die. A fifth brave, convicted of manslaughter in the knifing of an unnamed white man "about five years" before, received four years at hard labor.

Because of Ah-Chee-Wun's conviction and sentence, two outstanding murder indictments, including that of Frederick Marks and Caroline, were waived.

The final act of the tragedy was played shortly after dawn in Bastion Square, July 4, 1863. As most Victorians prepared to celebrate the American holiday with friends from below the border with picnics, steamship excursions, parties and dances, "friends and relatives of the unhappy sufferers began to collect and set up a pitiable wail, which was continued until the closing scene of the tragedy."

Minutes later, four hooded Lamalchis plunged earthward. For three, death was swift and merciful. But Ah-Chee-Wun, bloodthirsty terror of the Gulf Islands, jerked spasmodically "for about 20 minutes."

When at last he was still, the bodies were "handed to the friends of the deceased who conveyed them to the Indian reserve, and endeavored by all the arts they could exercise to restore animation to the lifeless corpses."

Earlier, the battered remains of Caroline Harvey had been found stuffed in a crevice on Saturna Island and interred in Victoria's peaceful Pioneer Square. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

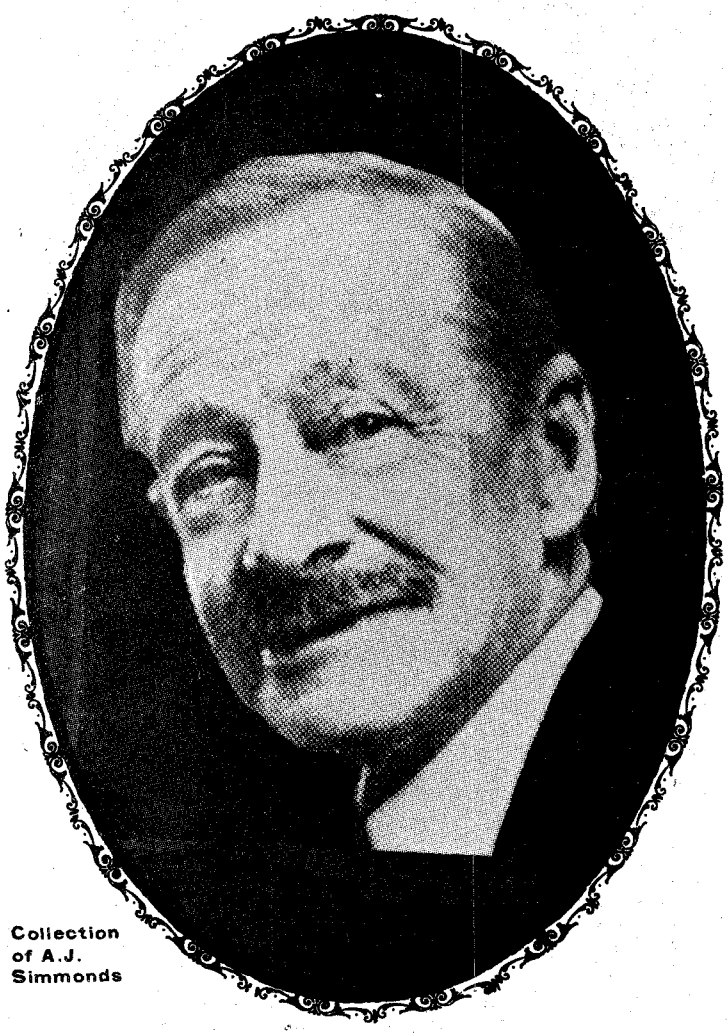
Newspaper files of the Victoria *Colonist* for the year 1863 .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALFRED LAMBOURNE

By A. J. Simmonds

Those great days of the overland emigrants traveling west by wagon trail were almost unrecorded but this sixteen-year old English boy sketched the historic scenes and events as he traveled west with his parents in 1866. In later years he painted all over the West and those masterpieces still exist today.



Collection of A.J. Simmonds

Alfred Lambourne crossed the plains to Salt Lake City in 1866. As a young artist he sketched scenes along the way. Later he wrote and illustrated a book about the journey. Photo above taken just before his death in 1926.

Rare indeed was the overland emigrant who did not have deep concern about the way he would reach the West and the new life it offered. Even rarer was the successful overland traveler who could look back on anything more tangible than memory's fading picture to show him where he'd been and what perils he'd experienced.

In Alfred Lambourne and the emigration across the plains in the summer of 1866, neither of those conditions existed. Lambourne was a teenager of sixteen whose father was a Mormon; and in those far-off days before the railroad, Mormons traveled west to Utah under the fatherly auspices of the P.E.F., the most singularly unique system of wagon trains in the entire annals of populating the American Frontier -- the wagon trains in reverse. And Alfred Lambourne was an artist, an artist with a pencil and a sketch pad.

Alfred was born near Donnington Castle, England, on Feb. 20, 1850. From a very early age he showed artistic talent; and when he was six his parents, William and Martha Lambourne, managed to have him taught for a few hours a day by a drawing teacher in the village where they lived.

In 1860, when Alfred was ten, the family was converted to the Mormon Church by missionaries from Utah and the same year left England for America. In that last year before the Civil War, the Lambournes landed at New Orleans -- then a major port of entry for European emigrants. From New Orleans they traveled by paddle-wheel riverboat up the Mississippi River to St. Louis.

Though Salt Lake City was their goal, William Lambourne found employment in the Missouri city and settled there temporarily until he would be able to recoup his finances, surely depleted by the expense of emigrating from England. As the War between the States drove wages higher than the country had even known, William Lambourne's stay of what was to be a few months lengthened into six years. For Alfred it was a marvelous opportunity. While his father plied his trade as a paperhanger, Alfred could attend school and learn drawing techniques from any of a dozen teachers in this city of a quarter of a million.

However, by the spring of 1866 William Lambourne was gripped with what Brigham Young termed "The Spirit of Gathering", the desire to join his co-religionists in Utah. No one who ever braved the thousand miles across the plains ever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

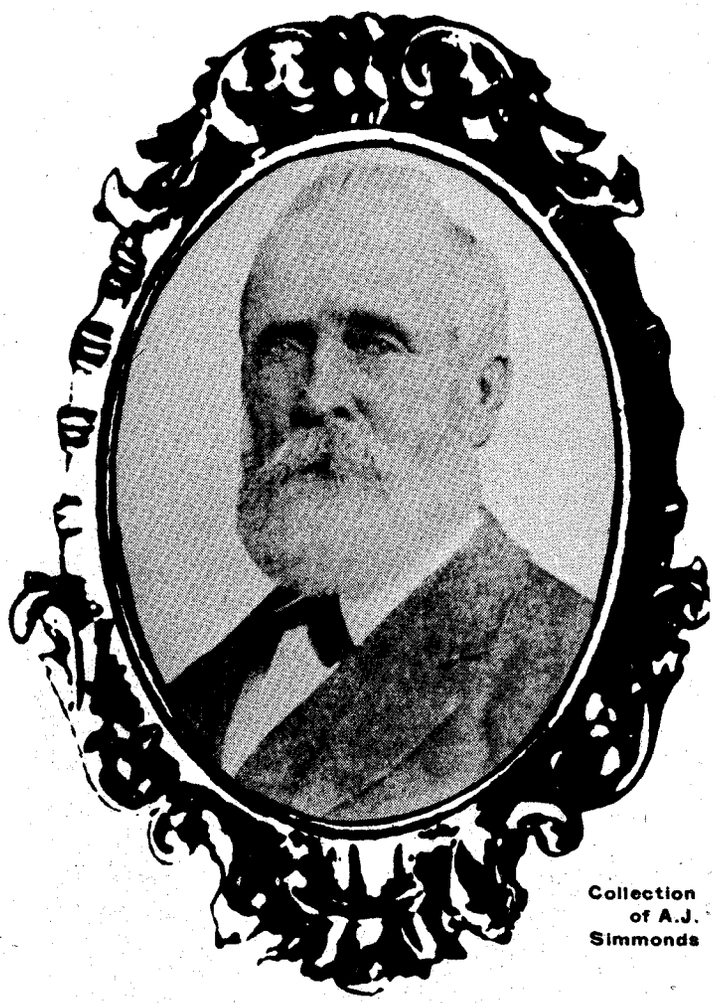
Artist Of The Salt Lake Trail

faced the prospect calmly. But William Lambourne had an advantage. Not for him was the anxious gathering of single families and their wagons at jumping off places, nor the days or weeks of waiting until enough had arrived to form a wagon train, nor the hours with a guide-book or in earnest discussion with a hired guide, nor the months of worry about road and provisions. When, sometime in that spring of 1866, William Lambourne decided to go to Utah, he and his family and their possessions went on board a shallow draft steamboat at St. Louis for a ride up the Missouri River, to Wyoming, Nebraska -- seven miles north of the present Nebraska City. There, like other emigrants bound for the frontier, William Lambourne purchased a wagon and two yoke of oxen. Unlike other emigrants, he then settled down to await the sure workings of the P.E.F.

The Perpetual Emigrating Fund, or P.E.F. as it was locally known, was chartered by the Utah legislature in 1851. Reduced to its basics, the P.E.F. was simply a revolving fund which loaned money to Mormon converts in Europe to enable them to emigrate to America and then on to Utah. Once they were established in their new homes, the emigrants were to repay the Fund which would then be in a position to lend to other emigrants.

For nine years the P.E.F. worked in that way. Then in 1860 Brigham Young made a remarkable discovery: it was physically possible for an ox drawn wagon to drive from Salt Lake City to the Missouri River and back in the same season. Joseph W. Young took a wagon train east in the spring of 1860 to obtain machinery for Utah's developing woolen industry. That October he was back in Salt Lake, his oxen in as good condition as those purchased at the Missouri River and driven only one way. In October he preached a sermon in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on the rather non-religious topic of "ox-teamology". Novel the sermon may have been; but it was indisputably practical. Already Mormon Church President Brigham Young had decided that if a wagon train could go east for machinery, it could do so for emigrants. If trains from Utah could pick up the European converts at the Missouri, the P.E.F. could use all its money to get the emigrants to that point rather than also having to spend heavily to buy wagons and oxen for the final thousand mile journey.

Between 1861 and 1868, with the exception of 1865 and 1867, these wagon trains in reverse started east from Salt Lake City. The pattern was similar. Each winter church headquarters in Salt Lake City would receive an estimate of next spring's emigration from the president of the



Collection of A.J. Simmonds

Captain John D. Holladay headed the wagon train carrying Alfred Lambourne to Salt Lake City in 1866.

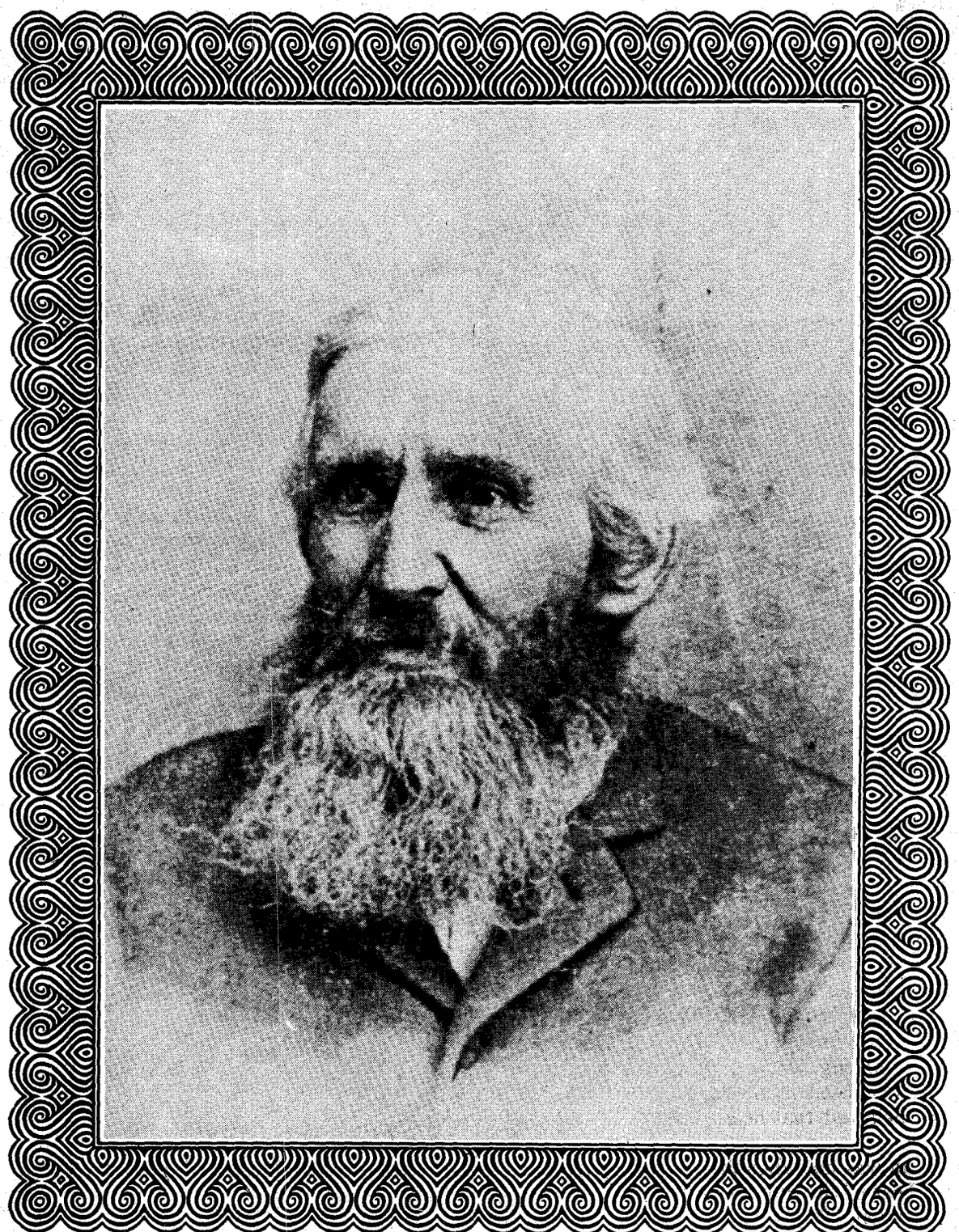
European Mission in Liverpool, England. On the basis of these figures, it would be determined how many wagons would be needed to carry the emigrants to Utah -- the usual ratio was ten or twelve passengers to each wagon. The total number of wagons would then be divided by the local districts of the church, and each district would be asked to contribute that number. Except in years of very heavy emigration, the normal number would be one wagon and its full complement of oxen, horses or mules, teamsters, and supplies from each congregation. The total contribution of men and material was wholly voluntary -- reinforced by considerable local social pressure.

(continued on page 51)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANLEY'S RETURN

In 1849, two men, Manley and Rogers, made it out of Death Valley, then led a rescue party back for the rest of the Jayhawker Party as it was called. In 1861, twelve years later, Manley returned and once again he almost lost his life in that vast waterless region where so many men have perished.



Courtesy U.S. Borax Company

W. Lee Manley of Death Valley fame. Manley was instrumental in rescuing a party of Jayhawkers stranded in Death Valley during a cross country trek in 1849. In 1861 while prospecting in the Valley, Manley and a companion were in turn rescued after their food and water became exhausted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO DEATH VALLEY

By Louise Cheney

The story of how Manley and Rogers traveled out of Death Valley in 1849 and returned to rescue a party of stranded Jayhawkers from death in the desert is well known in the annals of the west. In truth it is one of the most thrilling tales in all the history of California. Equally thrilling but not nearly so well known is the story of Manley's return to the dread valley in 1861. In the desert in that year Manley was deserted by one of the very men he had rescued 11 years before, Ashael Bennett.

When the jaded Jayhawker Party reached Los Angeles in 1850 after being guided out of Death Valley by the heroic Manley and Rogers, the party separated. Bennett and Rogers headed north to work in the mines. Manley secured work in a vinegar factory where he remained for a month. He then decided to join Bennett and Rogers in the gold fields. He worked in the mines on the Merced River for a spell with Bennett and Rogers. Then the trio parted. It was to be in June of 1895 before Manley was to see his old friend, Rogers. But before that event he made another trip into Death Valley with Bennett in 1861.

Ashael Bennett quit the mines and settled in San Jose. When his wife died soon after he moved to Cedar Creek, Utah where he established a dry-goods emporium. After failing in that venture he returned to California, settling in Los Angeles in 1860.

In 1861 a party of five men, among them Ashael Bennett, Charles Alford and John Shipes headed for Death Valley via the Cajon Pass. They carried ample supplies and water for the trip in a wagon pulled by six mules. Bennett, having been in Death Valley in 1849 acted as guide. The object of the trip was to search for gold and silver. When the Jayhawker Party had been in the dread valley back in 1849 two men. Goller and another man, had discovered rich placer gold deposits. Since Goller and his partner were both German, their find had become known as the Lost Dutchman Mine. Many men had searched for the fabulous deposit only to fail but it was known far and wide and had become a legend among lost mines of the desert. Since Bennett had been in the Jayhawker Party his companions believed that he could lead them to the lost treasure.

The sun was hot when the party started out. During the heat of the day the men rested in the shade of the wagon. They entered Death Valley from the southern end and made their first camp in that vicinity where there was grass and water for the mules. All of the party but Alford rested. He took his shotgun blankets and food and started out north along the mountains that encircled the western edge of the valley.

The others prospected near the camp and found two ledges which they believed contained silver ore. Two weeks went by and the party feared that Alford had met death at the hands of roving Indians since he had not been seen since he left camp. Then suddenly one day he walked nonchalantly into camp and displayed some black ore full of golden specks.

The others were too excited over the silver ledges to investigate Alford's find. Bennett suggested they build a furnace on the desert and reduce the ore to determine its silver content. They moved their camp up to the lower slope of Telescope Peak for that purpose. There they made an attempt to smelt the silver ore but the project proved to be a failure. Bennett who had had some experience in the lead mines in Wisconsin told the men that the fire was not hot enough. He suggested another location as he explained that the fire was not getting enough draft. The men made some charcoal and moved up to a hill overlooking a small stream of water. There they built a furnace in the shape of a chimney with two wings on the wood side which would generate a hot fire. It is said that this is how the name of present day Furnace Creek originated. The ore was tested and when it refused to melt the men decided that it was high in silver content. They then left Death Valley and took their samples to Los Angeles and from there sent them to San Francisco to be assayed. Alford who still believed that he had found a rich gold deposit took a sample of the ore he had brought from the desert to Isaac Hartman, the lawyer who carried the silver specimens to San Francisco. He asked that Hartman not divulge the findings on the ore.

When the assays on the ore arrived it was found that the material supposed to be silver was actually lead with but a small percentage of silver while Alford's ore was rich in gold. Alford confided in Bennett and William Stockton but some way the news spread about and the others who had gone into Death Valley demanded that they be cut in on the find. A party was formed to prospect for gold and Alford was chosen to guide the others to the location of the gold he had found.

Accordingly the party returned to Death Valley late in the year of 1861. By then the mountains were snow covered and Alford could not locate the gold since the white mantle of snow had covered all the landmarks he had cached in his mind.

(continued on page 74)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOST TREASURES

by E. S. Le Gaye

Back in 1876, John Welch, a Willamette Valley settler, buried from 300 to 600 pounds of raw gold to keep attacking Indians from getting it. It's still there today near a place called Babcock's Ridge along the basalt cliffs. All the details are here if you want to try your luck at finding $300,000 in gold!

1. NAME OF TREASURE: John Welch's Lost Gold Cache
2. APPROXIMATE LOCATION: Trinidad, Grant County Washington.
3. TIME: 1876
4. VALUE: $300,000
5. DESCRIPTION: Raw gold from the placer diggings of central British Columbia, an estimated. 300 to 600 pounds.
6. AUTHENTICITY: Excellent. This one undoubtedly happened; many official records substantiate the primary facts.

In spite of the desperate urgency of the moment, John Welch took enough time to be thorough. After all, the people in his party were depending upon him to safeguard their hard-won gold! So, even though the hate-maddened horde of blood-lusting Indians might attack at any moment, he carefully did everything possible to insure his being able to relocate the cache, when it would be safe to return for it. The responsibility was his alone; every member of the party had agreed that their gold would be safer if the secret of where it had been cached was known only to him.

Welch first found certain natural landmarks that should be permanent and easy to find again. Then, he buried two saddles and a small box of personal items; using this spot as a line-up marker, he paced off a short distance, dug a hole and buried the gold. It is a certainty that he hadn't the faintest inkling of the fact that no one, including himself, would be able to find it again!

The story of this lost gold cache began in the spring of 1876. Welch, a prominent, early-day Willamette Valley settler, guided a party of prospectors into the raw wilderness that was the Western Canadian gold fields at the time. After five months of highly-successful mining, frost touching the mountain slopes surrounding them reminded the men that time was running out; winter was close at hand and it was time to head south, to warm homes and waiting families. The birches had turned golden-yellow, and on the high slopes, the soft yellow tones of the tamaracks warned of the dreadful winter storms about to set in. But, as men will when digging gold, they worked until the last possible minute.

One night a meeting was held and it was agreed that they would load up and pull out early the next day, and further, that they would return to Oregon via the Okanogan and Columbia River valleys. No sun rose to meet them that morning as they packed. Dark clouds covered the skies; the wind moaned restlessly through the trees, and flurries of snow dusted the air. They were glad to be leaving this now-foreboding place.

After many days of weary travel, the party crossed the U. S. border; several days later they arrived at the small village on the Columbia called Wenatchee. They paused here only long enough to buy needed supplies, and then pushed on, fearful lest they be stranded by heavy snows while still more than two hundred miles from home. Some twenty-odd miles southeast of Wenatchee, they arrived at a point on the east side of the Columbia River rim now called Babcock Ridge, a few miles south of present-day Trinidad.

At this point in the account, we come to the one part where few of the many versions of this story agree in their details. Some say the men were forced to camp by a spring to rest their exhausted horses, where they were attacked by renegade Siwash Indians. These versions claim two or more of the men were wounded and several others killed, and that all but two of the horses were killed or stolen by the Indians. Further, they claim that Welch then cached the gold, at a place nearby, and that the party continued on its way, reaching Portland, Oregon without further mishap.

Other versions claim that, in addition to the men, the party also contained Welch's wife and young daughter (which I seriously doubt); and that an Indian guide hired to lead them across Washington suddenly sensed danger ahead and halted the party somewhere in the Babcock Ridge area; that learning hostile Yakima Indians were in the vicinity, the party voted that Welch cache the gold in order to lighten the horse's loads and, thereby increase their ability to outrun danger; that after burying the gold the party was actually halted by hostiles who searched them for valuables and then let them continue on their way unharmed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is considerably more agreement about the nature of the cache - site (which is a strange shift away from the usual course of most treasure stories!). It is generally agreed that Welch chached the gold, together with several saddles and some personal belongings, in some spot known to him alone, somewhere along the basalt cliffs that form the western edge of Babcock Ridge, or a little south of that ridge; that when standing on the rimrock above the cache-site, the view of the Columbia River directly to the west is obscured by the rock cliffs; but that the river can be seen both upstream and downstream; that the cache-site is a short distance up a small arroyo or "U" shaped cul-de-sac in the face of the rimrock. . .and that a small stream trickled thinly through the arroyo (at least it did in 1876); and that the gold was buried in one hole, the saddles and personal effects in another nearby; and that the face of the cul-de-sac and the buried saddles provided the line-up markers that led directly to the gold.

It is also agreed generally that the caches were made in or near a small, shallow cave that is located part way up the wall of the arroyo or cul-de-sac, high above the floor (although one version claims that only the saddles, etc. were cached in the cave . . . that the gold was placed in a hole dug in the arroyo floor); and that Welch did make a carefully-drawn map of the cache-site, and its relationship to the various natural landmarks mentioned above.

In any event, after the caching and escape from the area, the party traveled on down the Columbia, eventually reaching Portland. They then went across the river to Fort Vancouver to request an Army escort for a return and retrieval of their gold.

A Lieutenant Pierce is said to have refused their request suggesting that they wait out the end of the Indian troubles, then return to claim it. Since there was nothing else that could be done about the matter at that time, the party split up, each member going his own way. It was apparently agreeable to all that Welch would someday go back to reclaim the gold and forward to each his fair share.

For whatever reasons, it was not until 1905 (1903?) that Welch went back to the site of the long-buried gold. He searched many weeks for it, but in vain; time and the elements had brought about so many changes, he could find no recognizable landmarks. It was as though he had never been there! He decided that the best course would be to return the next summer and secure the services of a local guide, someone thoroughly familiar with the area.

So, as the story goes in 1906 (1904?) Welch arrived in Trinidad, where he registered at William D. Van Slyke's hotel. He requested two things: accommodations for three weeks, and the services of a guide familiar with the Columbia River's east bank rimrock all the way from Trinidad to Venture, a town about twenty miles to the south.

Van Slyke suggested that Welch employ his young son, Loyal, claiming that he knew the entire area as well as anyone in the country.

Welch told the boy that he would like to visit the area where his party had been attacked by Indians so many years before and, if possible, to dig up some relics and lost personal effects. He described the location as being a large, saucer - like dip (the arroyo?) in the rock cliffs, some two or three miles from some springs of water. Loyal knew of several different springs, but had no recollection of ever having seen the "U" shaped depression described by Welch. In three weeks, they combed the entire rimrock from Babcock Ridge to Venture without encountering a single landmark that looked familiar, or that fit the map.

Time by now had also had its effect upon John Welch; he had grown to be an old man. The daily failures to find recognizable landmarks utterly frustrated and discouraged him. So, when the three-week period was ended, he regretfully gave up and went back to his home in Oregon City, Oregon never to return to the Trinidad area again.

Sometime during that winter, or spring of 1907, Welch told his daughter, Anna Elizabeth Tuttle, about his inability to line up his markers so carefully noted on his map, and of his consequent failure to find the cache.

Although she had but recently married, her naturally adventuresome spirit (and the powerful lure of gold) decided her in favor of taking up the search.

She wrote to the Wenatchee News, asking them to recommend a good, trustworthy guide, and was referred to Ben Webley, a government trapper.

After some correspondence, Wembley agreed to act as her guide and they made arrangements to meet in Wenatchee, Washington.

Some of the versions claim that Mrs. Tuttle made her first trip to the Trinidad area the summer of 1900, others claim 1909. In any event, she did go, not once, but at least five times. Each trip met with complete failure. Finally, in 1915 she gave up the search. As far as Webley was concerned, the treasure didn't exist at all, so he promptly forgot it. His pay from Mrs. Tuttle had been satisfactory, and his work as a trapper kept him far too busy to spend time thinking about cached gold!

If it hadn't been for a coyote caught in one of Webley's traps during 1921 (some say the animal was a bobcat). . .this story would probably have faded away after Mrs. Tuttle's last trip.

But the entrapped animal unearthed a leather strap and part

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of an old saddle . . . . right in the middle of the area where both Welch and his daughter had claimed the cache should be located! Remembering what Mrs. Tuttle had said -- that the buried saddles were the line-up markers to the cached gold, Webley and his partner, Ted Williams, excitedly dug further; they soon found both saddles and a small rosewood box that contained the Welch's personal belongings. The two trappers now realized that the story was true, after all!

The significance of their find was not lost upon them; they kept their mouths shut and they stayed busy digging for many months, but without success. Later, they decided to locate Mrs. Tuttle, in the hope that she might somehow be able to provide the key to unlock the mystery and help locate the gold, but they were unable to locate her. Van Slyke's guest records had been destroyed when his hotel had burned to the ground in 1913. After the fire, the Van Slyke family had moved away, first to Vantage, then in 1919, to Olympia, Washington. Deeply Incidentally, I wonder what they would have paid at that time for a good, modern-day electronic metal detector!

It has been claimed that a group of Wenatchee business men formed a combine or syndicate during the late 1930's and made an unsuccessful search, using the best detection equipment available at that time and that they worked the area for several years before giving up. Rudolph Zehnle, who sometime before 1920, had homesteaded the land containing the "U" shaped cul-de-sac where the saddles were found, has said that he saw many searchers come and go during the years that he lived in his cabin on the homestead.

Another writer intrigued by this story (Robert P. Nash) decided during the mid - 1960's to research the various aspects of the story. Here are the findings he reported:

Loyal Van Slyke was alive and living in Olympia at that time. Nash says that Van Slyke remembered well the incidents concerning his part in the story.

Anna Elizabeth Tuttle had had three children and died in Portland, Oregon, in 1929. Nash located one of her sons, John, who confirmed the details and referred him to the Oregon Museum. Here, Nash found an item in an old copy of the *Oregonian* that substantiated the claim that the Welch party had visited Fort Vancouver and had requested assistance from Lt. Pierce, etc. Nash has since made personal visits to the Babcock Ridge area and, guided by Zehnle, went to the cave where the saddles were found. . .but, he too, came away without the cached gold!

What do I believe about this story, other than that it happened much as written here, and would I take the time to search for the cache, if it were possible? First, I must admit that all stories of buried treasure and lost mines intrigue me; I have been "hooked" on them since my teens, 'way back in the very early 1930's! But a few for undefinable reasons take hold of my mind with a vise-like grip and never let go. The story of John Welch's lost gold cache is one of these. I have been interested in it since I first heard it many years ago. Naturally, there are differences in the various versions I've heard, but the main details remain essentially the same in all.

The story, as I have written it here, is a composite version, blended out of both the fabric of the various accounts in my files, and the results of personal research. This is what I believe about it:

Most important, I believe that it did happen. I doubt that the treasure has yet been found; there is simply too much gold in the cache for such a finding to go completely unreported (or unrumored!). Since Welch was the only man alive who knew exactly where he made the cache, it is highly unlikely that any of the others in his party would have been able to return and find it. The most damaging part of the entire story, in my opinion, is the excessively - long wait between the time of caching and Welch's return.

Without an understanding of the reasons for this delay, this part simply doesn't make sense. But Welch did return, and I very much doubt that his return was but a cover-up to hide an earlier trip and successful removal of the cache. Mrs. Tuttle's trips make such a possibility highly unlikely.

The main reason for the various failures to locate the cache, especially the later - day searchers with electronic detection equipment, indicates to me the probability that Welch actually did bury the cache in the cul-de-sac floor. . .and that it is now covered over with many feet of accumulated rocks and earth.

It seems to me that a good, deep - search transmitter - receiver detector and a portable core-drilling rig would provide the best possible combination for locating this cache, when used in conjunction with a lot of hard work, perseverance and good luck.

Would I search for this one? If I lived at least 1500 miles closer or, if I had just a bit more loose time, you can bet your sweet life I would! But, since I can't, I would appreciate hearing about your results, should you search for it. ●**RW**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDUSTRIES AND ARTS OF THE INDIAN

The American Indian is seldom thought of in connection with industries or manufacturing, yet they make many products which are in demand, some of great value.

Indians are often fine artisans possessing almost microscopic eyesight for delicate work. They have a wonderful sense of form and color using subdued and soft tones accentuated by brilliant hues.

Before contact with the white man, the Indians made all dyes and pigments from vegetable and mineral sources. The color was not only permanent but also delightfully soft and muted. After the arrival of the white man they started using the aniline dyes, and as a result some of the fine workmanship was lost or became inferior to that of the past.

The beadwork of the Indians is still sought after, and all tribes from the Arctic circle to the Tierra del Fuego, at the tip of South America, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific had some form of beadwork. Beads consisted of bits of shells, bones, chips of rocks, seeds, nuts, beans, teeth, claws, fish and lizard scales, pearls, bits of crystal, agate, quartz, topaz, turquoise and other stones. Beads were also made from clay or porcelain with some being engraved or painted. The beads were used in elaborate and intricate patterns. Almost everything was decorated; the clothing, belts, pouches, moccasins, and personal as well as things for their horses. A few tribes had gold, silver, copper or other metals which were often made globular or cylindrical in form and used for beads.

As with dyes, after contact with the white man, the Indian started using glass beads. In this case, however, their workmanship did not suffer as manufactured beads were often simple to obtain and more uniform in size, thus often making a better design.

Turquoise was a favorite material used in beadwork and decoration among the Indians of the Southwest. Indians living along the Atlantic coast used the roung clam or quahog, as well as the pearl in beadwork. Beads were made cylindrical or dish-shaped by cutting, grinding or drilling.

Indians living in the eastern part of the country used clam and oyster shell beads, called wampum. They were used for decorative work, for ornament and for currency. Woven into belts, bands and similar forms this wampum served to convey messages, to commemorate treaties and to record tribal events. Various colors, patterns and other details of the wampum belt gave it distinctive meanings which were easily read and translated by the Indians. Wampum was made by the Indians living along the seacoast, yet it was a highly important article of trade and found its way to Indians hundreds of miles inland. For many years after the eastern states were settled by Europeans, wampum was the standard currency of both the Indians and the settler. Many old documents and records of New England mention prices paid for various commodities which were paid for with wampum. A contract made in 1650 at Hartford, Connecticut stated that payment shall be made in sacks of corn or in an equal value in wampum of blue color.

Beadwork has been an important industry since early days. Each tribe worked out and developed its own method and system of beadwork, using the material at hand best adapted to their needs. Every group had their own distinctive patterns, colors, schemes and combinations.

To sew the beads on buckskin or trade cloth, fine sinew was used for thread and wonderful skill and ingenuity was shown in the intricate work.

While neighboring tribes might have a totally distinctive type of beadwork and design, another tribe some thousands of miles away would have a similar type. When weaving threaded beads into various articles, the pattern or designs must follow a more or less straight line, so that the figures are somewhat conventionalized and geometric. In embroidering, or decorating material by sewing beads to the groundwork, a far greater scope could be taken by the worker, and curves, natural forms, and other designs are found.

Indians living in the Eastern part of the country were fond of elaborate flower designs. Many of the examples of Chippewa, Delaware, Algonquin and other Eastern tribes show beadwork that is very elaborate and artistic, representing flowers, leaves, scrolls and birds.

Western tribes were more partial to geometrical designs and conventionalized human and animal figures. These tribes often used designs that were symbolic or told a story. The floral designs of the Eastern tribes were usually purely ornamental.

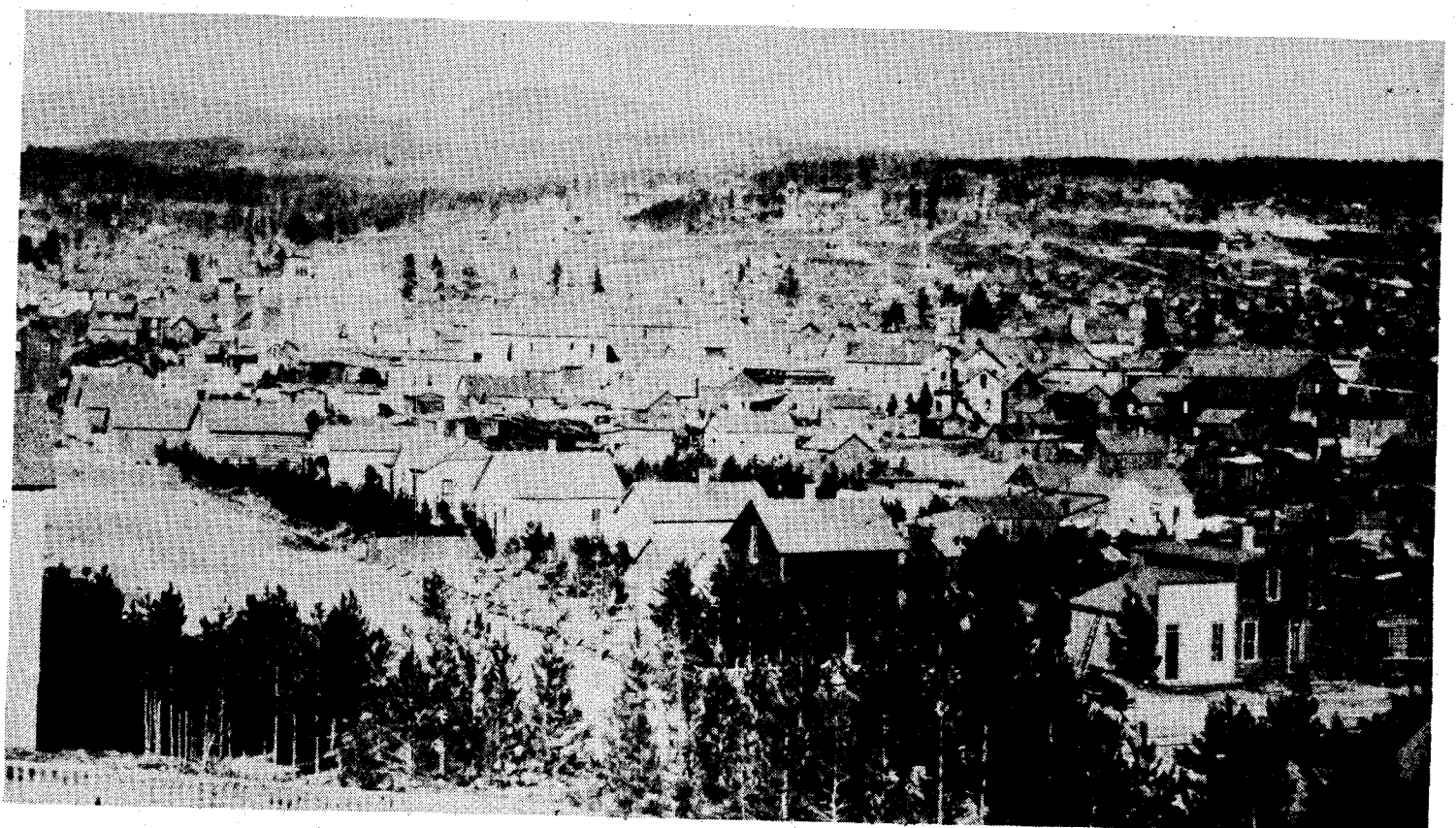
Many Indian patterns and designs were copied from one tribe to another, but beadwork seemed to have been less copied and kept more distinctive than other Indian art. This is partly due to the fact that the pattern used by one tribe would not always lend itself to the method of weaving used by another tribe. Too, many tribes would use only certain colors, or certain size beads or form of beads. Beadwork patterns had a tribal, clan, or special significance. As with the colors, certain designs and figures were taboo among some tribes.

Quillwork was more typically of Indian workmanship than beadwork. For this the quill or spines of the American tree porcupine were used. They are durable, highly polished and flexible; they dye easily and can be used in innumerable ways for decorative work. Quillwork is almost a thing of the past, and fine old quillwork and decorated articles are sometimes valuable.

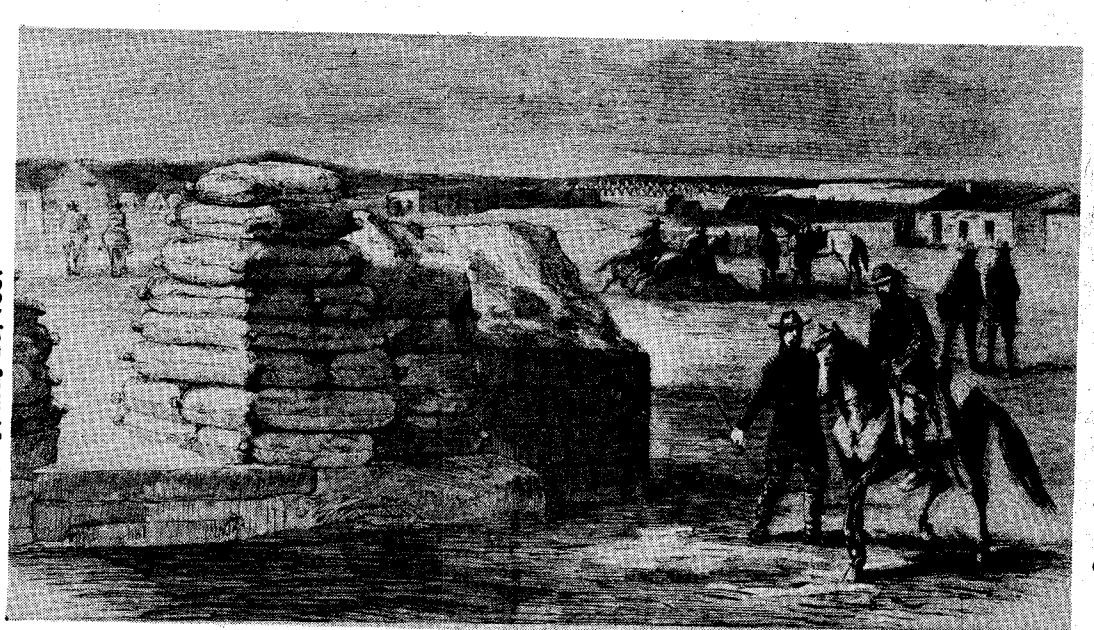
(continued on page 77)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST



LEADVILLE, COLO during the 1870's. Leadville was founded in 1860 when gold was discovered in nearby California Gulch. During the 1870's with the discovery of silver its population grew to 30,000 and the Tabors lavished it with a majestic opera house and a mansion fit for a king. Both are now tourist attractions. Leadville now has a population of about 4,000 and is easy to reach by modern highways. There is skiing in the winter on Cooper Hill Ski Slope and the World's Championship Pack Burro Race across Mosquito Pass from Fairplay to Leadville is held the second weekend in July.



Ft. Dodge Kansas in 1867. This military post was established in 1865 by Gen. Grenville M. Dodge to protect the Sante Fe Trail from Indian raids. The original buildings were built of sod and adobe. In 1867 stone buildings were erected and some are still in use. Many western personages figured in the fort's history including Custer, Sheridan, Miles, Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody and many others.

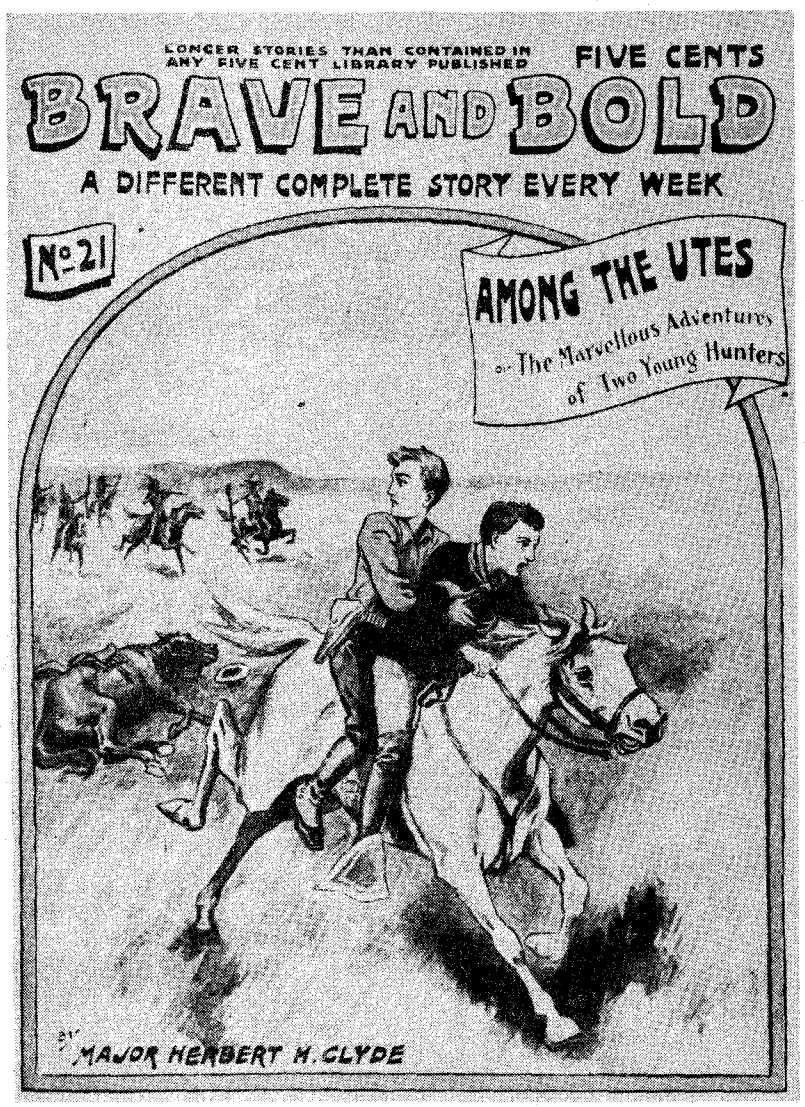
Harper's Weekly, May 25, 1867

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTORIAL

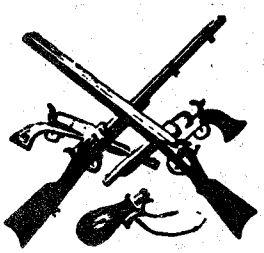
National Archives, U. S. Signal Corps

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 29. POWDER FACE. An Arapaho who was present at the Medicine Lodge Treaty of July 30, 1867. This was a treaty called a Peace Policy which congress had set up. It involved over five thousand Indians, among them the Apache, Cheyenne, Comanche, Kiowa and Arapaho. This treaty was to abolish Indians wars forever.


LONGER STORIES THAN CONTAINED IN ANY FIVE CENT LIBRARY PUBLISHED
FIVE CENTS
BRAVE AND BOLD
A DIFFERENT COMPLETE STORY EVERY WEEK
No. 21
AMONG THE UTES
or The Marvellous Adventures of Two Young Hunters
BY MAJOR HERBERT H. CLYDE

LeBlanc dime novel collection

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 13. BRAVE AND BOLD. Brave and Bold featured adventure stories of all types including a goodly number of westerns. It was published by the firm of Street & Smith from December 27, 1902 until March 11, 1911. During this period 429 were issued at the rate of one a week. It was a handsome series with an action scene from the story depicted on its colored cover. It is now much sought after by collectors.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIEUTENANT Took Them For A Ride

by Edward Hay

Their daily camp duties having been completed, 15 to 20 soldiers of the American 6th Field Artillery were sitting on top of a string of El Paso and Southwestern's box cars on a siding at Naco, Arizona.

Now it may seem that sitting atop a freight car would be a little unusual as a leisure time occupation for soldiers. As a matter of fact, it would be if it weren't for the fact these men had a grandstand seat for a Mexican revolution going on about 200 yards from them.

Quartermaster for the 6th Field Artillery at Naco was a very sharp young First Lieutenant named De Russey Hoyle. Lieutenant Hoyle had graduated from West Point in 1906. He was from a long line of notable General officers in the United States Army. In fact, his forebears in France served on the General Staff of Napoleon Bonapart.

The year was 1914 and Pancho Villa was leading a revolt against the Federal Government of Mexico. At key points along the border President Wilson had ordered American troops stationed to protect the border. Naco was the port of entry for Bisbee, Arizona, site of Phelps Dodge Copper Queen mine. Naco, Sonora, Mexico, was in addition, an important port of entry. The mines in Cannanea, Mexico, shipped their ores to United States via Naco where the El Paso and Southwestern's main line passed. This was later to become the Southern Pacific Railroad. It was a large town for those days, 15,000, and its custom office and revenues were an attractive target for any rebel.

Naco, Arizona and Naco, Sonora are built back to back right up against the international border. Just step across the street and you are in Naco, Sonora. It's that close. The El Paso and Southwestern Railroad had built its main line just a few yards north of the border. The tracks came southeast out of Tuscon, Arizona, followed the San Pedro Valley between Fort Huachuca and Tombstone, and reached the border a few miles west of Naco. From that point they parallel the border east 25 miles to Douglas, Arizona, thence on to El Paso, Texas.

Twenty years later, while residing in Douglas, I related the facts of this story to friends who had been living there in 1914. They remembered it well and said the two armies were so exhausted that it was a week before a shot was fired.

As mentioned, the two Nacos are back to back, straddling the border. The railroad tracks are close to the line. The Mexican Insurrectos had the Federals pinned down in Naco, Sonora. The attackers were entrenched on three sides of the town, firing into town at the defenders. The latter were firing from well intrenched positions on the perimeter of the community, all their shots landing on Mexican ground.

Those who followed Mexican revolutions of that day would probably affirm that they could be rather lackadaisical at times. This siege of Naco fell very

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

definitely in that category. As a matter of fact, that's why there were only 15 to 20 American artillerymen, watching the goings on from their vantage point atop the box cars. If there had been lively action the men would not have been permitted so close to the battle.

Practically all fighting took place at night. The Insurrectos would start firing about dark and made a few bluffs of advancing against the Federals, but the latter were well intrenched and drove them back.

Since there was no apparent danger to Americans in the low key action, Lieutenant Hoyle had no objection to his men watching the fun from the freight cars. In fact, he frequently joined the men himself.

Naco, Sonora, itself, was naturally off limits. Of course, any move of the Mexicans to cross the border into Arizona would have brought instant defensive action on the part of the Americans. In addition to the 6th Field Artillery, the 9th United States Cavalry was present at Naco. Their mission was to hold the border, particularly the flanks. What with the possibility of United States entry into the then raging European war, the copper from Bisbee's mines would be a vital commodity and no chances could be taken.

So the Naco sector of the revolution went along in a sleepy manner until on one of the attacks Insurrecto bullets came across the border. Some men of the 9th Cavalry were wounded and at least one man was killed. This action brought General Scott, an old Indian fighter down to the border to negotiate with the leaders of the two Mexican sides, General Gil and General Matorena. General Scott spoke Spanish. He also understood the signs made by the Mexicans in talking, like Indians. He persuaded the two armies to move 25 miles east to Agua Prieta, across the line from Douglas. There they would take up positions east and west of town where they could fire at each other parallel to the border and no Americans would get hurt.

Both Mexican sides agreed. But how could they move east to Agua Prieta without fighting on the way? General Scott said he would arrange to transport the Federals by train. The Insurrectos would move down with their own transportation. As the railroad tracks ran just a few yards from the border and a road of sorts ran down the Mexican side of the line, it was agreed that there would be no firing across the line at each other. No firing of bullets, that is. General Scott got in touch with the railroad company and arranged for a train of flat cars to be in Naco on the given date. Early that morning the train arrived, pulled by a puffing steam locomotive. All the Federals, along with their wives, children, goats, dogs, and what not were escorted across the line by American soldiers and loaded on the flat cars. Hoyle climbed into the locomotive cab with the engineer and fireman. Soldiers were stationed on the flat cars to preserve order and supervise the agreement.

When all were aboard, Hoyle gave the signal. The train with its motley contingent steamed out of town. Across the fence which marks the border marched the Insurrectos. They were a motley crew too. There were wives and children, live stock and camp followers. Most were in carretas, wagons, or on horseback, some afoot. All were in disarray, a real "Coxey's Army". So eastward out of Naco went the two armies, just a few yards separating them. They were probably closer than they had dared to get during the weeks of sporadic fighting around Naco.

As soon as the armies left the buildings of the town behind them and could get a clear view of each other across the barbed wire fence, remembering their agreement not to shoot, they began cursing at each other, the pitch rising at every step. Soon there were clods of dirt flying across the border, then sticks, rocks, and anything on which they could lay their hands.

The El Paso and Southwestern engineer said to Hoyle, "Lieutenant, do you want me to speed up and leave that rag tag caravan in the distance? I can pull away from this mess and be in Douglas in less than an hour."

"Wouldn't think of it," replied Hoyle. "This is the funniest situation I've seen in years. In a few days, after they rest up, they'll be shooting at each other again. Let's relax and enjoy the fun."

And so they did, the engineer and fireman blowing the whistle and shooting steam out of the cylinders from time to time. It was a Mexican standoff, it was fun for all, and no American soldiers were hurt. Now how about Lieutenant Hoyle? What happened to him? He enjoyed a distinguished Army career, retiring as a Major General at the conclusion of World War II. All through the years he retained his concern for people, especially young people. He served as Scoutmaster at a number of military posts. In 1945 while commanding the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center at Camp Roberts in central California, the Santa Lucia Area Boy Scout Council honored him with the Silver Beaver for distinguished service to boyhood. In 1951 while a guest in the Hoyle house at Hamden, Connecticut, the General showed me his trophy case. At the center, in the place of honor, surrounded by recognitions gained in a lifetime of service to his country, hung his Silver Beaver, for service to boyhood.

Just recently, when sending me approval to use this story, General Hoyle called my attention to the fact that he was a Captain not a Lieutenant, at the time of the Naco incident. Why General, we wouldn't purposely demote you. It's just that in the 23 years since you told me the story, my memory faded a bit. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Personal recollections of Major General R. E. Hoyle, U.S. Army Retired

Records of Military Historical Museum, Fort Huachuca, Arizona

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR BONNET

From the Cumby family album

Sam H. Cumby and his wife from a photo taken in 1926. Sam almost brought his wife a war bonnet from a trip to Arizona from Dallas in 1880 but gave it up to an Apache chief instead. Sam was born in 1853 and died in 1929.

The young Apache chief wanted the war bonnet Sam Cumby Sr. was bringing home to his wife and he wanted those big - bore Sharps buffalo guns. Here, Sam Cumby, Jr. repeats the story his mother told to him of a battle fought in 1886 in Arizona Territory with the Apaches.

SAMUEL S. CUMBY, JR. is an authority on Dallas area history. He is the great-nephew of John Neely Bryan who founded Dallas and son of Sam Cumby, Sr. who participated in the events related in this article.

As told to
Harold Preece
and
Horace P. Bryan

Like most Texas ranch women my mother, Rose Cumby, habitually wore a home-made denim sunbonnet. Except Sundays when she put on a satin, store-bought one for church services at the crossroads hamlet of Lawson near Dallas.

There was a third bonnet which she never wore and, in fact, never saw. That Apache war bonnet which almost made her a widow, yet by something she attributed to God's grace, kept her from being one.

My mother didn't like to talk about that headpiece. She remembered well the Indian raids on the North Texas frontier so she didn't have much use for what she called heathen gear. But the story

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR A SQUAW

BY SAM CUMBY, JR.

was a favorite one of my father's. I relate it from all those vivid memories I have of him.

Sam Cumby, Sr., came from a prominent North Texas family; his colorful uncle, John Neely Bryan, having been the founder and first settler of Dallas. Rose, from the same kind of pioneer stock, kept one of the neatest homes in this pleasant section of the Lone Star State. She had given the ambitious young rancher four growing youngsters. He made it a practice to bring her some sort of a gift from wherever a business trip might take him.

Sam was thirty-three, Rose twenty-nine, that fall of 1886 when he found himself winding up an involved cattle deal in Arizona Territory. With four cowboys he had driven a herd of longhorns to the Rim Rock ranch of Sam H. Haught, Jr., in the general area of Payson. Not far away lay a reservation of the Apaches.

Rancher Haught was one of many Texas cowmen who had migrated to the green new range of Arizona's huge Tonto Basin. His father was Sam Haught, Sr., who ran the general store and post office at Lawson so that Sam rated him as an old friend. Cumby was thinking of staking out a ranch in the Basin and moving his family up from Texas where the range was getting crowded.

Between dickerings with young Haught for the sale of the cattle, Sam prospected around for land usually to be had on convenient terms from the Federal government. On September 26, the two settled on a price for the cattle though Sam Cumby still had in his pocket an unmailed letter to his wife expressing doubts about the rancher buying them.

As Sam and his cowboys walked from the ranch house toward their horses, they noticed a young Apache chieftain standing nearby. The Indian recognized my father as the boss.

"Trade ponies for buffalo guns," he said, pointing to the .50 caliber Sharp's rifles in the saddle sheaths of the Texans.

Sam Cumby shook his head. "No, chief. Couldn't part with the guns."

The Indian kept talking. "Very good ponies. Need buffalo guns bad." His eyes fastened possessively on the heavy weapons."

Sam wasn't swapping. Sharp's .50's had been the traditional rifles for buffalo hunting. But with the big beasts almost extinct, what actual use would Apaches have for these high-powered guns. Unless they meant to use them on white settlers now populating their old hunting and grazing range of the Tonto Basin.

Sam spoke to the chief, wanting to shake him off civilly.

"Sorry, there are a lot of good ponies in Texas. But a Sharp's is rather hard to come by. Besides, we've got a long trip home and are gonna need our guns."

The Apache realized he had a hard customer to deal with. But he wasn't about to give up. "Give 'em two ponies for guns," he proposed. Meaning two ponies for each gun.

Sam's courtesy was slipping. "No no, chief. We wouldn't swap our guns at all."

The Indian's eyes strayed. Dangling from Sam's saddle horn was a beautiful feathered war bonnet, traded for in Payson the day before. It was hanging from the opposite side, but the first round of bright feathers on its surface was clearly visible. Sam had known it was just the homecoming gift that he wanted to hand Rose in Texas.

The young Apache stepped close, tiptoed to see what he could of the bonnet, then walked around to the other side. His eyes smoldered in anger.

"You take scalp of some chief?" he asked harshly.

Sam laughed. "Naw, traded for that in Payson yesterday. Gonna take it home to the squaw."

The Indian thought he was being hurrahed. "White squaw need 'em chief's war bonnet?"

Sam answered soothingly: "Naw, naw, just wanted to let her know I was thinking about her, her and the papooses, with this thing I traded for. I always take something to them."

"Papooses no need war bonnet," the Apache declared disgustedly.

"Trade pony for it." Sam read his mind. The chief thought he was offering something of value to a white man for something else that would be of no value except as an Indian souvenir.

"No, chief, no," the Texan answered. "No trade today, no guns, no bonnet. And we got plenty of ponies."

"Squaw, papoose, war bonnet," the Apache snorted, standing proudly erect.

He strode away then as suddenly turned back. "War bonnet me like!," he shouted. "Very fine war bonnet! But you take 'em to squaw and papooses." The Apache shook his head unbelievingly.

Seized with doubt and anger the Indian marched off. From over his shoulder he yelled:

"Buffalo guns, Indians need buffalo guns. White man can buy but don't need. Indian need but can't buy."

Sam knew that Federal law restricted gun sales to Indians. Low caliber rifles they might buy under hard-to-get permits issued by reservation authorities. Any white man selling them high-powered weapons risked prosecution and imprisonment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Apache disappeared. Sam Cumby rode to the Payson post office and mailed that letter to his wife in Texas. Still preserved among Cumby family papers, it reads in part:

"My darling Rose and babies: I received two letters and about seven papers yesterday. I will strike out for El Paso (on) horseback. You must not be uneasy about me for I will keep one eye open all that time. I will have to travel through part of the Apache reservation but there will not be much danger. I shall locate a ranch. I found a place day before yesterday, about one and a fourth miles from Sam's. (Meaning Sam Haught) We would have two springs with plenty of water, about one acre of good garden land. Ten thousand of grass, but rough for God's sake. An Indian offered me two ponies for my gun. I need gun, no swap gun to Indian."

Instead of a signature, Sam affixed a "sweetheart emblem" that he and Rose had used during their courting days. It was a heart superimposed on a triangle.

Few pioneer husbands kept romancing their wives. Marriage generally settled into a hard mold like the crusts of Western mountains. Sam Cumby, my father, was one of those exceptions among married men.

He thought that he would wait to tell her personally about the details of that difficult cattle deal with young Sam Haught. He did mention that "Dagmer (Mrs. Haught) would be proud if we would locate here, so would Sam." Having old friends around might reconcile Rose to pulling up stakes and moving to this wild, beautiful land of Arizona, as hundreds of Texans were doing.

Sam Cumby kept trying to imagine the glow in Rose's eyes when he handed her that Indian war bonnet. He dismissed from his mind the Apache who had tried to talk him out of it. There were more important people to bother about it, his wife and children back in Texas.

But next day in Payson he saw the pestiferous chief. Sam and his punchers were dismounting in front of a store when the young Apache approached. This time the chief's eyes were not scorching but smoldering.

His hard glance enveloped the war bonnet. Then he stared greedily at the four powerful weapons. Once more he tried negotiating a trade, this time offering three ponies for each rifle.

Sam was in a hurry to stock up supplies and start moving toward Texas. Curtly he refused to bargain. The Indian's face spewed in fury.

"Me gonna have buffalo guns," he declared, just loud enough for Sam to hear. Then he stalked away.

The Texans entered the store. At the wide plank counters, Sam bought supplies for the thousand mile ride that lay ahead. Stacks of matches and a dozen bars of Grandpa's Wonder Tar Soap. Paper bags of Arbuckle Coffee. Red chili beans and salt to preserve game that might be shot along the way. Cartridges for both rifles and revolvers. Standby medicines like quinine, sulphur, black salve and a celebrated liniment guaranteed "good for man or beast." Sacks of roll-your-own Bull Durham tobacco - the monotony of the trail often made cowboys chain smokers. Slabs of bacon from the famous hogs of Pete Kitchen, a Kentuckian who'd stood off Apaches to become Arizona's first big scale farmer.

Sam paid the bill amounting to possibly twenty dollars by the price levels of those days. Purchases were loaded into saddlebags. The five men pointed the broncs toward Texas. No Indians were in sight. None except a couple of harmless Papagos sitting on some steps, sucking at sticks of red and white barber pole candy.

Bill Tiblett, Sam's tophand, spoke worriedly. "Reckon we ought to cut around the Apache reservation and not cut through it. I didn't go for the palaver of that chief. He might make bad medicine for us."

Sam Cumby laughed. "From what I hear tell the Apaches have simmered down a right smart. Old Geronimo is still on the warpath. And with the U.S. Cavalry running him so hard, he can't hold out more'n a couple of years."

Straight toward the Apache reservation forty miles ahead the outfit headed. Nothing happened on that first day. The Texans passed stray braves hunting for small game with low caliber rifles. Now and then an Indian would halt to beg tobacco in poor English or a little better Spanish. Sam had anticipated this sort of thing and was prepared for it.

These Apaches seemed as peaceful as the inoffensive Tiguas and Piros whom Sam had seen around El Paso. You couldn't rightly blame them for harboring some resentment about having their great domain of the Tonto basin snatched by palefaces. But the Texan didn't spend many minutes grieving for them. Charity toward Indians was a limited quantity in the mind of any white frontiersman.

Now the reservation was in sight. Sam placed his hand fondly on that war bonnet dangling from his saddle horn. This gift stood for all he meant to do for Rose, for his wife and younguns.

"I've got the best dad-gummed woman in Texas," Sam thought as the outfit crossed unchallenged into the Apache reservation. "And she's going to get the prettiest present a man can buy for her---"

A shrill chorus of yelps echoed across the drowsy, warm air. Startled, Sam sat bolt upright in his saddle.

He saw a party of about 20 Apaches mounted on wiry desert ponies less than 300 yards away. Heading the band was the young chief who had coveted the war bonnet and the Sharp's rifles back in Payson. Most of the Indians were flourishing low caliber Winchesters. Others carried bows arrows and lances with keen, threatening points.

"Whaddya reckon they want?," a young puncher named

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tiblett has placed all of their lives in jeopardy because of his impatience. Now in this Indian hell the odds were five to one that they all would be slaughtered. He had to find a way out.

John asked. The boy spoke in a trembling voice. This was the first time he had ever faced Indian warriors.

"That chief's come for our guns like he threatened," Sam answered grimly.

All was quiet. Only the rustle of dry leaves on some scrub growth broke the tenseness of that hot day.

For long minutes they sat, staring at each other. Then an ominous calm was shattered by a piercing Apache war cry.

The young chieftain led off at full gallop, his hand lifted high above his head signalling the others to follow. Single file the braves raced after him.

They began forming a side circle around the Texans. The cowboys bunched their horses, jumped from their saddles and took positions behind them. Across each saddle a Sharp's rifle was thrown, each pointing in a different direction. Six-shooters were loosened in their holsters. Odds were five to one in favor of the Apaches. The cowboy's chances looked bleak.

"If they charge kill your horses," Sam ordered. "We'll use their carcasses as breastworks."

The warriors kept surging forward. Their shrill yells sent alarmed jack rabbits lobbing off into the distance. The faces of the cowpunchers were sweating from heat and fear. John, the greenhorn cowboy, placed impulsive fingers on a trigger. Sam quickly grasped the youngster's tense hand.

"Save it, Johnnie," he commanded. "We'll hold our fire. Hold it till they make a direct charge. Then we'll let 'em have it with the Sharps."

Old Bill Tiblett frowned. "With their kind of guns they'll wait to charge us. Wait till our water runs out then take us easy."

Sam felt sick to his guts. Why hadn't he taken Tiblett's advice and bypassed this spot of Indian hell. Why had he risked four lives, including his own, as well as his family's future. Been so concerned about saving a hundred miles on a trip that was long by way of El Paso or any other route you traveled.

Why? Just his all fired impatience to get back and tell Rose about that place he'd found in Arizona. The ten thousand acres of grazing land and the one acre, just one, that would serve as a garden spot. The two beautiful springs on the land. What good was their cool flow now. Out here on this desert with hostile Indians waiting for hated *Tejanos* to drink their canteens dry before closing in for a kill.

"Go slow on the water, boys," Sam directed. "Check your guns. Keep the horses together. Don't shoot unless I give the word."

The Indians kept up their noisy pincer operation. Nearer and nearer drew that threatening circle. Two hundred and fifty yards. Two twenty-five. Two hundred. With each advance heralded by yips and yelps from the warriors.

"How long?," Sam asked himself. "How many hours? Or how many minutes?"

The faces of Rose and the kids shimmered before him. Would he ever see them in the flesh again.

His eyes lighted on the Indian war bonnet. He remembered how the chief had coveted it back there in Payson. He ran his hand along the feathers then wondered what Rose would do with such a thing. But maybe, just maybe, it would provide a way out of this trap.

"It might work," Sam mumbled to himself.

"What might work?," Bill Tiblett, standing behind him asked.

"That Apache wanted this war bonnet awful bad. Maybe it belonged to some chief he'd known when they fought the bluecoats. He just might settle for it."

Sam took the bonnet from his saddle horn and held it high for the Apaches to see. A horseman detached himself from the circle, the young chief.

The Texan raised the bonnet higher, wondering if the chief would recognize it as a signal of truce. Then the Indian lifted a hand, palm forward. In Apache sign language, this indicated a willingness to bargain peacefully.

Sam stepped around the side of his horse, leaving his rifle in the keeping of Tiblett. "Better not go out there," warned the fourth member of the party, a cowboy named Jim. "Them redskins will kill you."

"They'll kill us anyhow if we stay here," Sam replied. "That young buck thinks he's a Geronimo. He needs a victory bad to salvage his pride for being likely whipped by the cavalry bluecoats. He might just consider getting this war bonnet a make-up victory."

Unaccompanied the young chieftain rode forward, covered by the drawn weapons of his braves. Sam moved along on foot to meet him, carrying the war bonnet. Behind him, the Texans sat tight in their saddles, keeping their rifles cocked.

Halfway between, the Indian reined in his pony. Sam halted. He extended the bonnet, expecting the chieftain to dismount and take it.

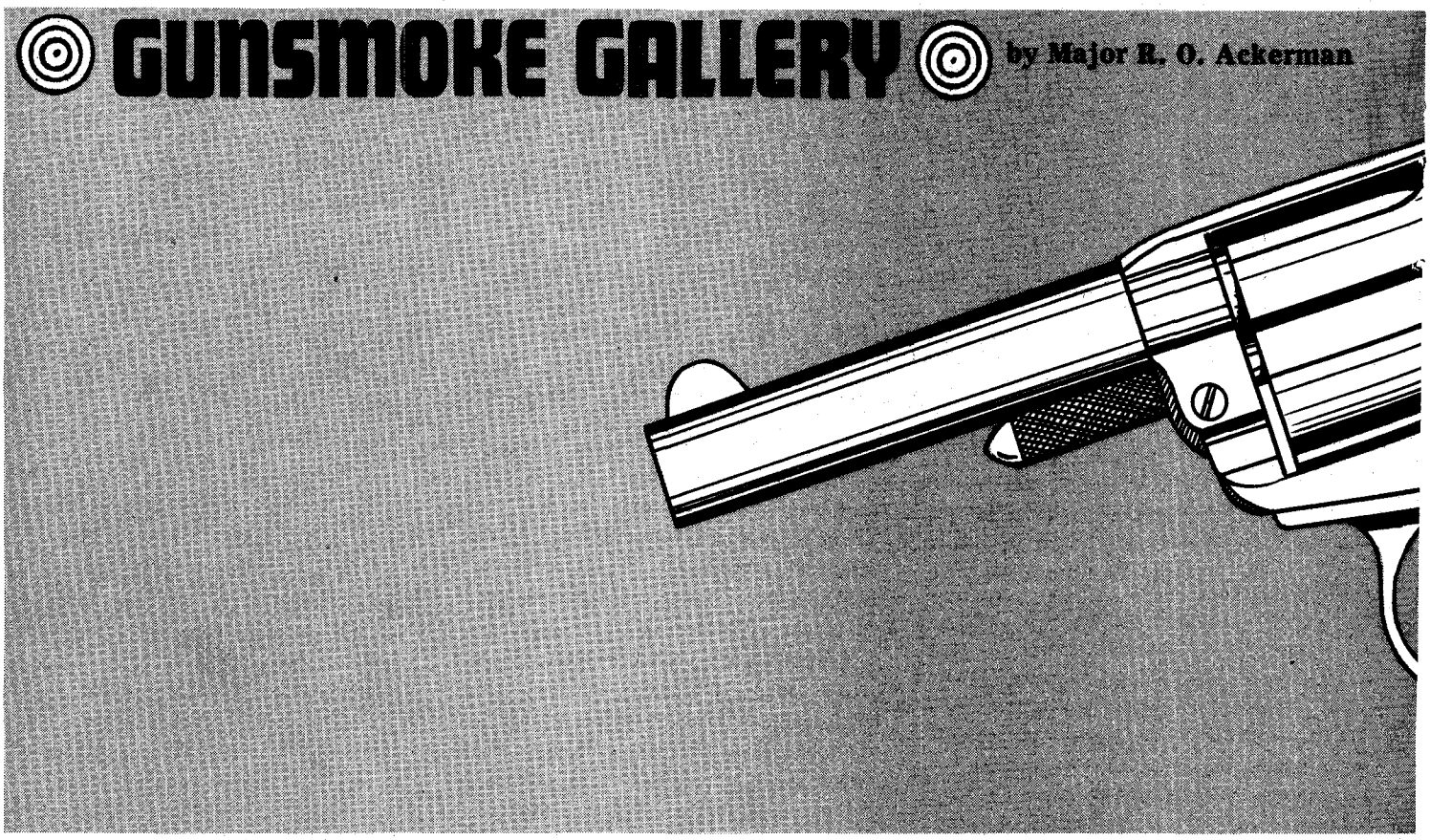
Instead the chief bent far over his saddle and lowered his head. Sam knew what he wanted. So he put the bonnet on the Apa-

(continued on page 63)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



Although the double action principle became popular early in the era of percussion revolvers, Sam Colt always resisted the urging of some of his advisors to adopt this new system. Sam always maintained that these rapid-firing rival arms were wasteful of ammunition, and much more likely to get out of order than his rugged single actions. Early government tests largely bore out this opinion.

Thus it was that various pepperbox pistols had utilized the idea for years, as well as most European percussion revolvers and some American makes, before the first self-cocking Colt appeared.

It was in 1876 that William Mason, a leading development engineer of his time, produced the first Colt double action revolver.

The company announced the new arm on Jan 1, 1877, with a big advertising campaign. They had turned a breech loading firearms just several years before this, so the new belt gun was chambered at first for the .38 metallic cartridge. This took the .38 Long Colt and the .38 Short Colt cartridges interchangeably. These were center-fire ammunition, either with an outside-lubricated bullet or with an expanding inside-lubricated one of odd design.

At first, Colt advertised bullet molds and reloading tools for recharging the fired cartridge cases. They evidently did not wish to get too involved in the reloading tool business, for during the 1890's their catalogs began to offer J. H. Barlow's patent "Ideal" tools for the purpose. Subsequently acquired by the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation, this Ideal line is still made by them - and "Lyman Ideal" is today one of the giants of that industry.

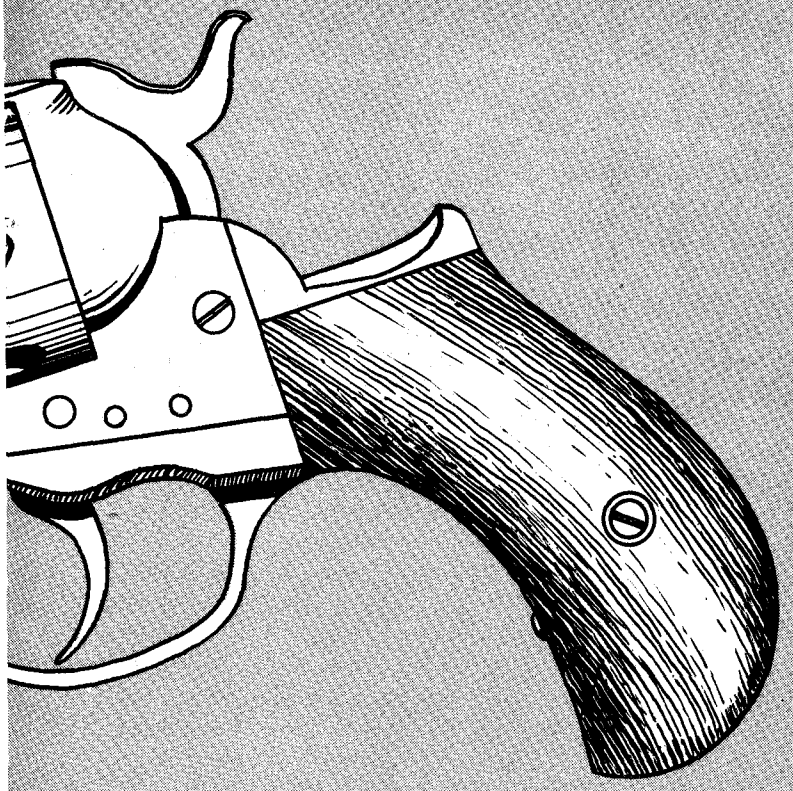
Shortly after Colt introduced their .38 caliber double action or DA revolver, the same gun was also produced for the .41 Long and Short Colt cartridges. A very few were made for the .32 Long and Short Colt cartridges, and these .32 caliber versions are extremely scarce collector's items today.

By present standards, the mechanism of Colt's first double action is more complex than necessary, and its complete disassembly and reassembly is rather a job. In 1877, however, it was welcomed by the fast-gun fraternity as an innovation which could be a deciding factor between the quick and the dead. In spite of having a "bird's-head" grip, which would never be accepted by a serious modern gunfoter, the pistoleros of that time approved of the design with few reservations.

Two of the deadliest gunslingers in the West were among those who showed a preference for the new DA revolver,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COLT "LIGHTNING" MODEL REVOLVER



Sketched by author

although both were also proficient with the more widely-used Colt Frontier single action (to be covered later).

These gentlemen of the "shoot first and live" school were John H. "Doc" Holliday of OK Corral fame and "Billy the Kid" Bonney of the Lincoln County War, which took place near this writer's home in New Mexico. It is a very significant fact that both of these men were slight of build and both were noted for their small hands and slender fingers. I have always felt that this was a definite factor in their choice of a handgun with a smaller grip, and one which did not need to be thumbed at high speed.

The popular nicknames for these DA Colt models were not given to them by their manufacturer. It is believed to have been B. Kittridge & Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio, who started these. Kittridge was one of the nation's largest firearm distributors, and it was an advertising gimmick of theirs which gave the names "Lightning" to the DA .38 and "Thunderer" to the .41.

Down through the years, the first name has stuck more tenaciously than the second one, and the more casual type of collector today will usually class all three calibers together as "Colt Lightning Model" DA revolvers.

It is often impossible to say, with absolute authority, what arm was used by a gunfighter on a certain historic occasion. It must be remembered that every one of these men owned a series of guns - varying in make, model, caliber, barrel length, etc. Wyatt Earp, for example, had an established reputation long before Ned Buntline (the dime novelist) presented him with an unusually long-barreled Colt Single Action. Yet some writers would have us believe that Earp used his Buntline Special in every gunfight of his career! Not a practical conclusion.

However, old timers around Tombstone have said that Doc Holliday carried with him into the OK Corral a sawed-off shotgun and a nickel-plated revolver. The latter, stuck in his waistband, is assumed by many to have been a favorite Colt Lightning Model which he is known to have owned.

When Billy the Kid made his escape from Lincoln County Courthouse, he killed one jailer with a single action Frontier, the other with his own shotgun. This is well-established. It is also established that Bonney used DA Colts on several other occasions, although opinions differ as to their caliber - .41 or .38. He could have had both.

Although not always thought of as such, the Lightning and related DA models were gunfighters' guns. They are an important part of Western Americana. ●RW

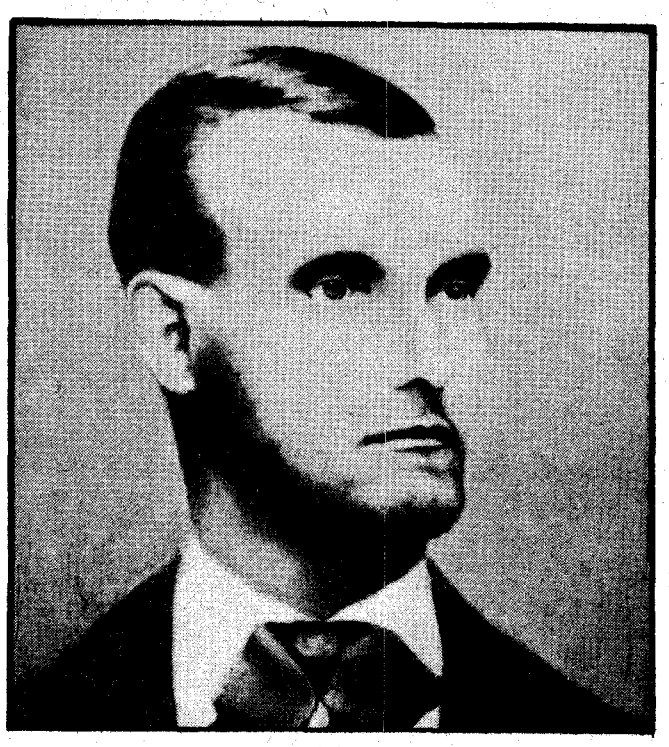
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alias JESSE JAMES

Conclusion

by Carl W. Breihan

This is the Conclusion of Carl W. Breihan's comprehensive expose of J. Frank Dalton, the man who was acclaimed as the "real" Jesse James. Dalton's imaginative claims are disproved chapter and verse time after time there are some people who will always believe Dalton was really the famed outlaw!



Carl W. Breihan collection

Jesse James in 1875. A comparison of this photo clearly indicates no resemblance to J. Frank Dalton whatsoever.

In the first installment, Mr. Breihan traced J. Frank Dalton's introduction to the public via the Lawton, Oklahoma newspaper article and his subsequent travels and appearances as the "authentic" Jesse James. Mr. Breihan set forth his reasons for disbelieving this claim and he continues with more convincing arguments and proofs below.

The official army records, as well as the records of the Roman Catholic Church clearly state:

Quantrill was mortally wounded May 10, 1865; he died in a Catholic hospital in Louisville, Ky., at 4:00 P.M. June 6, 1865; buried in St. John's Catholic Cemetery (formerly called Portland), Louisville, Ky. in a hidden grave. His grave was opened in December of 1887 by W. W. Scott for reinterment in the Quantrill family lot at Canal Dover (now Dover), Ohio. Note: the military authorities refused to permit the Catholic sisters to remove Quantrill until it was fully determined he had only a few hours to live. He was at first confined to the military hospital at Louisville.

Dalton stated that he was wounded at Warsaw, Missouri, early in 1863, but the real Jesse did not join Quantrill until later in 1863. Dalton said he was nursed back to health by Belle Starr, a school teacher. Belle was just a youngster then and never did teach school in her life.

You will recall that Dalton stated he wrote many items for the Missouri State Historical Society, but the following is what they had to report about this claim:

August 2, 1951

I do not recall ever having heard of or from Mr. John Shevlin of Chicago, and we have no papers from either him or J. Frank Dalton.

Signed: Floyd C. Shoemaker
Secretary
Missouri State Hist. Soc.
Columbia, Mo.

Dalton wrote that Cole Younger made a dangerous trip to Osceola, Missouri to see his ailing mother in 1874. This could not be possible for Mrs. Younger passed away in 1870:

May 4, 1950

Know ye, all men, that I, Harry Younger Hall, do state and affirm that Mrs. Henry Washington Younger, mother of Cole, Jim, Bob, and John, passed away in death June, 1870, and could not have possibly been alive in 1874, as otherwise stated.

Signed: Harry Y. Hall
Lees Summit, Mo.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of May, 1950.

Dexter Perry, Notary Public
Jackson County, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dalton stated that he was a police officer at Gladewater, Texas, as well as marshal of Alpine, Texas, the latter in 1868. (Note: This is also the year he was supposed to have enlisted in the United States Army.) We have the following regarding these two claims:

Frank Dalton wore an honorary marshal or police badge while in Gladewater, but never was actually an officer here.

Signed: C. F. Wellborn, City Atty.
Gladewater, Texas

The town of Alpine, Texas was not in existence in 1868; therefore, Dalton or Carr could not have been marshal then.

Signed: Chief of Police
Alpine, Texas

One interesting facet of this story is that John Shevlin stated he saw Frank James and Bob Ford in friendly conversation in Creede, Colorado in 1889; also that they were partners in the Grove Theater in Colorado City, Colorado. Dalton stated that he, as Jesse, was partners with Frank in the same theatre; not even mentioning Bob Ford. They also claimed that Bob Ford was killed because he sold the Grove Theatre when the Cripple Creek gold strike occurred in 1900 and that Ford got drunk at times and talked too much. This would have been impossible for Ford was killed by Edward O'Kelley in 1892. Another error was that Dalton stated O'Kelley was sentenced to forty years in the Canon City Penitentiary, but was pardoned after serving thirty days. Truth of the matter is that O'Kelley was sentenced to life imprisonment, but was pardoned after serving ten years. The records are there to be checked by anyone so desiring.

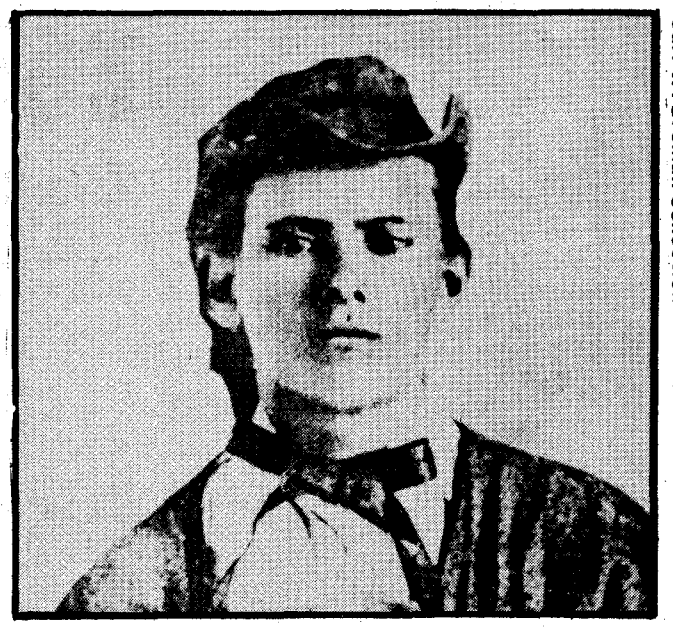
One of the most fantastic claims made by Dalton was that he as Jesse James donated $35,000 to the campaign fund of Governor T. T. Crittenden, and that the governor was in cahoots with the Jameses to do away with the man named "Bigelow" and thus himself escape the law. The Pinkerton files fail to reveal such an agent as Bigelow. Also, the Crittenden family was in constant fear of the James boys and their band. When the son of T. T. Crittenden died he stated on his deathbed that his father received several letters from Jesse James, stating he was going to kidnap his son. He also revealed that his father always regretted the manner in which the Fords disposed of the famous outlaw; that he had not planned on his death.

One particular subject which stuck in my mind was that J. Frank Dalton stated Jesse James and Quantrill had been members of the Mason Order.

This statement did not ring true, so more checking was done, with the following results:

June 21, 1955

With reference to the Guerrilla Chief, William Clarke Quantrill and the members of the James gang who operated here in Kentucky being Ma-



Carl W. Breihan collection

Jesse James as he appeared while fighting with Quantrill's guerrillas in 1863.

sons, will state that I have checked two volumes of the Masonic History in Iowa, that were issued back in 1860-1865 and I am unable to locate the name of Quantrill in either of these histories nor in our encycolpedias, neither do we have any record of either of the James boys being Masons, nor any of the notorious James gang, so I am sure that the Mason who wrote from Iowa received his information from here-say and not authentic sources.

A. E. Orton, P.G.M.
Grand Secretary

The above information was received from Mr. Ortin of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky at Louisville. J. Frank Dalton had stated that Jesse James was a member in Iowa as well as the Guerrilla Chief Quantrill.

In retort to this Dalton said they did not know what they were talking about; also claimed he was a member of the Knights of Pythias, in Illinois, year of 1868, and a free-of-charge life member. Dalton also stated he was the man who started the Knights of the Golden Circle and the Knights of the Inner Circle. Such stories were carefully checked:

May 15, 1950

There is no record of a J. Frank Dalton or Frank Carr ever having been a member of the Knights of Pythias. It would have been impossible for him to join the Knights of Pythias in Chicago in 1868, because there were no Pythian Lodges in Illinois in that year. I have searched some other records of Lodges that were established subsequent to 1869 and do not find his name anywhere on the records.

L. A. Tuggle, P.G.C.
Grand Secretary
Springfield, Illinois
Grand Lodge of Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that my efforts have not been in vain.

On my first visit to see Dalton at Meramec Caverns I was "warned" not to agitate the old fellow as he would not tolerate any disbelief. Naturally I agreed since I wanted to question him about a few matters. J. Frank was semi-propped up in his hospital bed on the second floor of a comfortable cabin on the cave grounds. At his bedside was a large tumbler of liquor and a plate of doughnuts. This, the cave people explained, was his chief diet. He was bedridden from a hip injury, but other than that appeared in fairly good health for a man supposed to be 103 years old. I knew that Jesse James had been wounded in the Civil War in his right lung and that he eventually lost the use of this lung. I asked that I be allowed to X-ray Dalton with a portable machine, but his manager "hit the ceiling" on hearing this request. I am sure it would have proved then and there that the man was a fraud.

The Justice and Executive Section of the General Services Administration at Washington reported that the Knights of the Golden Circle was formed in 1861, Northern District of Ohio, and was investigated by the U.S. Marshal's office and the Attorney General. It was a secret society formed for treason and conspiracy against the United States Government on behalf of the Confederacy. No information concerning the Knights of the Inner Circle could be found.

I wondered what it would be like to meet "Jesse James". Only several hours after the story of his resurrection broke in Lawton, Oklahoma I was swamped with phone calls and inquiries about the matter, due to my many years of research into the life of the real Jesse James. It took over three years to run down most of his claims, some of which appear herein. Yet, I never did stop investigating up to this very date, and feel

I purposely asked Dalton ten questions each time I visited him, all the same. Each time he gave me a different reply to each question.

In 1866 an incident occurred just outside the town of Lexington, Missouri, where Jesse saved a boy's horse for him instead of stealing it. This is the first time this incident has been published, so I thought Dalton might know of it. He told me that he did not remember too well; that he was not good on the memory stuff. Yet, all his backers had was his verbal "truth". If Dalton said it, it had to be true, they stated, even though the old man admitted he had a terrible memory.

This is a true incident in the life of the real Jesse James, and one known only to a few people. Saturday, November 31, 1866, was a cold and disagreeable Missouri day, with few people braving the ice and cold to go into Lexington for business reasons or for others. However, among the few who did brave the weather and the roads was a young man, who, in the late afternoon was going home with a sack of groceries tied behind his saddle. This young lad was particularly proud of his high-spirited steed, but due to the smooth horse shoes, the animal was having a devil of a time keeping on its feet on account of the icy road.

Near the old Stramke home, about two miles south of Lexington, this young fellow was overtaken by a party of men on horseback. These men were riding on well-bred animals suitably shod for the rough and icy terrain, and traveled in three separate groups. Each party consisted of three men, making a total of nine. The first party greeted the young man pleasantly and traveled along with him at the gait his horse was going. Two of the first three were superbly mounted, and the third, a larger, heavier, and more silent individual, had a good horse and sat thereon like an old experienced rider and leader, yet he contributed little to the conversation.

The riders complimented the young man on his fine horse and seemed keenly interested in knowing whether or not he would sell the animal. Quickly learning that the boy would neither sell or trade his mount, the subject was forgotten. The younger of the riders seemed quite pleasant and talkative, even going so far as to offer the boy a cigar, which he politely declined, as his mount was giving him enough trouble without his smoking his first cigar.

These men were cordial; discreet in their several inquiries of persons about the vicinity; very friendly, yet seemed to possess a cool reserve when matters reached in a certain direction or dwelled on a specific subject. The riders were near the lane where the boy would turn off the road when his horse slipped and fell. The saddle turned when the animal fell, throwing the boy in the road with a considerable jolt. The fleeing animal took off down the road at a dangerous clip, and instantly the younger traveler took off after the mare, and such was the superiority of his horse that he quickly overtook the boy's horse.

While all this was going on, the young traveler's companions silently waited at the road where the young boy was to turn off, without causing too much suspicion. The young farm lad noticed that these men were well clothed and extremely well armed. The runaway steed was brought back to its owner and held while the boy mounted. In leaving, the riders stated they were from Ray County and were riding to Greenton to a dance.

The next morning being Sunday, and after all the chores were completed, the young man went to visit his neighbor, Jack Graham, who lived on a farm later owned by Godfrey Shull. The boy told Graham of his meeting with the strangers and how nice they had been to him. The boy could see a twinkle come into the old man's eyes as he gave him a blow-by-blow description of the entire party. Graham asked several more quest-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carl W. Breihan collection

Another claim that "I am Jesse James" was made in 1933. The photo on the left is of Jesse James made in 1869. The one on the right is that of John James, whose sister signed an affidavit that he was not the outlaw but a man from Illinois who bore the name James.

ions to which the boy replied and he then exclaimed, "Those fellows were not going to a dance; in fact, where was there a dance in that weather we had yesterday? There is something big in the making, I can vouch for that, for those three men in front were none other than Frank and Jesse James and Cole Younger."

It was an experience which the boy never forgot and of which he spoke quite frequently.

"What was the maiden name of Jesse's grandmother?" I asked Dalton. He was unable to reply.

"Did Jesse James mother, Zerelda Cole, marry Rev. Robert James in Kentucky?"

"No," came the quick reply, "my mother was from Dalton, Georgia, and her maiden name was Mollie Dalton and my father was Major George S. James."

Dalton was asked to give a history of his family tree if he was the Missouri Jesse James. He was unable to give one name.

I was asked by several persons present if I would care to give this information, and I replied that Dalton, if he were really Jesse James, should be in a better position to give this information than I. Yet, I saw no harm in complying with their request since it was added proof that Dalton was not Jesse.

John James, father of Rev. Robert S. James, married Mary Poor, in Logan County, Kentucky, in December of 1807. Robert the parent of the outlaws, was born in Logan County in 1818, and had four brothers and three sisters: Drury, Woodson, John, Thomas, and William; Mary, Elizabeth, and Nancy. The girls later married into the Hite, West, and Mims families.

Rev. Robert James was a baptist minister and married Zerelda Cole, a girl in a Catholic convent in Lexington, Kentucky.

They were married December 28, 1841, near Stamping Ground, Kentucky, at the home of Zerelda's guardian, James M. Lindsay, with the local parson, Rev. Y. R. Pitts, officiating. There remains to this very day the official Kentucky records of this marriage, as well as the marriage license itself.

Their first-born was Alexander Franklin James (commonly called Frank) and who was born on January 10, 1884 in Clay County, Missouri. The home where he was born was destroyed, but the home where Jesse James was born is still standing.

Their second child, Robert was born July 19, 1845, and died in infancy. Zerelda James fairly idolized Robert, and his death caused her to bear a certain resentment for their third son, Jesse Woodson James, born

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

September 5, 1847; and it was some time before she could reconsile herself to the fact that he, should, in a way, take the place of Robert.

Susan L. James, born November 25, 1849, was the only girl from this marriage. She later married an ex-Quantrillian, Allen H. Parmer, on November 24, 1870, against Jesse's wishes. She died in 1889.

Jesse James married his double - first cousin Zerelda Mims (daughter of Rev. John Mims and Mary James) on April 24, 1874, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. W. B. Brander, of Kearney, Missouri, the Rev. William James, Jesse's uncle, officiating. In 1876 their first child was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and they named him Jesse Edwards James. It was also in Tennessee, Humphries County, that twin boys were born, but they died in infancy. A fourth child, Mary James, was born several years later. A fifth child was expected when Jesse was murdered in St. Joe in 1882. Possibly as a result of the shock of her husband's death and the ordeal of the accusations against him, Zee James had a miscarriage. Thus, only two of their five children survived, Jesse Edwards and Mary James.

Fair Annie Ralston of Independence, Missouri, married Frank James near that town in 1875. He was thirty and she was twenty - two years old when they were married. At first the prominent Ralston family refused to have anything to do with the two, even went so far as to disown Annie, but in later years they were reconciled. Frank and Annie had only one child, a boy whom they christened Robert Frank James, born February 6, 1878, died November 18, 1959.

The mother of the outlaws, Zerelda James (Samuel) passed away February 11, 1911, in Oklahoma City, where she had been taken from a train after a heart stroke. She was buried in the Kearney cemetery, where also lie Dr. Samuel and Jesse James. The latter's remains were taken from the original grave in the homestead front yard and buried in the cemetery at the request of Jesse's dying wife. An odd request if Zee thought for a moment that the real Jesse was still alive.

Frank James surrendered to Governor Crittenden of Missouri on October 6, 1882, and later was acquitted at the famous trial held at Gallatin, Missouri, where he had been indicted for the murder of the bank cashier, Captain Sheets.

When Frank James died of a heart attack in 1915 his wife sobbed, "No better husband ever lived." Annie Ralston James lived until July 6, 1944, to reach the age of 91.

Jesse's son became a well known lawyer and a well respected citizen, moved to California, where he died on March 26, 1951. He is survived by his dear wife, Stella, and three daughters.

Possibly the exploiters of J. Frank Dalton did not think anyone would keep checking on the old man. However, I did, and have found many interesting facets which prove their whole story false.

According to the newspapers and claims of his backers, the old-time outlaw Al Jennings identified Dalton as the real Jesse James and history was corroborated by John Trammell, a hundred-year-old colored man, who died some years ago. Here is a statement by Fred C. Pottoroff of Parsons, Kansas:

June 16, 1955

I asked Al Jennings in his home if he thought Dalton was Jesse James, and he answered, "Hell, no!" I told him I believed I read somewhere in the paper that he had said so, and he replied. "I don't remember saying so. Somebody probably just wrote that."

When the writer contacted John Trammell in Oklahoma he replied by dictating the following letter to the daughter of Rev. James Ellis as Trammell could not write:

July 25, 1955

Carl W. Breihan: My Friend

Now Sir: J. Frank Dalton was not Jesse James. Jesse told me that he had some relatives by that name. Jesse went by many strange names when he did not want to be identified. He played a Rev. Jones in Mississippi and his brother Frank took the part of a doctor.

Yours truly
John Trammell

This letter is most important since Trammell was actually the cook for the James gang for many years, and this author has documentary proof of this, too lengthy to include in this article.

On September 6, 1952, the following letter from Mrs. Stella James, widow of Jesse's son, was published in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

I am the widow of Jesse Edwards James who was the son of Jesse James. I married young Jesse in 1900.

In not one of the more than 50 years of close association with the James family have I ever had the slightest reason to doubt that Jesse James was killed by Bob Ford on April 3, 1882.

My husband was seven years old when his father was killed. The murder made an indelible impression on his young mind. Many times my husband has related the story in detail to me. Jesse's son disregarded the fake claims to the many would-be Jesse Jameses. The family has grown accustomed to such claims.

Our family has never wanted publicity. We have no protection by law from these fakers -- or as to the kind of books or motion pictures that are produced. We have wanted to live quiet and normal lives.

I have four very fine daughters (1 since died) and four fine grandchildren. In all fairness to these young people, I hope you will give me a chance to disprove the story that Frank Dalton, who died last year in Texas, was really Jesse James.

(continued on page 73)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALFRED LAMBOURNE

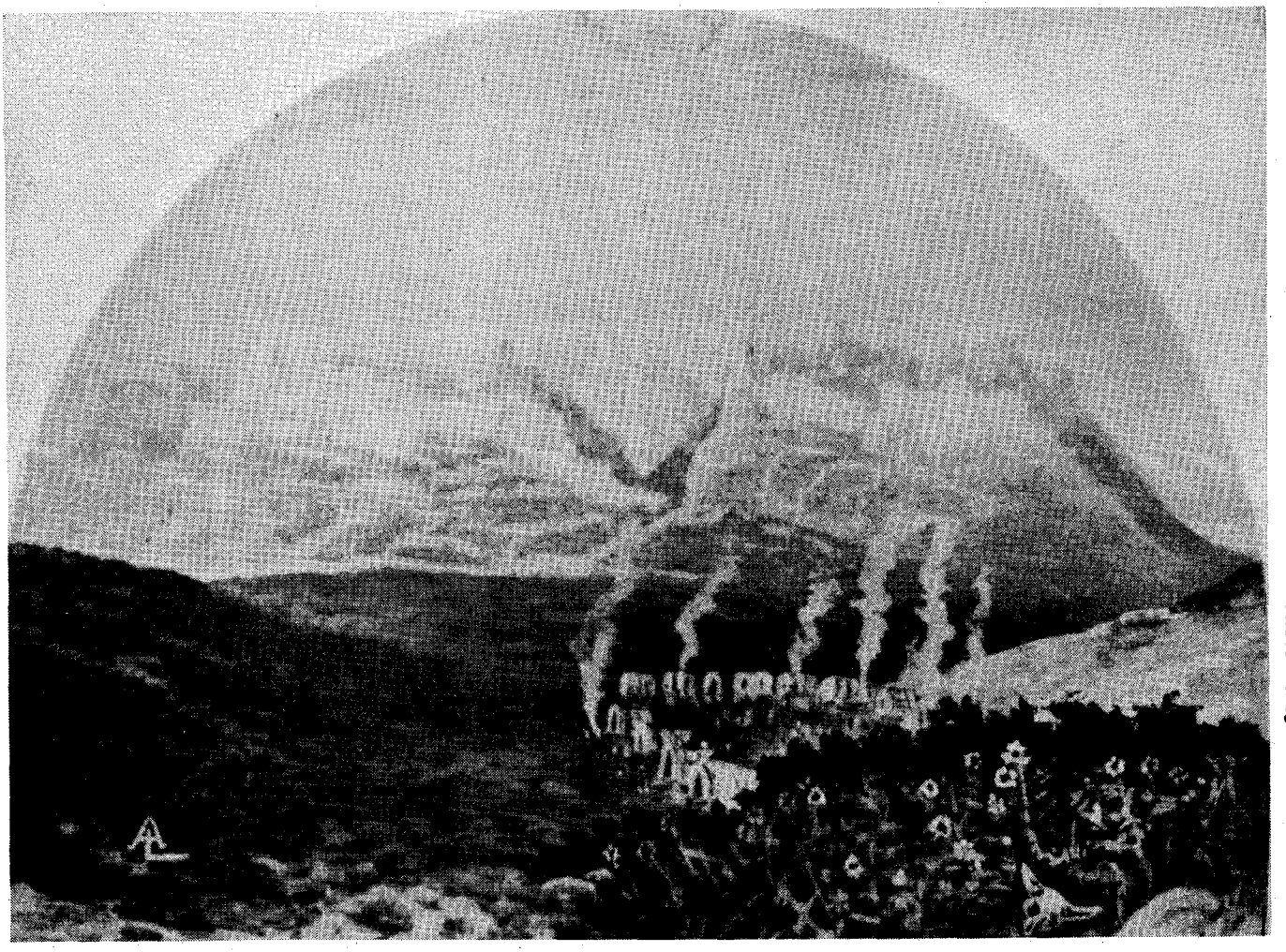
(continued from page 29)

When each wagon was outfitted, it would take aboard such flour, leather goods, or raw material which the community wished to ship east for sale. Then, with other wagons from the same district, it would be driven to Salt Lake City by late April or early May. There the wagons would be completely filled with flour or salted beef for sale on the Missouri. Then the trains would start out. Usually all the wagons from a particular district would be put in the same train, so most of the teamsters would be acquainted with each other. Each train was led by a captain appointed by and accountable to Brigham Young.

The trains started east at different times so that they would not crowd the road and the camping places. Arriving at the Missouri River between late June and late July they would dispose of their produce, take on a few fresh provisions, rest their teams, and make necessary repairs. Then as the companies of emigrants began arriving from Europe in early July, the trains would be filled and start west toward Utah. With any care at all the last would be back in Salt Lake City by mid-October, before winter snows closed the passes in the Rocky Mountains.

During the six years of their operation, the P.E.F.'s "Church Trains" sent east 1,956 wagons, 2,483 teamsters, 17,443 oxen, 1,279,284 pounds of flour, and brought back to Utah over 20,000 emigrants. The trains also brought back machinery and manufactured goods, and on one occasion -- the trip out in 1863 (when cotton supplies from the south were cut off by the Civil War) -- carried to St. Louis 4,300 lbs. of Utah grown and ginned cotton.

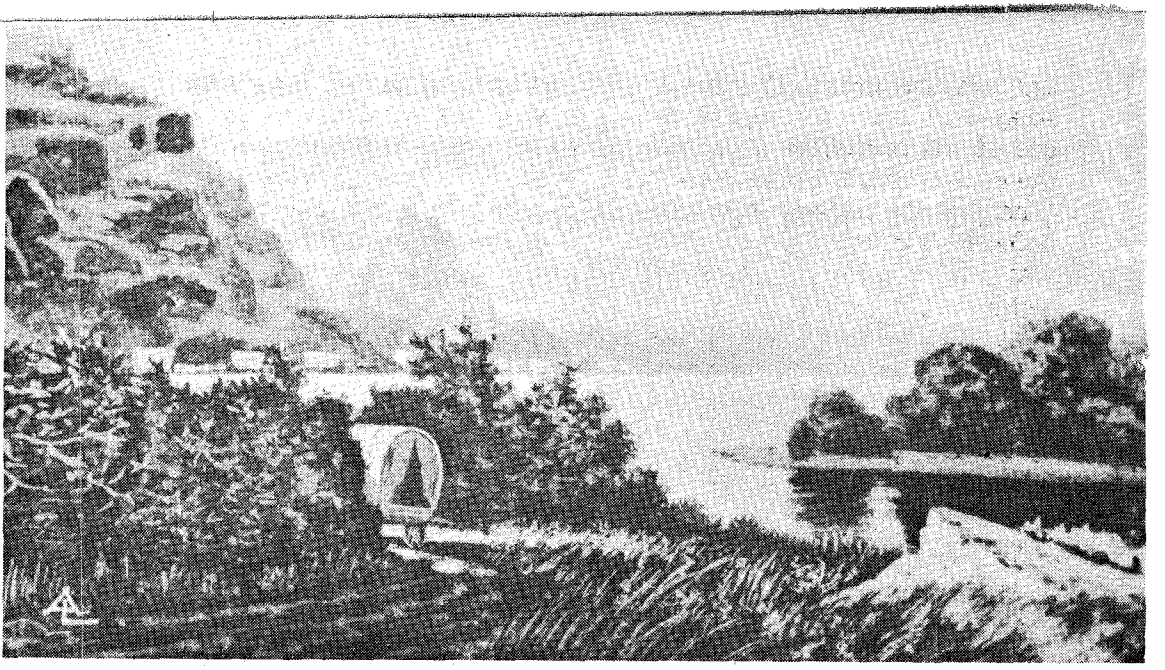
By 1866 the system of "Church Trains" had been perfected. When William and Martha Lambourne and their seven children arrived in Wyoming, Nebraska, in late May, 1866, ten wagon trains including 397 wagons, 515 men, 3,042 oxen, 89 horses, and 134 mules were well on their way east across the Red Desert. There were trains from all over Utah Territory: from Cache Valley in the far north came T. E. Ricks' 46 wagons; from Provo in central Utah came Andrew Scott's mule train and William Chipman's ox train; from southern Utah came Dan-



Sketched by Alfred Lambourne

The wagon train camped for the night at Scott's Bluff. Lambourne's drawing reveals the careful precautions which were being taken. Word had just reach Holladay that the Sioux above him on the trail were hostile.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Holladay train creeping along the banks of the Platte River at O'Fallon's Bluffs in central Nebraska.

Sketched by Alfred Lambourne

iel Thompson's 84 wagons; from Sanpete County there was Abner Lowry's 60 wagons; from the settlements immediately north of Salt Lake were Horton Haight's and Pete Nebeker's trains of 65 wagons each; and from near the capital itself came the three trains of Captains Holladay, White, and Rawlins. Among nine of the ten they would carry 3,335 people back to Utah. Haight's wagons were destined for another function. They would haul back as freight the wire needed for the Deseret Telegraph, a 300 mile line which would tie together all the Utah communities and join them to the five year old Overland Telegraph.

In a sense it was the Overland Telegraph, built in 1861 along the Oregon Trail, which made the Church Trains feasible. Each of the captains had orders to telegraph Salt Lake from a series of points along the trail to report on progress and problems. Though the trains might be a thousand miles away, their every move was known to the readers of the *Deseret News*, the territory's leading newspaper, which devoted considerable space to reprinting the telegrams.

By July 1 all the trains had arrived at Wyoming. Two companies from Europe had also arrived. In addition, there were seventy families, the Lambournes among them, who were either native Americans or had lived in the country for some time who were also going west. Between them they accounted for the 62 wagons, 50 oxen, and 61 mules purchased at Wyoming for the season's emigration.

The usual route west was from Omaha along the north bank of the Platte River. In 1866, however, the Union Pacific was spiking down rails along the old Mormon Trail, and the hectic activity of railroad construction forced a shift of shipping point from Omaha to Wyoming, Nebraska. The trail that year lay just south of the Platte and did not cross over the muddy stream until just west of Fort Kearney, a point which the U.P. did not reach until late August.

On July 6, Capt. Ricks' train with 46 wagons and 251 emigrants pulled out for Utah. The next day Capt. White with 230 more English passengers followed. A week later, on July 13, Capt. Chipman and 375 English emigrants left the Missouri River. The passengers in all three companies had sailed from Liverpool on April 30 on the American sailing ship *John Bright*.

Six days later the train of Capt. Holladay left Wyoming, Nebraska. With the 20 wagons which had come from Utah, there were an additional 49 wagons purchased by the American residents on the Missouri. One of those wagons belonged to William Lambourne.

Twenty-five years later, in a book containing the sketches made when he was sixteen, the then middle-aged Alfred Lambourne described his feelings on the first night out:

"What a delightful change it was to one city-bred to mingle in the freedom of camp life such as we enjoyed near that spot, and to pass his days under the blue canopy of heaven! There was nothing very beautiful certainly, in the scenery bordering the "Mad Water", but it was wild and sylvan at the time, and before us lay those months of travel. And then the mysteries to be unraveled in the management of cattle, the meals prepared and eaten around the camp-fire, the horseback riding over hill and dale, and the hunting for game, beast or fowl, lifted the comer from the crowded streets into a new world."

Probably people like John D. Holladay, sheriff back home in Utah and the captain of the train, and William Lambourne found less to be enthused about. But Alfred was an artist and he was young, and few of the responsibilities of Capt. Holladay or his father fell upon him.

Only two days after leaving the Missouri, the company was treated by coming atop a gentle hill and seeing on the plain below a wild prairie fire spread out for miles, devouring the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dry summer grass. Perhaps a stray coal from a campfire in one of the companies ahead of them had started the blaze. Whatever the cause, in the days before settlement a prairie fire was one of nature's grandest sights.

But not all were able to enjoy the scene. There was sickness in the camp even before they left Wyoming. Most of the passengers -- largely English with a few Swiss and German -- had just come 4,000 miles by rail, sea, and rail from Europe. They were exhausted. Nor were the low Missouri bottoms any place to regain one's health. From the River to the mountain air at Fort Laramie, cholera was as much a passenger as the fellow in the next wagon. Almost every overland company from the gold rush to the railroad suffered from it. Above Fort Laramie it ceased to be much of a problem. But there was always the danger that the inexperienced passenger would be so physically run-down by then that mountain fever would carry him away.

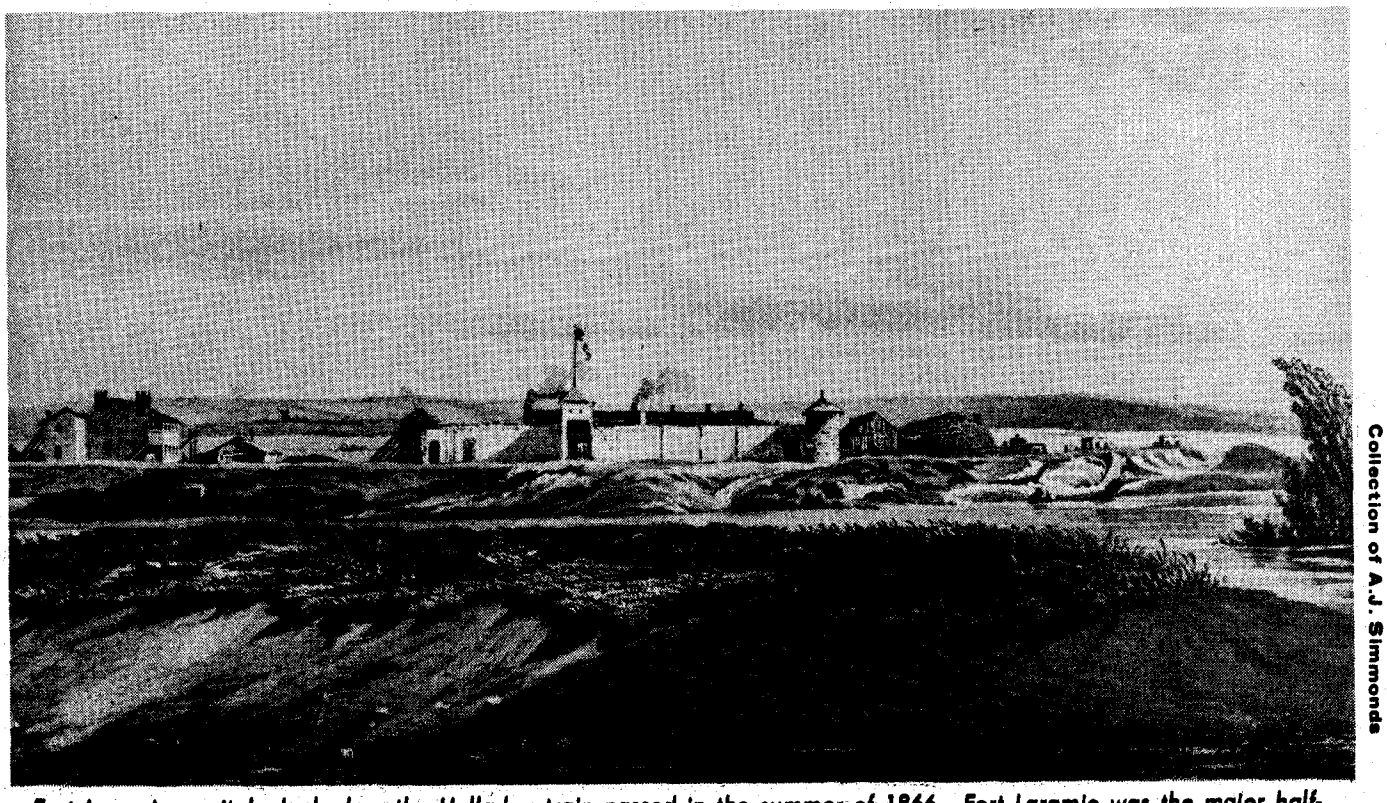
Alfred could not help noticing and recording the graves:

"Countless in numbers were those silent witnesses of death by the way. The mounds were to be seen in all imaginable places. Each day we passed them, singly or in groups; and sometimes one of our own company was left behind to swell the number. By the banks of streams, on grassy hillocks, in the sands, beneath groves of trees, or among piles of rock, the graves were dug."

On July 22, the fourth day on the road, the first death occurred in the camp. Mrs. Rosamund Thorpe, 52 years old, left a husband and a family of young children. In 1891 Alfred Lambourne wrote of Mrs. Thorpe's death: "Next morning she was buried -- laid to rest on a low, grassy hill near by. Never can I forget the grief of her children as she was lowered into the ground. Stakes were placed in a network over the body to keep away the robber wolves. A hymn was then sung accompanied by the plaintive wailing of a clarinet.

"That first death made a sad impression on the company, but after a while burials became so frequent that they lost considerable of their saddening power; or rather, we refused to retain the sadness, throwing it off in sheer self-defense."

The next days saw more deaths and more sickness. Ahead of them the three trains were making good time; but like Holladay's company, they were also giving up their share of victims to cholera. Behind them the other trains straggled out of Wyoming, Nebraska: Thompson with 500 Britons on July 25, Rawlins with 150 English and 250 Swedes on August 2, Nebeker with 400 Danes and Haight with 65 wagons full of telegraph wire on August 4. Bringing up the rear were Scott and Lowry with 300 Danes and Norwegians each. Lowry had trouble from the start. His passengers were still suffering from dysentery contracted on the voyage. While the other trains were making 10 to 15 miles a day, his feeble group did 3 or 4 and on many days didn't travel at all. Scott had a better time of it -- maybe because of his music. While Holladay had one Englishman with a clarinet, Scott had the entire Mormon Church choir from Norway -- twenty-five



Collection of A.J. Simmonds

Fort Laramie as it looked when the Holladay train passed in the summer of 1866. Fort Laramie was the major halfway point for Utah bound wagon trains.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voices in all.

Holladay's train and the Lambournes crossed over the Platte on August 5. A day later they were at Plum Creek, the first point where they could telegraph Salt Lake City. Holladay wired: "I am at this place with my train. The health of the camp is good. Stock in good condition."

On August 12th the company made camp at the base of O'Fallons Bluff, the first great landmark on the trail. Alfred couldn't pass this place without a sketch. That night there was a dance in camp -- danced to the accompaniment of clapping hands, laughter, and the lone clarinet. The next morning from Alkali Station, Holladay wired: "All well." It wasn't.

There was concern about the Indians. The Sioux and Cheyenne had been restless all summer long, and there were plenty of reminders that they were close to the trail. One evening while swimming in the Platte, Alfred struck his foot against a tomahawk. A couple of days later Sioux chief Spotted Tail rode into camp. Holladay was quick with his presents and the Indians and emigrants parted company on friendly terms. Up the trail they weren't so fortunate.

On August 18 the Holladay train was resting near Chimney Rock and Alfred was busy sketching it. That morning they had buried seventeen-year old Elizabeth Oliver. A hundred miles ahead the Sioux made a lightning night raid on Chipman's train. No one was killed, but 90 oxen were driven off. Urgently Chipman rode to the Wagon Pound Station and telegraphed Salt Lake City: "I have lost 90 head of oxen yesterday p.m., taken by Indians. Send us oxen and provisions, or we shall leave freight at Platte Bridge." Then Chipman did the only thing possible under the circumstances. He shifted his gear and passengers and abandoned part of his wagons.

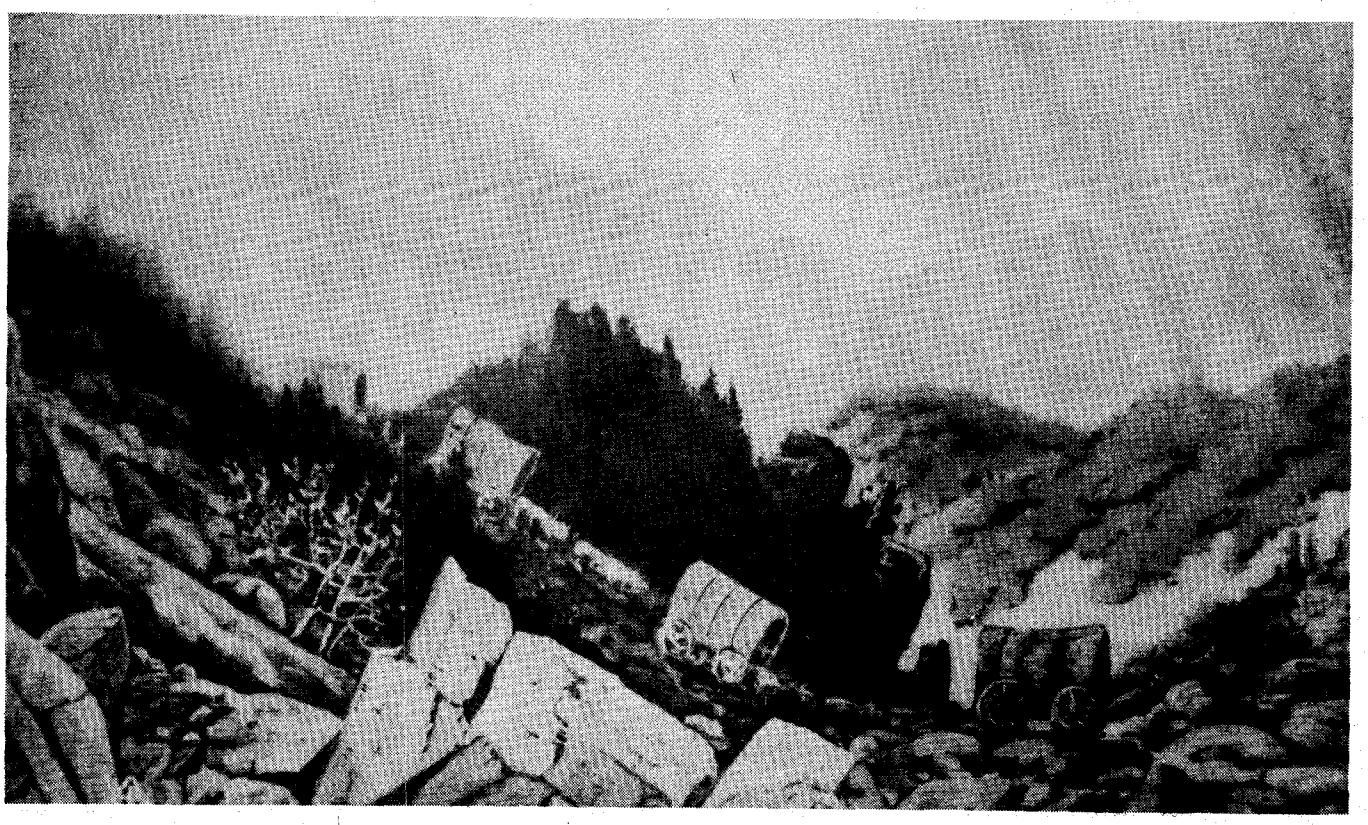
Back in Salt Lake City Brigham Young called on Arza E. Hinkley to lead a relief train east. Within twenty-four hours Hinkley, his dozen wagons stuffed with provisions from the church storehouses, left the city.

From Salt Lake, wires were sent to all the stations along the trail near which the trains were known to be: "Watch out for Indians. Chipman raided at Deer Creek."

Warned by headquarters, the trains tightened defenses. A sketch made by Alfred at Scottsbluff shows Holladay's wagons in a tightly drawn circle with a few tents in sight. Ordinarily, Mormon companies weren't so careful. The usual procedure was to form a circle, put the cattle inside it like a corral, and then pitch tents for the emigrants outside.

Indians may have been Holladay's biggest worry, but in the Lambourne wagon, it was the health of their baby. Sickness was all around; the trip was hard on a child only a year old. On August 28 -- just after the captain wired from Fort Mitchell, Nebraska, "With few exceptions, none seriously ill" -- little Lilly J. Lambourne died.

The train made a hard drive



Sketched by Alfred Lambourne

On the night of August 30, 1866, the final five wagons were separated from the main train and had to make a forced drive to catch up, all the while avoiding Sioux raiding parties.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slowly. . .in separate companies, the beleaguered wagon train rolled on. Illness and death, Indians and hunger haunted every mile. But on they came.

that day. It was late afternoon when they crossed the Platte Bridge at Fort Laramie. Mormon companies never camped at Laramie if they could help it. It was an army base with the usual camp followers. Spurred by visions of drunken soldiers and painted prostitutes running amok near the emigrant camp, Brigham Young had laid down stern orders to steer clear.

Holladay followed these orders, intending to camp a few miles further on at Red Rock Creek. But the creek had dried in the August heat, and the tired oxen were forced to pull several miles further to Horse Shoe Station. They didn't break march until 6:00 p.m. when Holladay telegraphed that he was "making good time".

As they neared Deer Creek there were new worries about Indians. It was at Deer Creek that Chipman had lost his oxen. Mormon trains usually traveled in two parallel columns called the right wing and the left wing. These were further divided so that every other day half of each wing alternated between the front and the dusty rear of the train. Lambourne did a sketch of his own part of the train on the night of August 30, a night when they had to drive to reach water which he recalled vividly a quarter century later:

"It was on the western slope of the Black Hills. There were five wagons of us and we were belated from the general train. We were the last five in the right wing and the right wing was the latter part of the train that night, so, practically, we were alone. There was a dead woman in one of the wagons, and to hear the weeping and sobbing of her little children, in the dark beside the corpse, was heart-chilling. The poor husband trudged along on foot, hurrying his single yoke of footsore cattle. Still we were far behind; liable at any moment to be cut off by the prowling Sioux. That was a night to remember."

A day later they were again forced into a long drive to reach the water of La Prele Creek. The next day they watched the swift passage of the Overland Stage. Many, thoroughly exhausted by plains travel, probably wished to be on it. Some of the keen-eyed may have noticed the wave of Thomas Taylor as the coach sped by. Taylor was the P.E.F. agent at Wyoming who, his work done for 1866, was on his way home to Salt Lake City.

That night they camped near the Deer Creek Station, near the scene of Chipman's robbery. Alfred took his sketch pad and pencil and did a drawing of the abandoned wagons. He also noted the laconic message written in axle grease on an ox shoulder blade: "Captain Chipman's train passed here. 90 head of cattle driven away by the Indians. Great scare in camp."

On September 4 Hinkley's relief train met Chipman on the Big Sandy. He left him 40 sacks of flour and the replacement oxen brought from Salt Lake City. On that day Ricks got to Salt Lake; White was only ten miles out; Holladay was passing Independence Rock and detouring around the cliffs of Devil's Gate where the Sweetwater River boiled through a narrow cleft in the rock; Nebeker, Rawlins, and Scott were nearing Fort Laramie; Haight was at Scottsbluff; and Lowry, burdened with sickness among his passengers, was still struggling along near O'Fallons Bluff.

Holladay's 69 wagons rolled through South Pass on the 12th. But Alfred could have cared less. He'd been lying in the wagon box for over a week, near death with mountain fever. Even the captain's usually jaunty telegram to Salt Lake was subdued: "Stock are doing as well as could expect. Have flour to last to Green River."

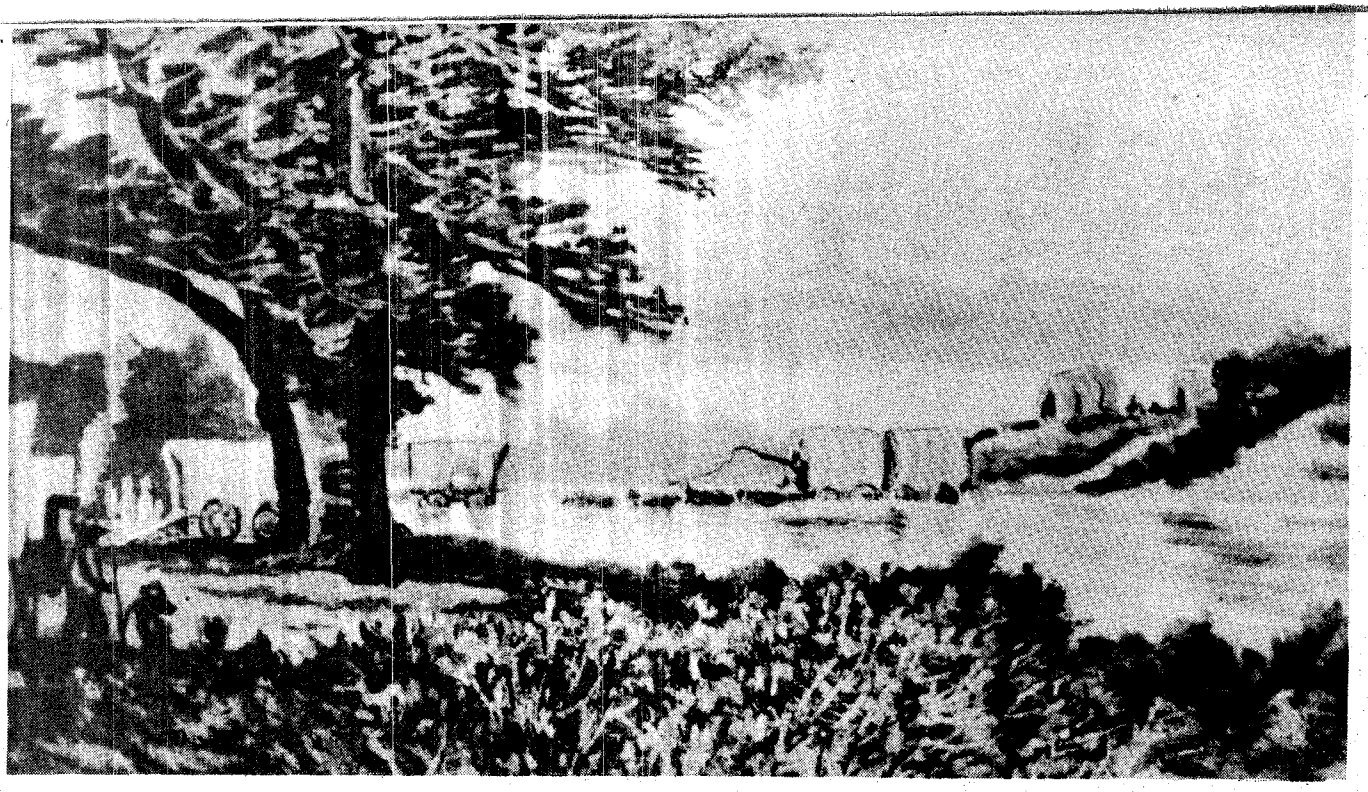
Three days later he was at Green River. Both Alfred and he were feeling better. The boy was well enough to unlimber his sketch pad, and Holladay had been told by Hinkley that there were twenty sacks of flour for him at Ham's Fork -- only fifteen miles further. They got it the next day.

By now everyone was feeling better. Salt Lake City was only 120 miles away. That very evening the printers in the *Deseret News* office were setting the type to print the list of passengers in Holladay's train. The weekly paper hit the streets on September 19, just as the train crossed the Bear River and entered Echo Canyon, the main road to Salt Lake. Since the names had been supplied by P.E.F. Agent Taylor, home from his fast -- if bone-jolting -- stage ride, the Lambournes were omitted. It was an omission which was corrected on September 25, 1866, when the wagons got to Salt Lake City and Elder Shepherd, Capt. Holladay's clerk, handed a corrected list to Brigham Young. There had been eight deaths and one birth during the two and a half month journey.

Back on the trail the other trains were strung out. Chipman had limped in on the 15th; Thompson came in on the 28th; Nebeker on the 30th. Rawlins deposited his passengers on October 1; Scott and his Norwegian choir drove in on the 14th. Poor Lowry and the Hinkley relief train straggled in on the 22nd, the last of the season.

It had been a rough year. All of the companies had suf-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sketched by Alfred Lambourne

When he made this sketch of Holladay's train fording the Green River, Lambourne had just recovered from mountain fever. The wagons crossed the Green, low because of the lateness of the season, on September 15, 1866.

fered from disease and death. But for those of the great majority which had made it, though they had suffered long to get there, life could begin anew in Utah. For Alfred Lambourne it did so immediately. Less than six hours after he walked beside his father's wagon up the dusty broadness of State Street, he had a job as "assistant scenic artist" at the Salt Lake Theatre, then just entering its fourth season. For the next twenty years it was his home. In 1877 he married Wilhelmina Marie Williamson, costumer at the theatre. But there was still time for painting on his own -- which he did prolifically. His catalogued works between 1869 and 1899 total 610. In the 1880's he toured the West painting Yosemite and Yellowstone, in the 1890's he homesteaded one of the islands in Great Salt Lake, and then turned largely to writing. Between 1892 when he produced *An Old Sketch Book* -- the paintings done while crossing the plains in 1866 -- and his death in 1926, Alfred Lambourne published 14 books.

His was a full and rich life, as full and rich as any imagined by those mile weary fellow travelers in Holladay's train who looked out for the first time into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake on September 25, 1866. As he himself wrote: "Not one in our company of hundreds but felt their hearts swell with joy as the sight of fields and orchards in which hung ripened fruit burst upon their eyes. Dangers and fatigues were all forgotten. The stubborn, interminable miles were conquered; the journey was at an end." ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

100 Years of Utah Painting, by James L. Hazeltine, Salt Lake City, 1965.

The Great Salt Lake, by Dale L. Morgan, Indianapolis, 1947.

Prelude to the Kingdom, by Gustave O. Larson, Francestown, N. H., 1947.

Mormon Emigration, by Kate B. Carter, Salt Lake City, 1963.

An Old Sketch Book, by Alfred Lambourne, Boston, 1892.

Various issues of the *Deseret News* for 1866.

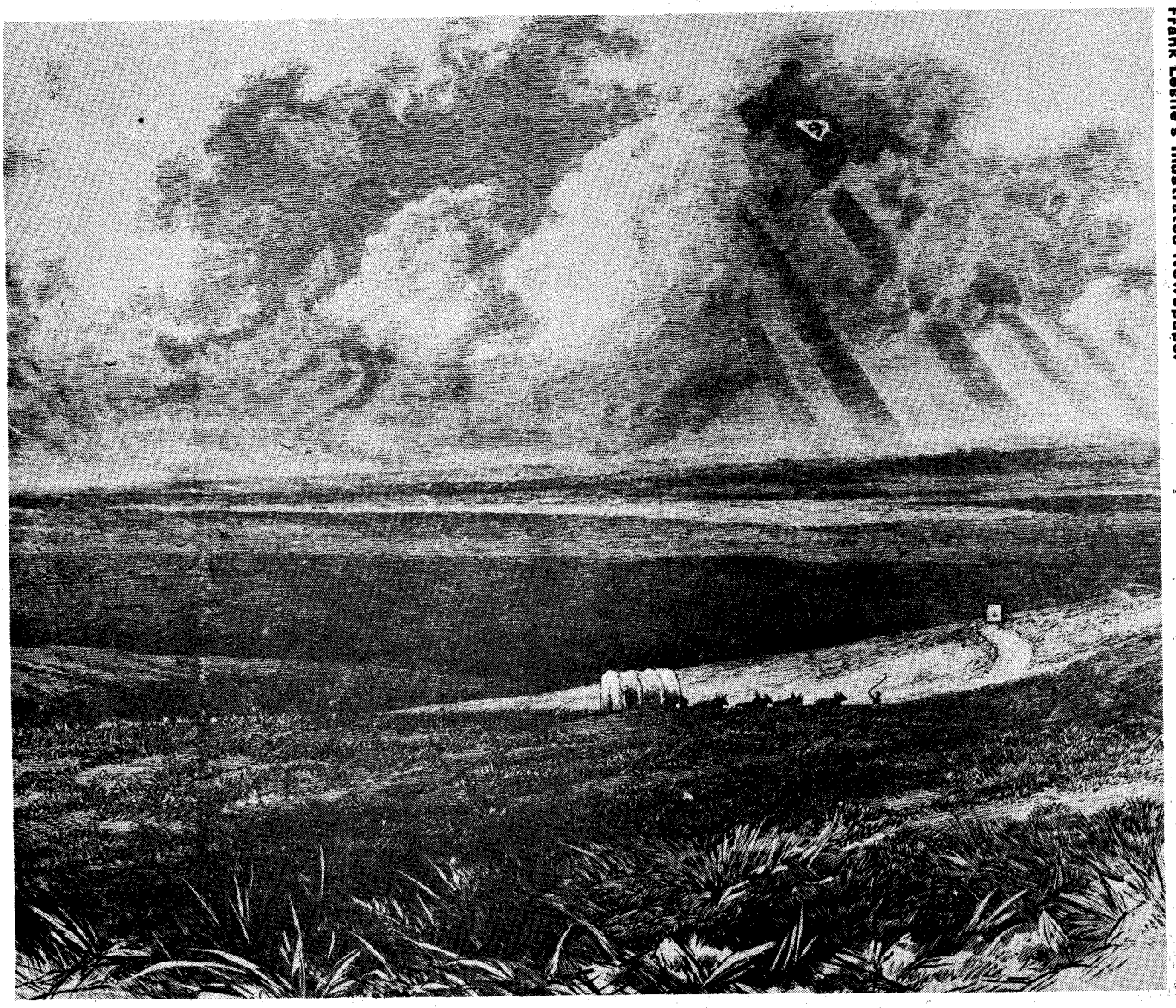
Sketched by Alfred Lambourne

Lambourne sketched the abandoned wagons and goods which Captain Chipman was forced to leave when the Sioux drove off 90 head of his oxen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(continued from page 22)

View of the Platte Valley plains, near Columbus, Nebraska as seen from the Union Pacific Railroad. In contrast to the fast moving trains, note the covered wagons making their way west along the Oregon trail.



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

into the unfortunate Berg, literally chopping him and ignoring the pleas for death. Only when Berg was faint from loss of blood did he administer the coup de grace. Stories about the fearful career of Jack Slade are rampant, some of which are no doubt true, and all of which testify to his savagery and also his animal courage. This courage, strangely enough, failed him when his final day came through a rope around his neck placed there by vigilantes, and he groveled and pleaded as vociferously as did Berg.

Between Julesberg and Chappall the passengers were roused from sleep on a grey, wet morning by the stopping of the train. In response to their inquiries, they were told that a freight train ahead had had an accident and they must wait until the track was cleared. Later investigation disclosed that the accident consisted of the train ploughing into six cattle which stupidly grazed on the track. No lives had been lost except those of the cattle.

As the train proceeded on its way, the passengers saw alongside the deep ruts made by wagon trains which had passed the same route. Further on they also saw an actual wagon en route. One of the oxen had been detached from his harness and was lying on its side, evidently unable to go on. The writer opines that soon, after wind, weather and scavengers have done their work, there will be another heap of whitened bones added to the myriad piles already deposited along the westward trail.

A most pleasant feature mentioned by the Leslies was the profusion of trees in the Platte Valley. Their presence was a tribute to the foresight of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

settlers who established the precedent, and even established a day called "Arbor Day" on which all citizens engaged in tree planting. In addition to beautifying the countryside, this practice had its practical value, for the trees sheltered the crops from the almost constant wind.

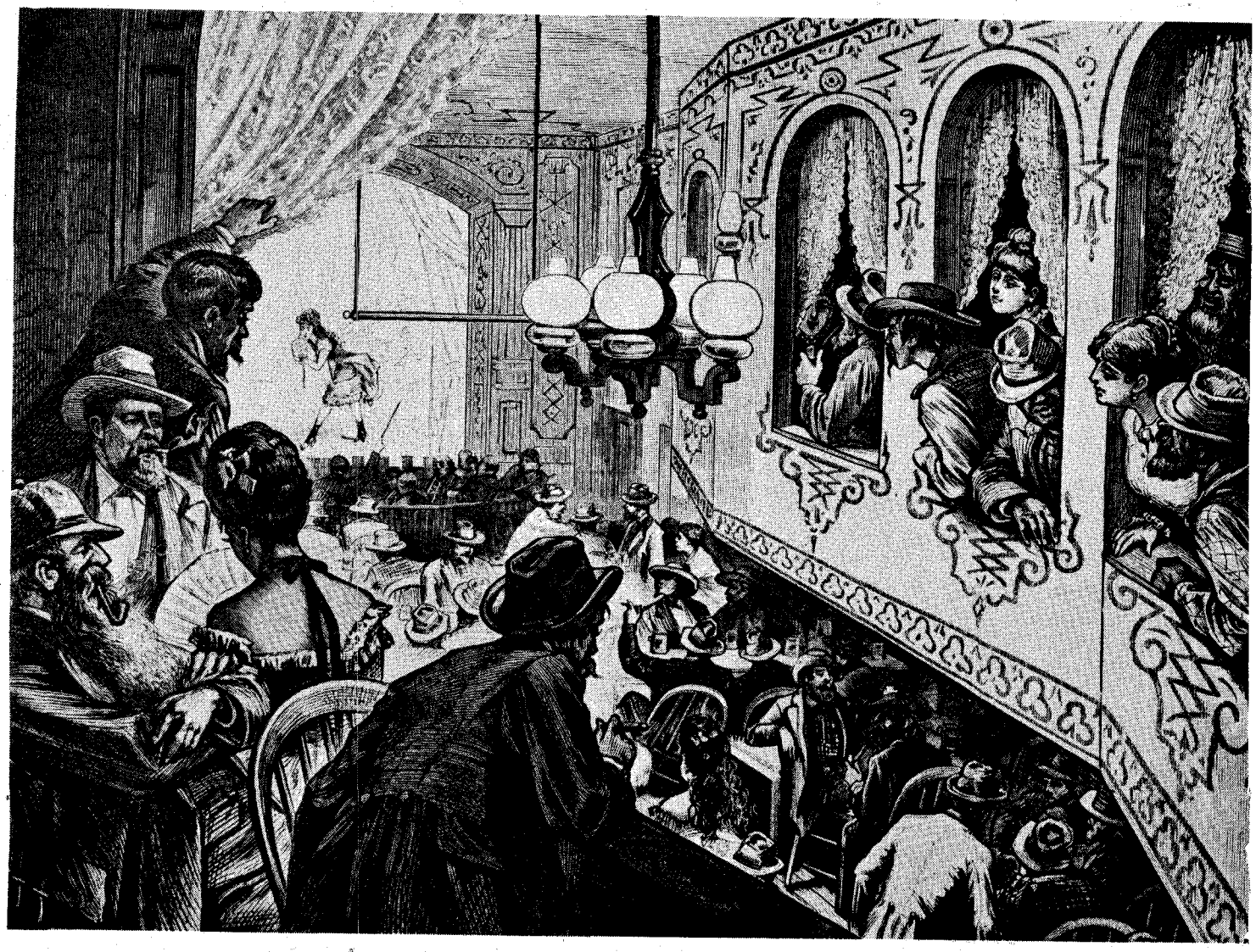
The train stopped next at Sydney, the nearest point to the Black Hills, and along with Cheyenne one of the chief outfitting posts for the stream of miners bound for the gold regions. There was also a military post there.

Leslie mentioned a group of Pawnee scouts, clad in uniforms too large for them, their loose black hair blowing about their stolid faces, ready to leave for the Powder River country. The town is stirring a bit, as a gambler had just been shot in a nearby saloon, but, said Leslie the excitement had just about died down since the murder occurred over an hour before.

While in Sydney, some of the party visited an outfitting shop and Leslie described its contents: rifles, revolvers, firearms of every sort, knives in equal variety, ammunition, cartridge belts and boxes, buckskin pouches, powder horns, forks, spoons, flat irons, tea kettles, mining implements, bedding, canned meats and vegetables, rolls of flannel, woolen checks, calicoes and hosiery - everything, in short, from a looking glass to a rolling pin.

Outside the shop the party stopped to watch a miner's train depart. It consisted of six heavy canvas covered wagons, fully loaded, and drawn by sixteen mules in double harness. Just before departure a miner approached one of the ladies in the Leslie party and offered her five dollars for her dog. He wanted it, he said, to frighten the Indians away at night.

The continuation of the journey from Cheyenne to San Francisco is recounted by Mr. Frazier in the next issue of Real West. ●RW



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

The travelers stopped in Cheyenne and visited a variety show.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAGIC HERO

(continued from page 17)

On an eight day scout, Moreno went out with Gallegos and 60 men. Most of them walked and fortunately did not discover any Indians.

Having obtained ten mule loads of rations and five beef cattle at Fort Whipple on June 2, Washburn sent them back towards Camp Lincoln. The detachment was in charge of Elias.

Within sight of the camp and while descending Grief Hill, aptly named and the bane of all soldiers ever stationed at Camp Lincoln that became Fort Verde, the Apaches struck. They attacked in three groups of thirty each, catching the pack train by complete surprise. Elias and Moreno were wounded in the initial attack, the former seriously.

Taking over, Moreno forted up the timber with two others. Surprisingly, their determined stand threw the attackers timing off. They did manage to shoot two of the packed mules and drive away the beeves in the rear.

The eight remaining mules and two other wounded men besides Elias, had a chance to get out. Moreno and his comrades withstood two vicious attacks, before they were able to extract themselves off the hill and into Copper Canyon.

When Gallegos and a detachment reached Grief Hill the Apaches were gone but had destroyed the pack saddles and supplies on the dead mules. They had been butchered out for meat. Following, Gallegos lost them in distant Black Canyon.

Tonto Basin, long the stronghold of the Tonto Apaches, was invaded on July 11 by Gallegos and 54 men. This was the first official long and complete exploration of the famed basin -- famous largely for bloodshed.

Moreno's scouting ability was amazingly demonstrated. Advancing on foot like an Indian scout, able to keep on a dog-trot run endlessly, he made side excursions off their course to be certain lurking Apaches were not by-passed. If so they would sweep in on the rear of the column. Seeming tireless he covered ten times as much distance as the others every day.

From the center of the basin the expedition swung southeast. Still traveling well ahead, Moreno found a small rancheria in a canyon emptying into the basin.

Dropping back, signaling the column leader, Moreno trotted on closer to the camp. The detachment coming up in a great hurry created so much noise it echoed to the wickiups. The Apaches immediately took alarm and began hurried flight.

But several bold warriors struck off towards the sound of approaching troopers. This brought them into direct contact with Moreno's hiding place. Before they could close in on him he killed one, reloaded and knocked over a second going away.

By the time the column arrived not one Indian was anywhere in sight. Going on to the rancheria one old man was found hiding on the creek bank and taken prisoner.

Turning east, the detachment scouted to the far side of the basin before heading north. The alarm spread ahead and they found one rancheria after another completely abandoned. The growing cornfields were destroyed and wickiups burned.

Making under the Mogollon River near Canyon Creek in the extreme east, the detachment

Photo furnished by the author

These Pima Indians served in Company C. of the Arizona Volunteers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

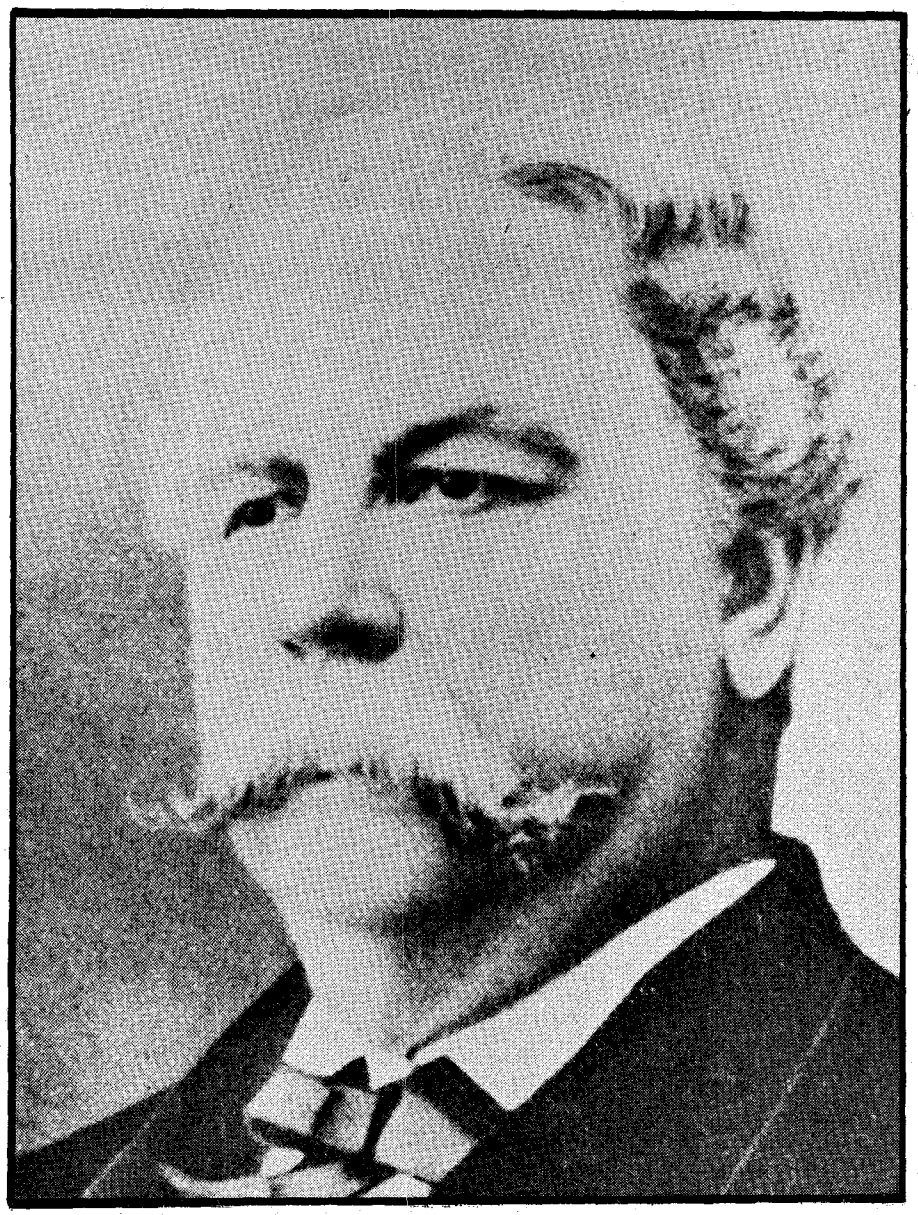


Photo furnished by the author

Governor John N. Goodwin. During his term of office he organized the Arizona Volunteers.

turned back for Camp Lincoln through the heart of the basin. The march was slow, halts being made to inspect deep canyons and search the clear running, cold creeks for Indian camps.

Oh Pine Creek (near present Pine) the night camp was hit at dawn by more than 150 Yavapais and Tonto Apaches. The posted sentinels had relaxed as the first gray appeared and morning clouds began scurrying across the sky.

The Indians were discovered right in the camp, shooting and clubbing right and left before defense could be organized. As his regular custom Moreno had rolled in his blanket in some brush away from camp. That night also he had carried three single shot rifles there with him. Rousing up he fired into close packed bunches of Indians. Not only did the balls at close range kill one but wounded others.

When the rifles were emptied there existed no time to reload, so he charged behind flaming revolver. Such fast shooting must have convinced the Indians several volunteers were on their flank for they reeled back. Disappointed that he had no chance to wield his long, keen bladed knife, Moreno returned for the rifles. Gallegos and the others were then in much better position to battle the Indians.

The fight lasted two hours beyond sunup before the Apaches withdrew in defeat. The balance of the return to Camp Lincoln continued without further incidents. On this expedition the detachment had covered more than 1,200 miles rampaging around in the vast basin confines.

Having recovered, Elias was sent in charge of six men, one being Moreno, to Fort Whipple as a settlers escort. On their return while approaching Grief Hill they were jumped by more than forty Indians.

As they appeared suddenly out of the rocks the volunteers dived into separate positions to fight back. For nearly three hours a fierce battle took place on the blood splattered hill.

In their first charge the Indians overwhelmed the position held by a volunteer. Seizing him bodily, they started away with the struggling white man. Leaping from behind his pile of rocks, Moreno charged with his revolver spitting lead. Two Indians died under the hail of balls whereupon the rest fled.

Back behind his barrier the rescued volunteer helped beat off two following assaults. Then in the next he was captured for the second time. Again Moreno, who appeared to bear a charmed life, dashed recklessly out to effect his release once more. Unbelievable as it seemed, the same volunteer after being wounded was captured for the third time.

In this charge the Apaches literally swarmed over the small detachment. Blankets and hats were picked up and taken away on the retreat. But when they started past the wounded volunteer, four grabbed him from where he lay behind the rocks. Somehow Moreno, fighting off an assault on his own position, managed to make the third desperate rescue.

As the furiousness of the battle abated, Moreno sent him to stay with Elias who had a hole shot through his hat, and where two wounded men lay behind his rocky breastworks.

The stock had gone up the hill and over into the canyon while the fighting ensued. Gradually the Apaches faded and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Short memories and lack of written records caused the fame of the toughest of Indian Fighters to die. Moreno's scouting days were over but danger still pursued him.

the volunteers went on to recover the stock.

Indians began stealing corn from the settlers' fields, taking thirty to forty bushels a night. A detachment was sent there. During darkest night when the redskin thieves appeared so many were slain that the raids soon ended.

On August 3, 53 men of Company E, their one year enlistment having expired, refused further duty. Along with those of Company A they demanded their release. By the end of the month Washburn was left with exactly five volunteers. Gallegos was absent on sick leave.

Indians began stealing livestock, so Moreno and one other volunteer were sent into the plagued settlement. On a dark and moonless night they heard Apaches trying to run off animals collected inside the ring of cabins on Clear Creek. Moving in quickly Moreno almost collided with a big buck. Rather than scare the others away with a gunshot he drew his knife.

As the Apache fell dying, he screamed loudly. From around the stock Indians could be heard running away. Moreno and his companion opened fire in the direction of greatest noise. At dawn two bodies of redskins were found there. Blood on the ground indicated several wounded had been carried away.

This was the last Indian fight the valiant Moreno participated in. Despite his renown as a scout, an indefatigable leader of men, his bravery and daring in the battle line, he had not been promoted to non-commissioned officer status.

That September when Camp Lincoln was taken over by a detachment of the U.S. 14th Infantry, he was discharged. Like the rest of the Arizona Volunteers he never received his last few months pay.

Returning to Tucson he lived there for some years. Memories were short and records mostly non-existent and his fame as the toughest of Indian fighters soon died.

Sometime after 1880 he appeared in Globe. For awhile he worked in the mines for good wages. Accumulating a little wealth he branched out as a contract freighter. Life drifted along smoothly for the one-time hero of Arizona Volunteers, until 1887.

Around the first of July Dr. W.H. Cook decided to move to the then booming railroad town of Flagstaff in northern Arizona. Moreno, 47 years old, was hired to transport his household goods there in his wagon teamed by four big mules. The route lay across Tonto Basin, then up Strawberry Hill onto the Mogollon Rim.

P.A. Reynolds wanted to drive along with them in a buckboard while the doctor and his wife rode saddle horses. Before the trip started Clarence Howell also joined them, riding.

When they were ready to leave a middle aged man, Knox Lee, asked Dr. Cook's permission to accompany the party. He wanted a trunk, bedding and food hauled in Moreno's wagon paying the freighting cost.

When the matter was put to Moreno, at first he declined. He knew Lee was a hardcase character who had been discharged, and once arrested, from the Old Dominion mine for highgrading. His reputation around Globe was one of petty thievery and general belligerence for picking fights with other people.

However, Dr. Cook insisted, so Lee loaded his stuff into the wagon. His final inducement to Moreno was an agreement to furnish the grub for them both on the trail. Later he swore that his sole payment to Moreno for hauling his goods was to help wrangle the mules. More than one man needed to handle four tame mules?

From the beginning Lee proved a constant source of trouble and argument. If he could not start angry controversy between the inoffensive Moreno and one of the others, he went to Dr. Cook with lying tales about Moreno.

From the beginning Dr. Cook was surely aware that according to custom slow moving freighters carried no grain for feed stock. Every morning start was made early and at middle afternoon or a little later, the freighter went into camp. The stock was then turned loose to graze and water until near dawn. This exasperated Dr. Cook. He had acquired Moreno's wagon at a cheap rate, then expected to travel as fast as possible. Finally, with Lee badgering him to do so, Dr. Cook informed Moreno that he would be paid off at Pine Creek.

When the party arrived there no other freighter would take over Moreno's load so they had to continue as before. Aware that he was going to have serious trouble with Lee, who grew more belligerent all the while, Moreno kept his rifle close to hand in case of sudden emergency.

July 15 the party ascended the rocky Strawberry Hill grade onto the Mogollon Rim, going into camp at a spring near Baker Butte. Impatient to get on to Flagstaff, the Cooks, Reynolds and Howell departed north as soon as breakfast was over the morning of the 16th.

They were only a few miles on the trail when Lee started riding a mule fast to overtake them. Meeting a band of Camp Verde cowboys, among them William Wingfield, he told them that he had killed Moreno. One

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

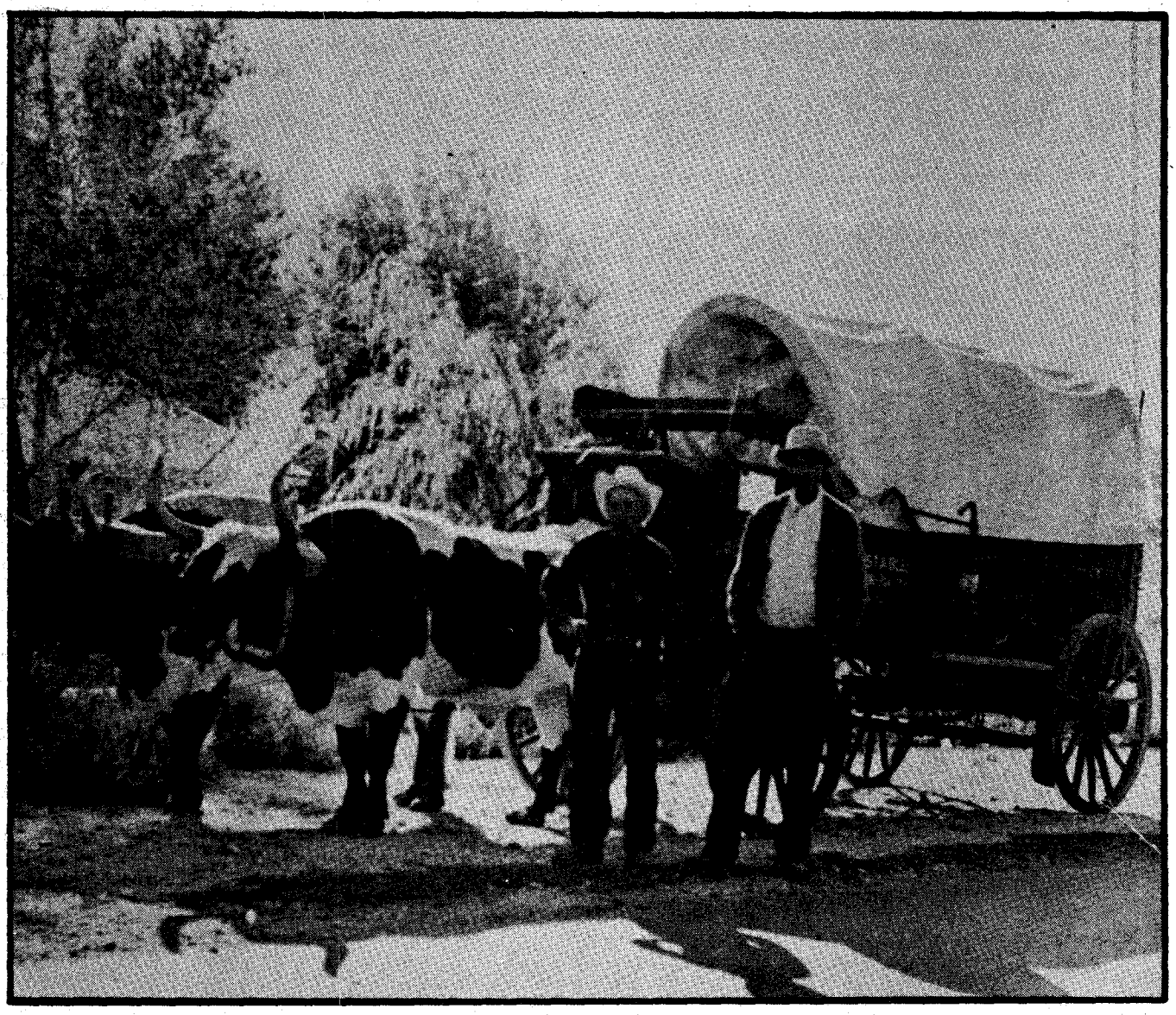


Photo furnished by the author

Ox drawn wagon of the kind used by the settlers reaching the Verde Valley during the 1860's and 70's.

agreed to go after the party ahead.

A second cowboy rode to Pine, bringing back Justice of the Peace W.D. Fuller, ex-officio coroner. He arrived on the murder scene by mid-afternoon. A coroner's jury was sworn in, consisting of A.J. Randall, R. Fuller, A. Allen, I. Neibour, J.W. Smith and W.T. Baker.

Having examined the body, Dr. Cook swore that the fatal shot had been fired by a rifle, nicking the left hand before going into the torso. A second bullet had been fired into the back of Moreno's hand with the muzzle pressed close. A little later he changed his mind, saying that the fatal bullet had been the one fired into the back of the head. In other words Lee had sneaked in on Moreno to kill him from behind.

Lee's story related at the coroner's hearing and later repeated at his Prescott trial was that after the others departed Moreno deliberately helped himself to his, Lee's, food on the cooking fire. Going over to a fallen log he sat down to eat it with a hatchet handy on one side and his rifle on the other.

He admitted that he began cursing Moreno for stealing his food, whereupon the Mexican picked up the hatchet. Therefore, Lee claimed, he had to protect himself. Grabbing a rock off the ground he threw it at him. Then he seized his rifle and fired one shot, the one into the torso. The second went into Moreno's head, Lee swearing that he was never closer than fifteen feet during the fatal shoot-out.

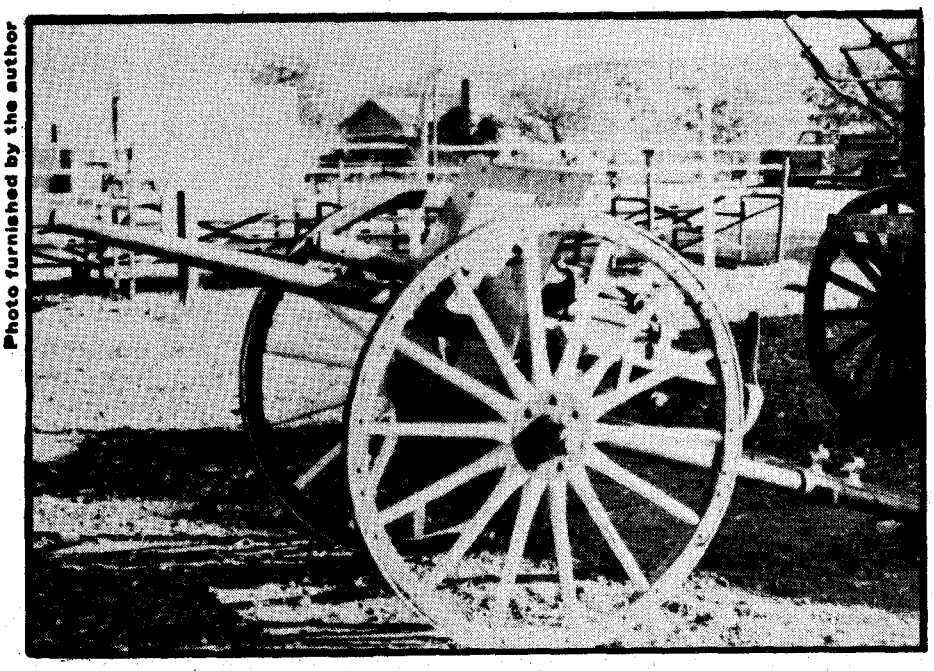
At that time in Arizona Territory gun notches were not counted for "Mexicans and Indians." The swaggering Lee, lying about the entire arrangement with Moreno and his murder, expected to be exonerated on the spot. What was one more dead Mexican?

To his astonishment Fuller held him to answer to the grand jury on a charge of murder. Subsequently indicted, he stood trial. Again expecting to be turned loose, he was amazed by being convicted of manslaughter.

The brutality of the killing, the powder marked bullet hole in the head and his claim that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo furnished by the author



One of the field pieces used at Camp Lincoln during the time of the Arizona Volunteers. Camp Lincoln eventually was renamed Camp Verde.

helping wrangle the mules for hauling his goods proved the turning point with the jury just as it had with Fuller. He was sentenced to six years in the territorial penitentiary. What surprised most of Arizona was that he got anything at all for murdering a Mexican.

Down in Globe before Lee's conviction it was claimed that his sole purpose in killing Moreno was to acquire his good wagon and four big mules. For weeks rumors persisted that 100 men, both anglos and Mexicans, planned to go to Prescott, take Lee from jail and hang him. Despite the bitter outburst of feeling this did not occur.

A six year sentence for the wanton murder of one of Arizona's greatest heroes? Definitely a gross miscarriage of justice. Small wonder the wind over the rim sighs sad and mournful.

On the stark edge of the plateau overlooking Tonto basin and the Verde Valley where his deeds of valor were performed, sleeps Andres Moreno, Arizona Volunteer.

About ten years ago the small white gravestone was first reported on the side of the rim road. Who of the last few surviving frontiersmen remembered and marked the grave? There seems to be no record of that man or men. ●RW

SOURCES OF FACTS FOR EDITORIAL INFORMATION

History of Arizona by Thomas E. Farish. Vol. 4. The Filmer Brothers, San Francisco, Calif., 1916.

Arizona Place Names by Will C. Barnes. University of Arizona Bulletin. Tucson, Arizona, 1934.

Territorial Records of Arizona, state archives, Phoenix, Arizona .

Report of Captain H.S. Washburn, Company E. Arizona Volunteer Infantry, to the Territorial Adjutant General William H. Garvin, dated September 20, 1866.

Frontier Military Posts of Arizona by Ray Brandes. Dale Stuart King, Globe, Arizona, 1960.

A Short History of Camp Verde to 1890 by Lloyd Pierson. *El Palacio*, Vol. 64, November-December, 1957, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Contemporary newspaper accounts of the incidents .

WAR BONNET

(continued from page 43)

che, solemnly as if he were crowning a king.

The young leader adjusted the bonnet then proudly swayed his head from side to side, making the feathers flutter. Suddenly he assumed a proud, erect position on his pony.

He paced the horse in three short, strutting charges before the braves. After bringing the pony to a halt, he threw his head far back and raised his right arm high, palm facing forward. Then he wheeled the mount and rode furiously away, all the band close behind him.

The Texans rode on safe, scalps intact. At El Pasa, Sam would stop to buy other presents for Rose and the younguns. When he finally reached the Dallas area, seven hundred miles west, he told his wife all about the fight on those scorching Arizona sands.

"If those Indians had looked back when they crossed that hill," he laughed, "they would have observed four palefaces disappearing in a cloud of dust, in the opposite direction."

Sam was a little apologetic about losing the war bonnet. "It was a pretty thing," he sighed. "I sure wanted you and the kids to have it."

Rose Cumby smiled and laid her hand on her husband's arm. "It's all right, Sam," she said. "I'd rather have you than a piece of heathen headgear. This will do me. "She picked up a blue sunbonnet that she had sewn out of store-bought denim. "And I reckon Texas will do me whatever there is out in Arizona."

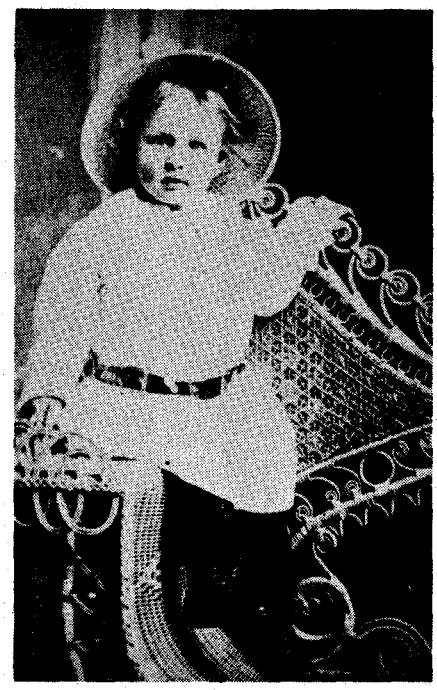
Sam looked around this familiar home with the bright native sun of Texas streaming through the windows. Then he reached out to embrace his wife, sunbonnet and all. ●RW

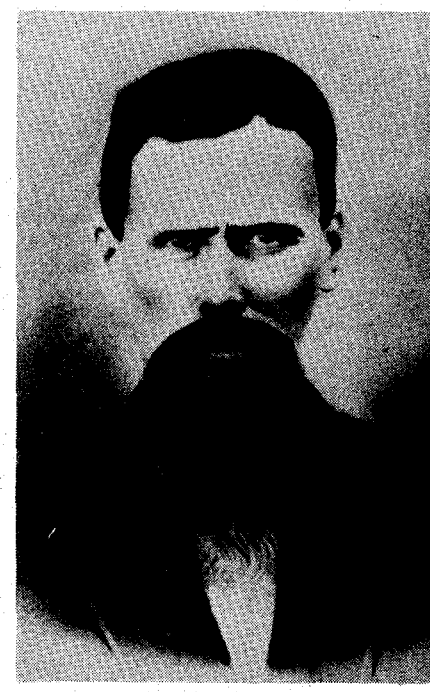
REFERENCE SOURCE:
Cumby Family Records.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut





Can anyone identify these pictures for Mrs. Pierce?

INFORMATION NEEDED

Dear Real West:

I have been reading Real West for over two years. I really enjoy it and enjoy "Mail Roundup" most of all. I have some pictures which I would very much like to have identified. They are very old. The picture of the little girl is a water color, the woman wearing the glasses and the man with the beard are in charcoal. I was told at the time of purchase that the man with the beard was Frank James. I sent copies to Carl W. Breihan and he says it is not Frank James. I thought maybe you would be kind enough to show the pictures in Real West and someone would recognize them. For some time I collected antiques and due to illness I have had to dispose of all my collection. These old drawings will be the last to go. I would really like to know the true identity of the persons depicted before disposing of them. I would appreciate your help very much.

Mrs. June Pierce
P. O. Box 261
Escalon, Calif. 95320

The editorial staff at Real West cannot identify them either. Maybe one of our readers will come through with some information.

GHOST STORY

Dear Sirs;

I enjoyed the story by Lance Robbins (The Lady was a Ghost) in your Sept. 1970 issue very much. It brings to mind a similar experience that happened in my own life.

I have been accused by several people of several things when I mentioned this, therefore I have refrained from saying anything about it because if there is one thing I hate, it is ridicule coming from anybody, even my best friend.

My experience was this: During the winter of 1967, while I was married to my second wife and living in Denver, Colorado, I was employed by a tree service company of Denver as a chain saw operator on a right of way clearing job at Lake George, Colorado, about forty miles by highway west of Colorado Springs.

One Sunday night, after my wife, my mother-in-law, and myself had returned home from church services, the three of us were having a cup of coffee and chatting about this and that before I left to head back to Lake George in order to be ready for work the next morning.

I left home at 10:30 PM and at approximately midnight I had topped out on a big winding hill just about forty miles south of Denver, on a shortcut which I had taken. It was then (The weather had warmed up after a light snowstorm and the ground was moist from the melted snow) that I picked up the figure of a man in my headlights, walking down the road towards my car. He was wearing high lace boots, an old red plaid woodsman's cap, blue western jeans and a blue plaid shirt. Typical lumberjack's dress, it was.

Well, I pulled to the side of the road to drive past him and as I did so, he moved over also till he was right in front of my car. When I got to what I supposed was about ten feet of him, I decided that he was not going to get out of the way

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so I suddenly slammed on my brakes. At that moment, the apparition (For this is what I afterwards presumed it to be) just disappeared. I thought maybe I had hit him, and got out to look around and he was not to be found. I know there was something there because I distinctly saw tracks made by heavy lace boots (I wore the same type of boot when I was just a boy working in the woods in Oklahoma and I know what I am talking about) and they disappeared right in front of where I had stopped the car. I took a flashlight from the car and followed the tracks in the direction from which the man had come for some two hundred yards and as they did not disappear in that direction I went back to the car and proceeded on my way.

I never believed in ghosts until that time and I still find it hard to admit that what I saw must have been a ghost, but I can think of no other explanation. What makes the case further complicated is the fact that I have never met anyone who has ever seen the thing, other than myself.

I have wished ever since that I could have had someone with me that night.

The things I have been accused of are these. Driving hypnotism. In the mountain country and on the winding road which I was driving that night, a person stays wide awake. He could not become hypnotized from his driving if he wanted to. Being sleepy --- Has anyone been sleepy after consuming some half dozen to a dozen cups of strong black coffee? That is just what I did before starting the trip. Having one drink too many. That is ridiculous to say the least. I am a Christian and I never touch the stuff, this much I can prove without any trouble.

I knew a preacher living at Denver at the time who claimed there was no such thing as a ghost. After I related my experience to him, to show how hypocritical some preachers can be, he then tried to explain to me how the whole thing could have come about and that maybe there were such things as ghosts after all. His sole explanation consisted of telling me that I just happened to be tuned in at the proper time, whatever that is supposed to mean.

I am forty years of age and sound of body and mind. I definitely saw something that night and I have no reason to believe it was anything but a ghost.

Respectfully,

Herbert L. Book
P. O. Box 145
Dayville, Oregon 97825

CUSTER, A SUICIDE?

Gentlemen:

This letter, in part, is in reference to Mr. Eagle Speaker's letter in your September issue.

I think that Col. W.A. Graham's book, THE CUSTER MYTH, should be required reading for anyone who wishes to study the Battle of the Little Big Horn. It gives hostile Indian accounts, friendly Indian accounts, pro-Custer and anti-Custer accounts. Having waded through it, my main impression was, and is, bewilderment. There is almost no statement given that is not at some place by someone contradicted. I suppose this is as it must be for, of course, the whole truth can never be known.

Mr. Eagle Speaker's statement, "The Sioux or any of the Plains Indians will not count (coup) on anybody that committed suicide," prompts this statement taken from the book. According to it, coup was counted on Custer, if I am not mistaken, three times. While it is true that the Indians would not molest the body of a suicide, they would also avoid the body of one who was exceptionally brave in combat, or one who had some mystique about him, such as that which goes with being a "big chief". At least the latter was true according to the memoirs of Sitting Bull and Low Dog, among others. Some on the field were mutilated - some were not. I have no doubt that the Custer "suicide" theory was, and is, just another invention of the professional Custer haters who seem to make it their life's work to ferret out all of his shortcomings, and, having exhausted those, dream up more of their own invention. They would deem his "suicide" as an act of cowardice.

That is, unfortunately, an all-too-common quirk with some people. They try to prove that a man of unquestionable courage, such as Custer undoubtedly was, was really just the opposite. According to the surgeon's report, Custer had two wounds, one in the left breast, very slightly blooded, and another in the left temple, not blooded at all. Everyone knows, or should, that dead bodies don't bleed. Custer undoubtedly died instantly after the first bullet struck him, or there would have been much more blood. According to the accounts of Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull and Gall, after the fight the warriors went among the bodies popping bullets and arrows into them. Custer's head wound was most certainly one of these. I, for one, would not consider it a cowardly act to kill onesself rather than be taken captive by Indians. Think about it. Knowing that I'd be slowly tortured to death, I'd shoot myself first. You professional Custer-haters out there, who have yourselves convinced that he took his own life and sneer at what you consider his "cowardice", would do the same thing in the same situation.

In his article on Custer, Mr. Ross states, "...General Custer's heart was not cut out by Chief Rain-in-the-Face or any other Indian." First of all, Rain-in-the-Face was not a chief, in the sense that Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, or Gall were, but he was a man of great influence in his own sphere. I believe Mr. Ross has the wrong Custer. Allegedly it was Tom Custer that Rain-in-the-Face had the grudge against. Legend has it that Rain-in-the-Face swore he would someday cut out Tom Custer's heart and eat it while it was still beating.

As Tom's body had been mutilated, I believed the story true until I read in THE CUSTER MYTH that the whole story was cooked up by a Mr. W. Kent Thomas and another man who got Rain-in-the Face drunk at Coney Island. You see, another contradiction.

I question another statement in Mr. Ross's article that Benteen "reverently" stuck a stick with Custer's name on it by Custer's body. Everyone knows that Benteen despised (Benteen's own word) Custer and, while he may have marked the body, he would hardly have done it "reverently".

Frankly, the whole Little Big Horn story has been run right into the ground. This statement by Deems Taylor about over-familiar music suits this situation admirably: "...thrice-familiar staples of the concert repertoire should periodically be placed under a five-year moratorium, during which time their existence would be conveniently forgotten. The five-year ban elapsed, one would presumably return to them with ears refreshed and musical appetite eager to relish them again."

Sincerely,

P.K. Romine
601 Standard Avenue
Morgantown, West Virginia 26505

●RW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY $2.98

BLANK "DETECTIVE" REVOLVER

Looks and feels like a real detective undercover gun. Fires 8 loud cal. 4.5 mm blanks as fast as you can pull the trigger. Cylinder swings out, automatically ejects the empties and loads just like the real thing. Great for sports, stage, dog training, etc. No permit required but purchaser must be over 21. Just send 2.98 plus .35c shipping charges and we ship prepaid. Ammunition: 80 loud fire blanks only $1.00.

To order C.O.D. send $1 deposit. State age when ordering. Not sold in New York City or California. Money back guarantee if not satisfied.

HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP. Dpt.182DT74 LYNBROOK, N.Y.

22 CAL. PELLET FIRING "STINGER AUTOMATIC" 1.00

50 22 CAL. PELLETS FREE

Looks and Feels Like Real Pocket Automatic — Loads 15 Shots

Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action combat-type target practice. 50 re-usable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling to:

Honor House Dept. 182RA74 Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

FLATTEN THAT BELLY

Support Tired Aching Back

LOOK ATHLETIC AND TRIM IN COMFORTABLE CROTCHLESS WONDER SLIM

FEATURES

- Takes inches off waist
- Raises abdomen and keeps it in
- Gives vital back support
- Exclusive "No Crotch" design
- Gives your clothes that custom-made look.
- Straightens sagging stomach muscles.

ONLY $4.98

Just slip on your "Wonder Slim". Instantly Wonder Slim adjusts to your contours. Like invisible hands, it pulls in your stomach, straightens your back, raises your sagging chest. It stays put—no uncomfortable crotch to bind and chafe you. Now you can walk with youthful, springy posture. Look and feel confident and trim as Wonder Slim combats fatigue. Try it at our risk. Only $4.98. Waist sizes 26 to 44. Sent in plain wrapper. Ten Day Free Trial. Money Back Guarantee. State waist size in inches. Enclose $4.98 and save postage or order C.O.D. and pay postman $4.98 plus small postal chages. N.Y. State residents add 10c sales tax.

S. J. Wegman, Dept. 182WB 74 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

Not All The Heroes Were Men:

by Lance Robbins

INDIANA SOPRIS

In 1860 when Denver was a cabin-and-tent city, Indiana Supris began teaching school there. Teaching in those lawless days was no picnic, probably being even tougher than being a school-marm is today!

In 1860 the cabin and tent gold-rush village of Denver was barely two years old, but prospectors and settlers had brought families into the growing town. Pioneer parents, though concerned mainly with mining, began to feel a need for education for their children.

Indiana Sopris, only 21 years old, had arrived in Denver on April 23, with her mother and sisters.

Early photos show Indiana to be a pretty, mature-looking girl, with dark hair and eyes. Apparently, her serious, no-nonsense appearance denoted an ability to size up a situation and take it in hand, because two weeks later she was teaching a much-in-demand first school in Denver.

Quarters rented for the school were in Tom Pollack's blacksmith shop located on Ferry Street (at what is now Denver's 11th and Curtis streets).

Miss Sopris had 12 to 15 pupils who sat on wooden benches and used crude wooden desks of native lumber. The private school was supported solely by tuition from pupils, this providing the teacher's salary of about $50 a month. The biggest problem was the wide variety of textbooks, the only supply being those brought West by pioneer families, with no two alike.

Indiana Sopris, though very young, had pioneer family background giving her qualities probably needed for her chosen task. Her father was Captain Richard Sopris, prominent early administrator, settler and politician for whom Mount Sopris near Glenwood Springs, Colorado is named. Capt. Sopris was Denver's first representative to the Kansas Legislature, and later served during the Civil War in the First Colorado Volunteers and afterward became county sheriff and twice mayor. He established the Denver City Park and was a founder of Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

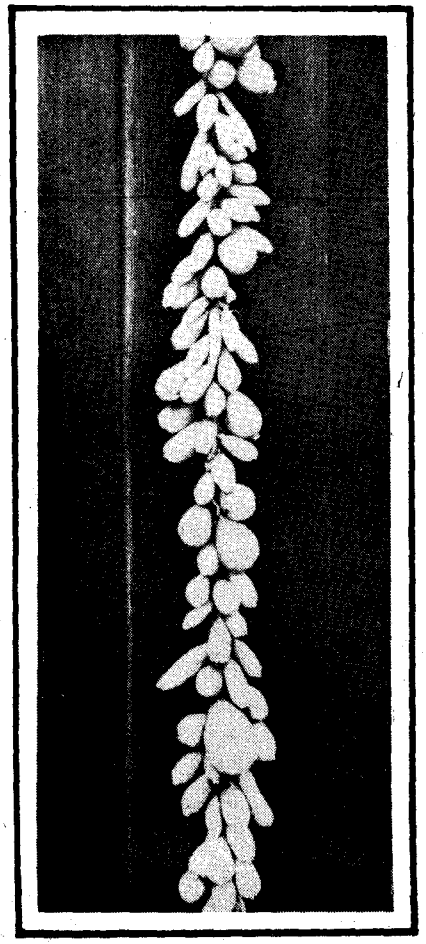
Young Indiana taught for several years, then on January 11, 1866, married Samuel Cushman of Central City, and "retired" from teaching. The Cushmans lived in this mining town for several years, then pioneered in Deadwood, South Dakota. ●RW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEHYDRATED FOODS

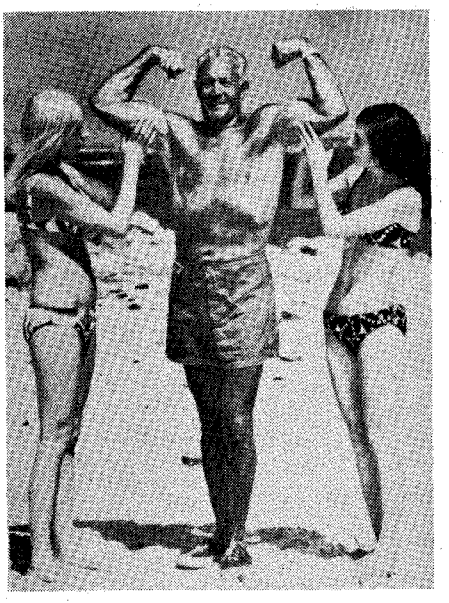
An Ancient Indian Discovery

By Mary Hess, C. H. M.



This is a picture of dried Indian turnips. They grow wild in many parts of the West. The Indians string them by inserting the stems in rope while it is being braided. These strings make it easy to carry your turnip supply with you anywhere. When you want turnips in winter, just pull them off the string and boil them. They also preserved meat by cutting it in thin strips and drying it. They could keep this meat for a long time, and many strips could be packed in the hide cases they made for storage. Indians were dehydrating foods to preserve them, many centuries before our modern scientists came up with the idea. ●RW

Taken with permission from the Magazine, Red Cloud Country published by Red Cloud Indian School, Pine Ridge, South Dakota



Charles Atlas on his 77th birthday.

Today, at 77, Charles Atlas works hard and plays hard. He sleeps like a top. Has a marvelous appetite. And, when he walks down the beach, he gets a lot more attention from girls than many young men of 20.

You, too, can have more fun for more years—if you do for your body, now, what Charles Atlas did for his years ago.

Weak and in poor physical condition, Atlas watched the bodily movements of caged lions and tigers. Then he imitated what they did, in a series of simple exercises.

Soon, Atlas noticed that his arms and shoulders were building up smooth, well-proportioned muscles. His chest expanded by as much as 6 inches. His stomach was pulled flat by powerful muscles. And his legs could run for miles without stopping and without tiring. Suddenly, he felt great all over!

Atlas (continuing to use his Dynamic-Tension exercises) went on to win the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Dynamic-Tension has done wonderful things for men of all ages, all over the world.

It works fast. You need spend only 15 minutes a day with it to see surprising results in just a few weeks. (Most men begin to see a difference in the first seven days.)

There are no gadgets to fuss with; no costly contraptions to buy. Dynamic-Tension is completely natural.

Find out what Dynamic-Tension can do for you. Mail coupon for 32 page booklet full of pictures and advice. The booklet is free. And there is no obligation whatever—except the obligation you have to yourself to develop a body that will let you get more fun out of a long life.

Charles Atlas, Dept. **402**, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010

Mr. Charles Atlas, Dept. **402** 115 East 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010

Show me how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. Send your famous 32-page free book, full of pictures, valuable advice. No obligation.

Print Name _____ Age _____

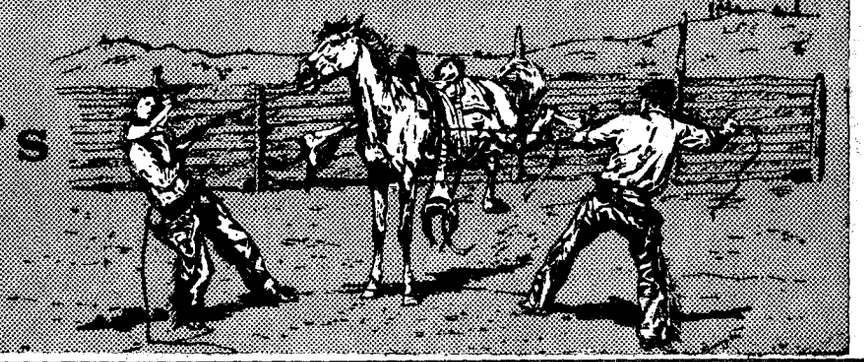
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In England: Charles Atlas, 21 Poland St., London W.I.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Editor's Corral



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

VIGILANTES IN MONTANA TERRITORY

The discovery of the body of one Charles Wilson, suspended by the neck near Virginia City, in Montana Territory, created no small degree of excitement, but the explanation of the circumstance served to allay the fears of the population, and the popular voice said, "served him right". He was one of a secret organization numbering thirty-five active agents and over one hundred accomplices, banded together for robbery, incendiarism and murder. The Vigilance Committee discovered their evil ways and hanged Wilson in the dead of the night to prevent the execution of some diabolical schemes. The balance of the gang must flee the country, or be served the same way as a warning to evil-doers.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
November 23, 1867

INDIANS BECOMING DOCILE

The Indians of the plains are said to be progressing rapidly on the road to civilization under the gentle but persistent guidance of the Friends. The warriors of the Cheyenne, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Apaches, Comanches, etc. will wash their faces before long and go on the peace path.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 9, 1869

ORIENTAL PROBLEMS IN CALIFORNIA

White men have been driving the Mongolians from the works of the Truckee Railroad near Virginia City, California (sic). The Governor sent troops to protect them and preserve the peace.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 16, 1869

INDIAN RAIDS IN NEW MEXICO

The Indians are committing depredations to an alarming extent in New Mexico. The Governor of the Territory has organized companies of mounted citizens, and believes he will be enabled to clear his jurisdiction of Indians in a few months, if the "Quaker system" does not prevent him.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 16, 1869

GENERAL CROOK ON SCOUTING EXPEDITION

An expedition, under General Crook, left Fort Fetterman on the 1st of March to scour the country infested with hostile Indians. The column aggregates 700 men, who have 40 days' supplies.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
March 18, 1876

SUPPRESSION OF POLYGAMY IN IDAHO

The Mormons of Idaho are growing desperate. At Franklin, last week, a mob attacked three United States officers and attempted to rescue a prisoner who had been arrested for polygamous practices. The effort was unsuccessful and some of the assailants were themselves arrested and imprisoned.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
November 28, 1885

STATE OF MONTEZUMA???

The Committee on Territories amended the New Mexico Bill changing the name of the Territory after it is made a State from New Mexico to Montezuma.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
April 28, 1876

BLACK HILLS OCCUPATION

General Sherman ordered General Sheridan to protect persons coming away from the Black Hills, and those conveying stores for the use of persons already located there, until the Government can provide for the legal occupation of that region.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 10, 1876

SIOUX RESERVATION LANDS OPENED TO SETTLEMENT

The United States Senate has passed the Bill to open to settlement 11,000,000 acres of the Sioux reservation in Dakota. The reservation comprises 33,000 square miles, is four times as large as the State of Massachusetts, and "is as fine a country", Senator Dawes says, "as the sun rises upon in all this nation." There are only 28,000 Indians on the reservation, and the Sioux practically have given their consent to the reduction, and are to be paid fifty cents an acre for the land taken. It is to be open to settlement under the Homestead Laws, with the exception that fifty cents an acre must be paid by the settler. The residue of the land is to be divided in severalty among the Indians in the discretion of the President.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 13, 1886

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH DAKOTA ESTABLISHED

The Senate last week passed the Bill admitting the southern part of Dakota as a State, and providing for the organization of the northern part as a Territory under the name of Lincoln. Only one Democrat, Mr. Voorhees, voted in its favor.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 13, 1886

GENERAL CROOK'S PURSUIT OF GERONIMO

General Crook's report of the pursuit of the hostile Apache by the United States and Apache scouts shows that those pursuers have been continually on the field since May last, marching over 1500 miles. By the middle of January they and their pack-trains had been completely worn out, and it was necessary to replace the scouts by fresh detachments and to reorganize the pack-trains. Detachments were maintained at every water-hole, keeping the line constantly patrolled. At last accounts, Geronimo and nine other captives were en route to Bowie, Arizona.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 20, 1886

BRET HARTE LIVING IN LONDON

Bret Harte has now taken up his residence in London, living with a charming Belgian family by the name of Van de Velde, whose head was Charge d'Affaires from his country to the Court of St. James.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
March 6, 1886

TREE EMITS LIGHT IN NEVADA

There is a small tree growing in a gulch near Tuscarora, Nevada, the foliage of which at certain seasons is said to be so luminous that it can be distinguished a mile away in the darkest night. In this immediate season it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its luminosity is said to be due to parasites.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
March 6, 1886

●RW

Learn To Play
GUITAR
The Chet Atkins Way!

COMPLETE CHET ATKINS COURSE $2.98 postpaid

Surprise your friends! Be the hit of the party! Let Chet Atkins himself show you how with easy-to-follow diagrams and notes. Even if you can't tell a guitar pick from a shovel, Chet can have you playing before you know it.

And you don't have to read a note of music! In this quickest-to-learn-system, Chet takes you by the hand and leads you every step of the way BOTH BY NOTE AND BY SIMPLE DIAGRAMS!

Included in this fabulous course are never-before-released, complete Chet Atkins arrangements — worth double the price of the course alone. Also, five handsome, king-size pictures of Chet, suitable for framing. What a bargain!

So fill out the coupon and rush it back to us NOW! The complete price is a low, low $2.98, postage and handling FREE! If you're not thrilled and delighted, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, DEPT. RW271
P. O. BOX 151, DERBY, CONN.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is $2.98. Kindly rush The CHET ATKINS GUITAR COURSE to me. If not completely satisfied, I may return the course to you for a full refund.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Treasures Lost or Buried in the Past Can Be Yours Today!

Now find buried gold, silver, out-of-circulation coins the easy way with a modern RELCO detector. Used by successful treasure hunters and coin collectors everywhere.

- Models for detecting a single lost or buried gold, silver, copper or nickel coin. More penetrating power than ever before.
- Works through earth, vegetation, wood, rock, water, etc.
- Locate lost or buried jewelry, treasure, minerals, historical relics, old weapons. Pays for itself fast.
- Excellent for beach combing, searching ghost towns, old battle sites, parks, abandoned buildings, etc.
- Fully transistorized. Powered by inexpensive battery.
- 2-year parts and service guarantee.
- Weighs only 3 pounds.
- No cumbersome earphone. Powerful loudspeaker "sounds off" when object is detected.

Amazingly low factory-to-you priced
Just $19.95 to $129.50

FREE
Send no money. Write for free catalog and "treasure hunting tips."

RELCO
DEPT. RW, P.O. BOX 10839
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTROVERSIAL CHARACTER

(continued from page 6)

colossus always attempted to promote his own ideas in the grandest manner and biggest way possible.

"Brick," as he was known to close friends and associates, had founded and edited the "Weekly Democrat" of La Crosse, Wisconsin, a very unpopular newspaper to big business, but despite this it steadily grew and by 1868 it had a healthy circulation of 100,000. When Pomeroy graduated from a back room print shop, this human dynamo turned out endless ideas, many of which he promoted, all of which attracted thousands of people in all walks of life.

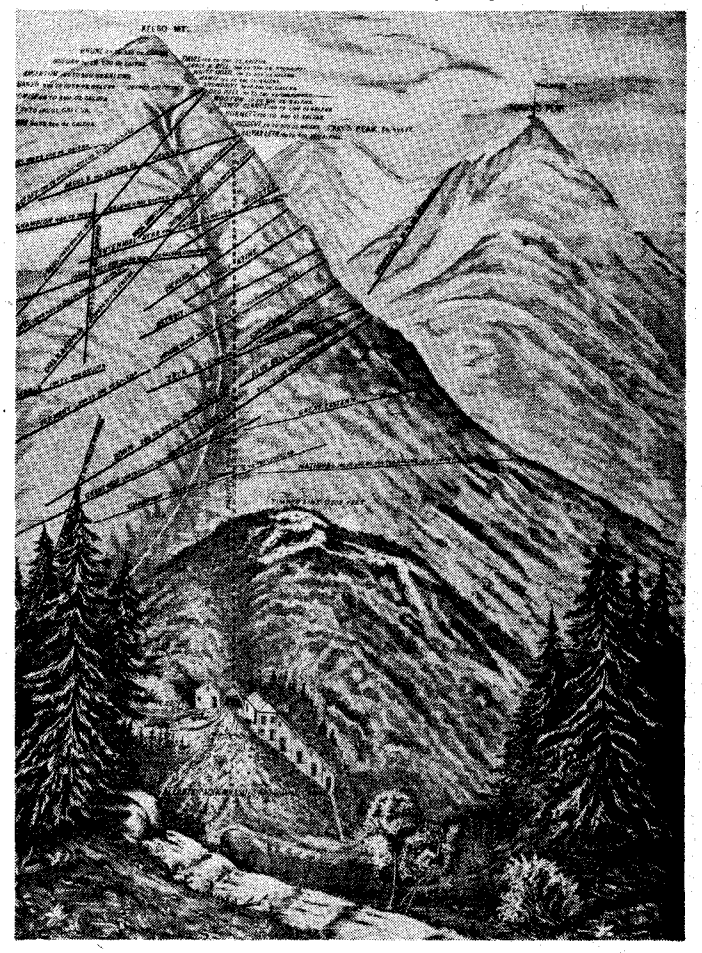
Brick Pomeroy was born in Elmira, New York in 1833, and was raised by relatives when both parents died. While still a young man he went from printer to owner of the "New York Sun". He was five feet nine, slightly stocky, and wore a handlebar moustache. He possessed a gift of persuasion that would put even Barnum to shame. Yet, it wasn't his nature or desire to fool people to accumulate money. Brick's attraction for women is attested to by his two torrid marriages that failed to last, and several love affairs that went awry before he found his real, true love. This man of many schemes and promotions, lecturer, and after dinner speaker authored a popular book entitled "Sense" which contained a series of discussions between a father and his son, and expressed Pomeroy's liberal and radical ideas concerning life in general.

It was widely read in 1867 and inspired him to follow it quickly with another volume the same year bearing the name "Nonsense." Many newspaper editors who disliked Brick severely panned his literary efforts, especially the conservative critics. This probably induced many people including gold miners to buy and read it. Pomeroy followed later with "Gold Dust" 1871, "Brick Dust" and "Home Harmonies" in 1876. These were mostly random essays.

When Brick reached Denver he had sold his "Weekly Democrat" and prepared to publish a new weekly "The Great West." His renown as an author and newspaper man was so great that thousands in and outside the city succumbed to the lure of Pomeroy's personality, and a grand total of 47,000 shelled out good hard money to get on the subscription list even before the first issue came off the press.

William Byers, Denver's postmaster, and general opponent to Pomeroy's new publication, refused to allow it to go through the U.S. mails. The fiery Brick immediately contacted a high and influential friend in Washington who forced Byers to withdraw his objection to the Great West and give it free passage without interference. The city of Denver often witnessed long lines of its citizens waiting patiently in line to purchase the newspaper every Saturday night.

State Historical Society of Colorado. From May 1894 issue of Descriptive America a monthly magazine.



Sketch of area where tunnel was to be built, showing where tunnel enters Mt. Kelso. Work began November 12, 1880 and ended after a half mile had been gouged out of the mountain.

Brick Pomeroy was a steady crusader for the rights of the little people, and he fought fiercely against graft and corruption in government circles. He created 8,000 clubs of "anti-bond greenbacks," and this made him hundreds of bitter enemies. Brick distributed millions of circulars and documents conveying liberal ideas on finance and legal power and management of financial affairs by government.

Probably his greatest enterprise was his vigorous and aggressive move to start and finish the Atlantic-Pacific Tunnel, an ambitious program that would trim over a hundred miles off Colorado's train travel by boring a complete subterranean passage of 25,000 feet through Gray's Peak near Georgetown. The New York papers and others called it "The most stupendous mining project in the world!" and "A bold undertaking that requires great risks and determination!"

While wrapped up in this tunnel task Brick was forced to neglect the "Great West" weekly and the circulation fell off alarmingly. It was a bad habit of this controversial man to constantly spread himself so thin that many of his minor ventures suffered severely for want of direction and supervision. He was regularly involved with an electric drilling concern, a powder company, and mining and milling enterprises to name a few.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brick began his first drive to raise funds for the Tunnel by crossing the ocean to England where he talked himself into solid financial backing from an interested group. When word got around, U.S. investors from every state warmed quickly to the idea and purchased the $2.50 a share Colorado Tunnel stock like hot cakes.

Pomeroy's concentrated efforts produced about four million dollars from the public sales. He was promptly elected president of the Atlantic-Pacific company, and left Colorado to set up offices in New York. Drilling crews immediately started work on both sides of the divide. As they advanced some good ore was found, and by 1892 the Eastern group had advanced a shaft nearly 4,000 feet into the mountain. The Western crew, running into more technical difficulties, lagged behind with only 1,400 feet of progress. Then the Panic of 1893 swept over the entire operation and work stopped altogether.

It wasn't long before some of the stockholders began to wonder where all the money invested had gone. A few large investors demanded to see the books, but Brick refused to show them. In no time at all Pomeroy was indicted. In those days there was no extradition, but Brick went back to Colorado voluntarily to face the charge of mishandling the company's funds. The case never came to court because there were too many influential people involved.

Brick was forced to sell his home and holdings to cover bankruptcy expenses. His dwelling was the first all-brick building in Denver, and it cost $65,000 to build. With loving care he had carefully supervised its entire construction and had a complete theatre in the attic.

His large poultry farm, the biggest in the state of Colorado, was put on the auction block. Suits by stockholders began to pile up, and it wasn't long before Brick Pomeroy became a broken man. He died in Brooklyn in 1896. A man of his character deserved a much better fate. But Pomeroy was a soft touch for about every hard luck story he heard. Though he had never attached himself to a well paying mine in his life, he had generously grubstaked scores of prospectors, some of whom struck it rich but failed to inform Brick of their good fortune.

All the newspaper editors, some who had bitterly opposed him and his ideas, acknowledged him as a brilliant man who could have reached great heights. The "Denver Republican," shortly after Pomeroy's demise, had this to say: "It is safe to say that no man ever brought more money into Colorado, or scattered it more broadcast over the state!"

Pomeroy was different things to different people. To the ordinary man he was a champion for their rights and causes. To rival newspaper editors he was a radical who sought to change rules and regulations. To crooked politicians he was a menace to their operations and the profits gathered by them. To his workers he was a good boss who paid the highest wages and who bettered working conditions, a fatherly type who thought only of their welfare. To those who lost money in his promotions, he was some kind of scalawag who had painted a rosy picture of high monetary returns.

Brick Pomeroy was convincing because he believed whole heartedly in his undertakings and ventures. His ideas produced early successes and failed only through his later personal neglect. He was like an expert juggler who kept adding more objects to manipulate while juggling the standard amount. Thus many of his ventures were fated to fall by the wayside. This Colorado colossus was a man of tremendous enthusiastic capacity in a dull world devoid of real enthusiasm!

Reference: *Old Trails Through Colorado* by Palmer Jameson.
Guide to the Colorado Ghost Towns by Perry Eberhart.

●RW

TREASURE FUN!

Metalert turns an ordinary weekend into a family adventure.

Going to the beach? Or hunting, fishing or camping? You can add extra fun to your next family outing by taking along a Fisher "Metalert" Treasure Detector. Who knows, you might bring home a valuable lost relic; even silver and gold!

- ☐ Unsurpassed power and sensitivity with solid state circuits.
- ☐ Easy to use; adjusts and operates with one hand! Superb physical balance; arm support.
- ☐ *Waterproof* sensing head completely submersible. Telescoping shaft for compact storage and transportation.
- ☐ Replaceable transistor battery available everywhere; built in tester.

Built to the same exacting standards as Fisher precision instruments for industry and science. *Send for complete free literature.* Also, collectors' edition guidebook *"Discoveries From the Past"* sent if you include 50¢ postage.

"Metalert" . . . the Finest You Can Buy

FRL INCORPORATED

FISHER TREASURE DETECTORS

Department RW, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAY C. FREEMAN

(continued from page 12)

Freeman and said in a very low voice, "Sheriff, for heaven's sake, put the handcuffs on me and take me in. I'll explain later."

Freeman willing to play the man's game; whatever it was, said to Chrisman, "I think I've found the man I'm looking for."

Upon arrival at the courthouse, the man produced credentials identifying him as a postal inspector. He had spent the last 10 days in jungle camps looking for robbers of postal money orders.

"First thing I want is a bath and a decent meal. You know the cuisine in the hobo camp leaves much to be desired, baths are unheard of, and the sanitary facilities are non-existent."

After cleaning up, he took Freeman out to dinner. After consuming one steak dinner, he ordered another. Freeman laughingly recalled, "I never saw a man eat so much in all my life at one sitting."

When his second term was drawing to a close in 1912, Freeman decided not to seek reelection. Things were quieting down; the railroad construction was completed, and thievery was no longer so profitable. The *Moro Observer* considered it newsworthy to report, "For the first time in a long while Sheriff Freeman has been at home for a few days consecutively."

The county newspapers had not supported Freeman either in his first or re-election try for sheriff, mainly because the editors were ardent Republicans and he was a Democrat. However, they were generous in their praise of his effectiveness.

The Grass Valley Journal said of him, "When it comes to doing things, call up Sheriff Freeman," and "Sherman County is to be congratulated in having Jay C. Freeman for sheriff. Every time he has been called upon to play detective he has hit the mark."

The Moro Observer was equally complimentary. "Sheriff Freeman deserves the commendation of all for the persistence and energy with which he follows up on complaints."

For his untiring efforts, he was paid $150 per month, the highest pay of any county official. His deputy received $75.

No doubt his agreeable and unassuming personality was largely responsible for his popularity. He was marshall of the Fourth of July parades. He was often called upon to make presentations and speeches at social and civic occasions.

Upon leaving the sheriff's office, he opened a dry goods store in Moro, but continued to serve the community in many ways.

His activities included those of mayor, councilman, justice of peace, registrar of the first World War draft board, county chairman of the Democratic Central Committee, and chairman of food distribution and job allocations during the depression.

In 1935 he was appointed Moro postmaster. He retired in 1949. His death came in 1951 at age 78.

What about the railroads? They continued their warring even after completing the construction in Sherman County.

Their bitterest court fight occurred before U.S. District Judge R.S. Bean in Portland. Opposing attorneys were contesting for rights of way in the upper sixty miles of the Deschutes canyon. *The Oregon Journal* characterized the trial as "dignified epithet hurling." On August 24, 1909, Judge Bean delivered his decision that Harriman had no rights over government land in the upper 60 miles of the canyon.

This was a stunning blow to the Harriman people, but they had a hole card to play. They had acquired the Smith ranch on the east bank of the river below North Junction. Through it lay the only feasible railroad grade site. The Hill interests capitulated. They agreed in return for joint trackage through this 11-mile stretch to allow Harriman the joint use of the Oregon Trunk line from Metolius to Bend and joint terminal facilities.

James J. Hill was on hand to drive the final spike at Bend on October 5, 1911. Edward Harriman did not see the completion of his line as he died on September 9, 1909.

Later events established that the grim battle which cost the lives of many workmen and numerous court contests had been fought in vain. Agreements were eventually reached by which both railroads used the same track all the way from the mouth of the Deschutes to Bend. The Deschutes track on the east bank was finally torn up since the Oregon Trunk line was the better constructed. It represented an investment of $16 million to $9 million for the Deschutes Railroad.

The east bank rail bed may still be seen in the Deschutes canyon. From Sherars Bridge north for a distance of 16 miles, it is now a road for the convenience of fishermen who still regard the river as one of the finest trout streams in all the West.

Jay C. Freeman is remembered as the last "horse and buggy" sheriff of Sherman County. His tirelessness, his persistence, and his utter fearlessness earned him the respect of both the lawless and the law-abiding, but it was his quiet, kindly and unassuming manner which won their trust. ●RW

Reference Sources:

Newspaper files: Portland Oregonian, Oregon Journal, Moro Observer, and Grass Valley Journal.
Personal reminiscences of Neale Freeman.
The Story of American Railroads, Stewart H. Holbrook, 1947.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 50)

When Lee Howk came out with the Dalton claim he was using the same affidavits and story that were used by another man back in 1932. (Note: This man was John James, died in Arkansas in 1947, and was proven to be an escapee from an Illinois mental Institution. Author)

I had read all of these affidavits and felt sure Howk was using them as he had the same story about the man who was killed by Ford as being a Charlie Bigelow. I then called Mr. Howk. . .incognito of course... and asked Mr. Howk if this man was the same one who had made the claim in 1932. He said he was. (Not true.) I then convinced him that this old man died in Little Rock, and later Lee Howk sent a man who said he was Rev. Highley, to see me, to say that if our family would claim this old man as Jesse James we would be paid $50,000!

Our answer to that was a letter to Mr. Howk by our attorney, stating he expected to bring a law suit to stop them from exploiting the old man in California. Mr. Howk then left Los Angeles, leaving the old man. Dalton was taken in charge by our police officers and placed in a rest home and later sent back to his home.

I want to assure you that if Jesse James had lived these many years he would have been cared for by his son and family and not have been exploited over the country for the few dollars that would be made from such an exploitation.

I can't help but feel that the reading public would like to hear the truth about this Orvus Lee Howk story.

Mrs. Jesse E. James
Los Angeles, Calif.

This article could go on and on with statements of fact, reversing claims that Dalton made, but perhaps it has gone too long already.

Some people have offered to pay $10,000 if anyone could prove that Dalton was not the Missouri Jesse W. James. I feel that I should claim that offer. The following find makes me all the more positive about this.

Recently an original letter written by Jesse W. James and mailed April 16, 1880 (U.S. Postmark) from Medora, Illinois, to Isaac Hilton at Laredo, Texas, was found. This handwriting was analyzed by a government expert, comparing the writing to that in a letter written by Thos. Howard in 1882 from St. Joseph, Missouri to a farmer in Nebraska. This handwriting was declared to have been written by the same man. The handwriting of J. Frank Dalton does not, in any way, compare with this writing contained in the two Jesse James letters, for it also was given extensive comparison studies against the other two authentic James letters.

Affidavits were freely signed by the old man: his backers issued affidavits stating he was born in Scott County, Kentucky on April 17, 1844, and also that he was born in Goliad, Texas, as well as in Kearney, Missouri. Most of the proponents of this situation state that J. Frank Dalton was really the Kentucky Jesse James, and that the Missouri Jesse was a poor counterpart.

Curious thing is that they are backing some of their claims with a marriage certificate that does not match the official records. The wedding referred to took place in Malad City, Idaho Oneida County, on May 30, 1869, with Justice of the Peace R. G. Evans officiating. I have a copy of this certificate and it is plain to see it has been altered; the alteration being verified by the county clerk. The altered portion bears handwriting which does not correspond with the original writing. According to the official record entry and information from members of the

(continued on page 76)

IMPORTED
LOCK BLADE
STILETTO

- 9" Overall Length
- 5" When Closed
- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

ONLY $2.75

Flips open instantly and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp tough stainless steel blade for reliable use and hard, long service. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. Send $2.75 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

ALLEY SPORTS MO Div.
Dept.182ST74
35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO DEPT. 6
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California

Northwest Timbered
ACREAGES as low as
$950 Total Price
5 - 10 - 20 - 40 - ACRES

For people who love the land—A tract of Recreation Land for YOUR Own!

In Northern Idaho, Northeastern Washington, and Western Montana. In the heart of lakes and big game country. All covered with growing timber. Access, Title insurance with each tract. This is select land with natural beauty, recreational and investment values. We have tracts of many types and sizes from which to choose, including beautiful Northwest Waterfront property. Your inspection welcomed. Write us for free list, maps and complete information. Write to:
Dept. N

REFORESTATION Inc.®

P.O. Box 106, Opportunity Station
Spokane, Washington 99214

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANLEY'S RETURN

(continued from page 31)

Some members of the party believed that Alford was lying when he failed to lead them to the site of the gold. Some even suggested hanging him but Alford told them that hanging him would not help and finally persuaded them to not molest him. The party then decided to desert Alford and leave him to starve in the desert. When the party drove off Bennett was the only man to tell him goodbye. The odds against Alford's survival were great since he was sixty years old and a greenhorn. He had only a small supply of food. Bennett alone was remorseful over leaving the old man to the mercy of the desert.

When Bennett returned to Los Angeles, Manley was there and the two men met once more. When Manley heard how Alford had been abandoned in Death Valley he immediately organized a party to go to his rescue.

Bennett agreed to go along so the party consisting of Manley, Bennett and a storekeeper from San Gabriel by the name of Ceasar Twitchell with a mule pack train headed via San Fernando down the old trail the Jayhawkers had used out of the valley to the rescue of Alford.

They came to the east slope of the Coast Range and camped at the same water holes the Jayhawkers had used in '49. As they proceeded across the desert Manley climbed to the top of a high mountain peak and looked over the valley through a spy glass. Later he wrote, "the country looked as desolate, black and barren as it did in '49." Manley was most apprehensive about heading further into the forbidding land but his companions reminding him of his former bravery urged him on.

The party treked on. They followed the trail Manley had used in '49 to a spot now called Providence Spring. There they found the campfire rocks the Jayhawkers had used 11 years before.

A few nights later the party made camp at the spot where the oxen of the Jayhawkers had been lowered over a ten foot drop in '49. While they were there into the light of the camp fire stumbled Alford. By some miracle, the old man, the greenhorn had made it across the mountains and had discovered the trail of Manley's rescue party. He was exhausted but otherwise in good health. All his food was gone, but he was still on his feet.

It was then that the men decided to go across the ranges and into Death Valley to prospect. They had food, an ample supply of water and the animals were in good shape. That night an Indian and his squaw stopped at the camp and Manley not wishing to feed an extra couple of mouths told them they were breaking camp immediately.

Manley assumed leadership of the party. Sand had blown over the old Jayhawker trail but Manley was able to navigate it from memory. On a summit they found the skeleton of Fish a member of the Jawhawkers who had perished there in '49.

The party descended into the valley and headed north. Once they made a southward turn because of a stream that led into a salt lake. The stream was bordered on either side by hard clay and it was over this that the Jayhawkers had driven their oxen.

The four men found water in a canyon and made camp. It was then decided that Bennett and Twitchell take the mules and go back to Los Angeles for more food. Manley and Alford were to remain and hunt for gold.

Bennett and Twitchell departed. The days turned into weeks and they failed to return. The food supply ran low and Manley shot rabbits and hawks to keep the two men from starving. Anxiously Alford and Manley looked for their partners to return in vain. Finally Manley realized that unless Alford and he began an immediate attempt to get out of the valley that they would perish. They made bread of their meager supply of flour and headed for Walker Pass carrying only their blankets and guns and the bread.

Alford suffered a boil on the knee and could not travel as fast as Manley. The first night they made camp on a mountain. There they remained for a day waiting for Alford's knee to heal. They made another start with Manley in the lead. With a gun barrel Manley sighted a water hole some thirty miles distant. Alford determined the location of the water and Manley left him and forged ahead. Eventually he came to the water and built a great bonfire to guide Alford. He remained there all night and the next morning Alford limped in.

The two men rested by the water hole for a day and two nights.

Their bread was almost gone but Manley shot two rabbits and they had food. On the third morning a party of five men headed for Visalia approached the camp. Twice Manley had cheated death in the dread valley.

It took Manley thirty-one years to learn why Bennett had deserted him. Ashael Bennett left Los Angeles and moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho. There he died in 1895 at the age of 84.

Manley after his rescue from Death Valley in 1861 returned to San Jose. Alford was murdered in 1862 on Kern Lake. That left only Manley and Twitchell alive of the party who had gone into the valley in 1861. Finally in 1892 Manley ran across Twitchell in Santa Monica. He asked why he and Alford had been abandoned in Death Valley. Twitchell told him that when he and Bennett had arrived at the Coast Range that a fierce storm was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raging and that the passes were three feet deep in snow. Twitchell and Bennett had difficulty in crossing the mountains in the storm. The bad weather remained for six weeks making the trails across the mountains impassable. The two men knew that Manley and Alford had just enough food for a week and they decided that the two men would perish before a rescue party could reach them. So thinking it useless Twitchell and Bennett did not return. Manley heard Twitchell through and then like the big hearted man he was completely forgave him. ●RW

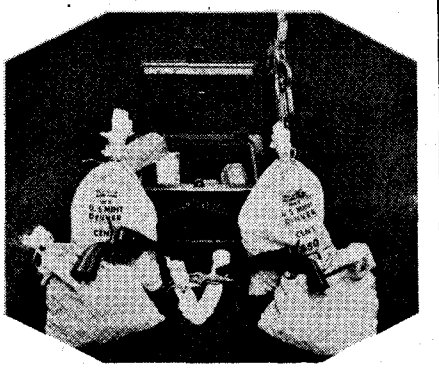
Bibliography:

DEATH VALLEY TALES Published by the Death Valley '49ers, Inc.

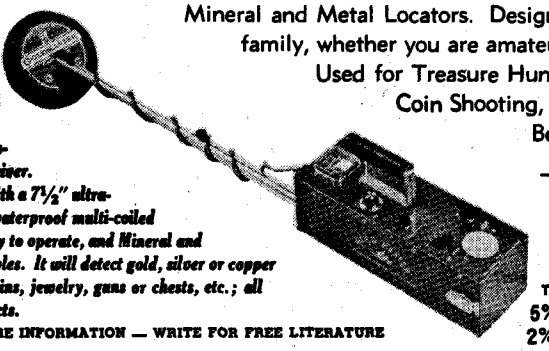
WHEN MANLEY RETURNED TO DEATH VALLEY by Arthur Woodward, California Historical Society.

DISCOVER OLD AMERICA

WHILE MEN ARE WALKING ON THE MOON, YOU CAN RE-DISCOVER THE OLD FRONTIER THROUGH *Modern Electronic Technology*



WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC. *manufacture 25 super-sensitive models of* Mineral and Metal Locators. Designed for the whole family, whether you are amateur or professional. Used for Treasure Hunting, Prospecting, Coin Shooting, Bottle Hunting or Beachcombing, etc.



THE 63TR is a Solid State Transmitter-Receiver. It comes with a 7½" ultra-sensitive, waterproof multi-coiled Loop, ready to operate, and Mineral and Metal samples. It will detect gold, silver or copper nuggets, coins, jewelry, guns or chests, etc.; all metal objects.

FOR MORE INFORMATION — WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE

— Shown Here Is —

S-63TR Deluxe
Transmitter-Receiver

Only 179.50

TERMS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST
5% DISCOUNT FOR CASH
2% on BANKAMERICARD or MASTERCHARGE

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC. Room171 • 1011 Pleasant Valley Road • Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

MANUFACTURERS OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINE OF MINERAL-METAL LOCATORS

PROFESSIONAL SOLID BRONZE $3.95 BADGES

#203 A Private International Investigator – $3.95

#203 B Private Detective $3.95

#203 C – Official Press Photographer – $3.95

#303 A – Special Investigator – $3.95

#303 B – Special Agent Solid bronze – $3.95

#250 Deputy Sheriff "Law Man" 6-point star. $3.95

#403 – Professional Investigator – $3.95

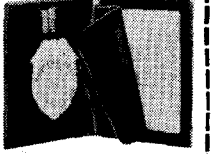
#603 A – Special Officer – $3.95

#603 B – Security Officer – $3.95

Now available — the same professional badges used by investigators and detectives all over the world. Not toys, gags—but the real thing to display with pride!

FREE with orders ONLY... Catalog of Police & Detective Equipment

#450 Genuine Leather Case Flash your badge in an official manner; Vinyl I.D. window. Slack strap. $3.00



PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Send payment with order; we pay postage.
POLICE EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. 7009
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

Police Equipment Co., Dept. 7009
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

Send payment with order. We pay postage. No C.O.D.s.

☐ Send Style #_____ @ $3.95
☐ Send Style #_____ @ $3.95
☐ Send Style #450 Case @ $3.00

I enclose $_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 73)

Palmer family still living in Oneida County and the present Oneida County Recorder Colen H. Sweeten, Jr., the names listed in that marriage were: William Cole and Susan Dubuque. The name William Cole has been changed to Jesse W. James on a number of copies of this certificate. The woman's name is correct as listed since Susan Dubuque was Susan Palmer, born in Lincolnshire, England, April 9, 1841, and married to Octave Dubuque January 5, 1861, at St. Louis, Mo.

To the union of William Cole and Susan Dubuque was born one child, Alice Cole, who later married into the Mason family. Susan died in Peru, Nebraska, June 26, 1924. Her name at her death was Susan Carey, since she married Peter Carey in 1889.

Those who claim J. Frank Dalton to be Jesse W. James, Alias William Cole, ignored one point, in fact several which leaves their claim without foundation. They say the Dalton-Cole-James was seen in Nebraska in the 20's, but according to family records William Cole died in the gold fields of California sometime in 1869.

1. Why was the marriage certificate changed and by whom and for what reason when William Cole was dead?

2. Would Susan Palmer Dubuque have remarried if she were not sure that William Cole was dead?

3. Does not the alteration of the certificate, contrary to official entry, to suit their purpose, leave one to question the entire claim?

Finally, J. Frank Dalton would have been like the "ubiquitous Yank" to have covered the ground he did, to wit:

1. Marshal of Alpine, Texas (he said) in 1868.

2. Enlisted in the United States Army at Ft. Harker, Kansas, 1868.

3. Married in Idaho in 1869. 1869.

4. Died in California in 1869.

In 1926 a book was published by one Jos. Vaughn from Arkansas, and it was entitled *The True Life of Frank James* by himself. Of course, historians know that Frank James had been dead over ten years in 1926. We also know that a Joe and Dan Vaughn rode with Quantrill during the Civil War. I have verified this fact. Therefore, it is not inconceivable that J. Frank Dalton was in reality Dan Vaughn, brother of Joe Vaughn, the man who claimed to be the real Frank James. To bolster this belief, J. Frank Dalton told several people that he was a brother of Joe Vaughn.

As a last parting thought, it is this writer's belief that Dalton unwittingly destroyed the whole fabric of his claim to being Jesse James when he celebrated his 100th birthday. This was prior to the beginning of the masquerade.

This Frank Dalton (the "J" was added later by one of his managers) was in the Lisbon Veterans Hospital in Dallas, Texas on his birthday, March 8, 1948, and on that day a Mr. Carl J. Sprague, Chief of Special Services read a citation from the state commander of the old Confederate Veterans to this Frank Dalton, congratulating him on his 100th birthday. Please keep in mind that Jesse Woodson James of Missouri was born in 1847. Durwood Hayes of the Dallas *Times-Herald* took a picture of Frank Dalton and Mr. Sprague together in the hospital room, and Mr. Hayes later stated this Frank Dalton was the same man who identified himself as Jesse James a year later at Lawton, Oklahoma.

Mr. Charles Mason of St. Joseph, Mo., states that a relative of his was born Jesse W. James, April 17, 1844 in Jefferson County, Kentucky, but he was not the Missouri Jesse W. James, noted outlaw. So you see there were a number of men named Jesse W. James, but only *one* Missouri bandit. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

10 years of personal investigation into claims of Dalton.
Government records, states records, U. S. Pension Records
Interviews with people personally acquainted with the outlaw Jesse James.

ADDENDA

On May 8, 1970 the press services reported the following:

"A jury in Union, Missouri, sided with the history books Thursday and agreed that famed outlaw Jesse James was shot to death on April 3, 1882.

"Rudy Turilli, operator of the Jesse James Museum at Stanton, Missouri, had offered $10,000 to anyone who could prove a man representing himself as James in Lawton, Oklahoma, in 1948 was not the real outlaw.

"Mrs. Stella James, 82-year old daughter-in-law of Jesse James, and her daughters, Ethel and Estelle, had filed suit for the $10,000 saying they furnished affidavits to Turilli that the real James died in 1882.

"Mrs. James lives in Los Angeles and said Turilli made his $10,000 offer on Los Angeles television in 1967.

"Turilli's testimony mostly was based on claims of J. Frank Dalton who said he was Jesse James and that the victim of the 1882 shooting was Charlie Bigelow.

"Turilli Thursday told about a plot by James and members of his family to have Bigelow, a member of the James gang, killed under circumstances that would indicate it was James who had died.

"Bigelow was shot," Turilli said, "because James got a tip Bigelow was going to turn him in.

"Much of Turilli's testimony was based on testimony from Col. James R. Davis, who claimed to be 108 at the time, in a 1950 trial when Dalton petitioned to have his name changed to Jesse James.

"Davis testified he had known Jesse from the age of 4 and was instrumental in the Bigelow killing."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

Strawwork is another type of Indian decorative art. Some so-called Indian quillwork is really made of straw. Strawwork, aside from straw embroidery, is akin to basketry. Many Indian baskets are highly priced. Baskets vary as to quality and style, yet with few exceptions, all American Indian tribes were expert basket-makers.

Materials used differed not only with the tribes, but for the particular class of basket made. Willow, birch and other flexible and tough splints were used for the coarser baskets; while bark, roots, grass, straw and other similar materials were used for the finer type baskets.

Indians used nearly every type of weave to make their baskets. Indian basketry can be roughly divided into two distinct classes; one consisting of the various woven, plaited or netted form, and the other the coiled forms. The former or woven type was the one most widely used from Northern America to Chile. In the coil type, the straw or other material being used was twisted, bound or braided into strands which were coiled into the basket form and fastened together by binding, lashing, sewing or wrapping.

Baskets were essential to the Indian. They were used for carrying burdens, for receptacles, for sieves and for innumerable other purposes. Many baskets were so finely woven they could hold water. Frequently they were smeared with pitch or bitumen in order to serve as containers for liquids. Some baskets served as molds for making pottery. The baskets were coated with clay which was then baked, thus destroying the basket-work mold.

The baskets used for strictly utilitarian purposes were plain, however, the Indian's fondness for art and decorative effects resulted in most baskets being woven in endless color combinations and patterns, each more or less distinctive of the tribe and often of symbolic significance. Bits of colored wool or cotton, string, hair, seeds, bright colored beans, shells, beads and other objects were at times woven into baskets.

Baskets became an important item to the settler and so was an important article for trade and barter. Baskets are among the few articles which cannot be too successfully made by machinery. Basket making was, and still is, one of the important industries of the Indian.

Pottery was another useful item. This was of little demand among the white settlers, but like other Indian products, varied in quality, design, durability and beauty. Some tribes made only the coarsest kind of earthenware, crude, fragile and roughly finished. Other tribes produced highly finished delicate, gracefully formed pottery. A high stage had been reached by some tribes in ceramic art, producing vessels and utensils of graceful form, exquisite color combinations and with artistic and elaborate decorations.

Strangely the Indian never discovered the wheel, and knew nothing of the potter's wheel. All their pottery was made by hand and one can only marvel at the perfect symmetry and true circular form produced solely by eye.

Various methods were used for making pottery. One way was the basket-forms covered with clay, others used coiled strips or strands of clay smoothed and wrapped into form thus uniting the coils. Sand cores were used for molding larger vessels, also clay was molded into shape by means of fingers, spatulas, sticks and stone implements. Pottery was sun-dried; at times the clay was tempered with sand, broken shells, or pulverized stones. Clay of different colors and shades was obtained by using various pigments made from minerals and other materials.

Kaolin was abundant in many places, but Indians never made true porcelain as we know it today. Although no Indian discovered how to give the pottery a high glaze many tribes approached closely to porcelain in their ceramics and gave their pottery a slip surface which could be mistaken for a true glaze.

Indians did produce textiles, but only the tribes of the Southwest and some of the Alaskan Indians had this as an important industry. The Navajos, Pueblos and other tribes wove magnificent blankets, saddlebags, rugs, and other things, which have become in demand today. These were done by hand, as no machine can do this fine work. In the far north the Salish, the Tlingits and other tribes wove textiles of bark, mountain sheep and goat wool.

Indian art and industry is again being sought. Jewelry, pottery, baskets, beadwork and other items are fashionable and creating a new market for this ancient art. ●RW

WALTHER PPK 22 CAL. PELLET FIRING "STINGER AUTOMATIC" only $1.25
50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and Feels Like Full Size "James Bond" style German Automatic 5½ inches long — 4½ inches high. Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger with realistic moving slide action. Great for fast action combat—type target practice. 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 25c Not sold in NY City.
HONOR HOUSE,
Dept.182PK74 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.
Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 Dept. 882 Chicago, Ill. 60601

YOU CAN FIND BURIED TREASURE! Buried treasure, waiting to be found, New Book maps locations, Reveals professional Treasure Hunting Secrets. Details Free. Write: Cal Western, 5942 S. Redman Avenue, Whittier, CA 90606.

THE LOOK YOU WANT - WHEN YOU WANT IT!

Be Amazed at the Exciting Change in your Personal Appearance!

Now You can actually select the way you want to look, Older, Younger, Distinguished, Cool, Suave — you name it! Wear each one independently or combine them for the effect you desire.

All items made to exacting professional standards. Firmly self-adhering. Can be worn with self confidence anywhere, anytime. They are so life-like you will have to remind yourself that they can be removed!

FREE with each order, a complete guide that tells how to naturally wear your sideburns, mustache and van dyke.

When ordering state hair color — light, medium, or dark brown, black or off-black, blonde, auburn (red), or silver (grey). If not sure of your hair shade enclose hair sample. 100% Money Back Guarantee. Mustache $2, Sideburns $3, Van Dyke $3. Order all 3 items for only $5. (Save $3)

Send to:
MAN INTERNATIONAL
7551 Melrose Ave., Dept.7009
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. Did the white man introduce the curse of intoxicating beverages to the Indian? E. Kelly, Norwalk, Conn.

A. No, indeed. Most tribes had long ago learned how to manufacture their own joy juice. The Apaches, for instance, overindulged frequently with a concoction called "tiswin", a crude beer manufactured from partly fermented corn, and other tribes rejoiced in similar brews.

Q. What was the "Tucson Ring"? E. Olaynack, Revere, Mass.

A. The Tucson Ring was a group of merchants in Tucson, Arizona, who actively promoted Indian incidents, generated Indian scares, and inundated their Federal representatives with horrendous stories of Indian threats to the communities in order to maintain and increase the number of Federal troops in their area since they reaped great profits supplying their needs. They also connived with Indian agents to supply the reservation tribes with sub-standard rations, charging the Government full price, however. Frequently the plot involved supplying the tribes no rations at all, contributing to the general Indian dissatisfaction which generated more incidents.

Q. Is it true that Pancho Villa was decapitated after his death? M. Borden, Narragansett, R. I.

A. Yes, it is true; however, it happened two and one half years after his death. Villa was assassinated in 1923. Two and one half years later his grave was violated, and the head severed from the body. No one knows why for certain, although there are many theories.

Q. What was the cost of the unsuccessful expedition led by General Pershing into Mexico to capture Villa? V. Borden, Detroit, Mich.

A. About one hundred and thirty million dollars, consuming over one and a half years.

Q. Could you give some background concerning the establishment of "Camel Corps" in the Southwest? R. Eastwood, Clint, Michigan.

A. The idea of utilizing camels in the U.S. Army was initiated by a Major George H. Crossman, who intended them for use as beasts of burden in Florida. No action was taken until 1848 when Major Henry C. Wayne suggested that some be purchased for use in the Southwest. The War Department took no action, so Wayne laid the idea before Jefferson Davis, then a U.S. Senator, who did not implement it at that time. However, when Davis became Secretary of War, he resurrected the idea and, after many trials and tribulations, a Camel Corps was founded. It was not successful, however, and when Edwin Stanton became Secretary of War, he ordered the corps disbanded and the camels turned loose in the desert. Some old timers claim to have seen one or two from time to time.

Q. What did it cost to subdue Geronimo and his Apaches? J. Violet, Austin, Texas.

A. Estimates range as high as over a million dollars.

Q. What was the status of Apache women? E. Cronin, Chicago, Illinois.

A. Semi-benevolent slavery at best. One of the ancient and traditional rights and pleasures of an Apache brave was the beating of his wife. Since this was frequently done with a heavy stick, the results were rather brutal. General Crook at one time had to prohibit the hobby.

Q. Did the Indians practice slavery? K. Smith, Atlanta, Georgia.

A. Yes, they did, mostly all tribes. As late as the 1880's the Apaches had slaves, and the Mexicans regularly utilized captured Apaches as slaves. In most tribes slavery was comparatively humane, the slave becoming like a junior member of the family without prestige and saddled with the disagreeable tasks.

Q. I have read that it was the practice for the Army not to issue a full ration of ammunition to their Indian Scouts. What was the reason for this? A. Deveroux, Boise, Idaho.

A. It was the practice not to issue a full ration while the Scouts were in base camp or reservation as the cartridges were used by them as money and the Scouts would sell or gamble them away. When activated for a campaign, a full issue was given.

Q. Was General Nelson Miles of Indian Wars fame an Academy graduate? A. Pacheco, Middletown, Connecticut.

A. General Nelson Appleton Miles was not an Academy graduate. Miles quit formal schooling at the age of seventeen; however, he attended night school at a business college and was an omnivorous reader. After joining the Army of the Potomac, he participated in almost every major battle and was wounded four times.

Q. Sanitary conditions during extended Indian campaigns must have been deplorable. What was done, for instance, about cooties? F. Forrest, Santa Barbara, California.

A. There were, no doubt, many methods of coping with this inevitable pest, but one of the most unique was described by a participant as follows:

When we happened to rest at a place where shade was available, so that the sun would not blister the bare body, the soldier would strip off his underwear and shirt and go to a nearby ant hill, stir up the pile so as to get the ants excited, and then put his belongings on the ant hill. The ants, especially the large red kind, riled up over the disturbance, would attack the cooties, brood and all, and in a short while the pest had been exterminated.

Nothing is said about how to get rid of the victorious ants.

Q. When and where did Geronimo die? L. Barry, Albany, N.Y.

A. Geronimo died at Fort Sill, Oklahoma on February 17, 1909, still a prisoner of war and without ever returning to his beloved desert Southwest, even for a visit. ●RW

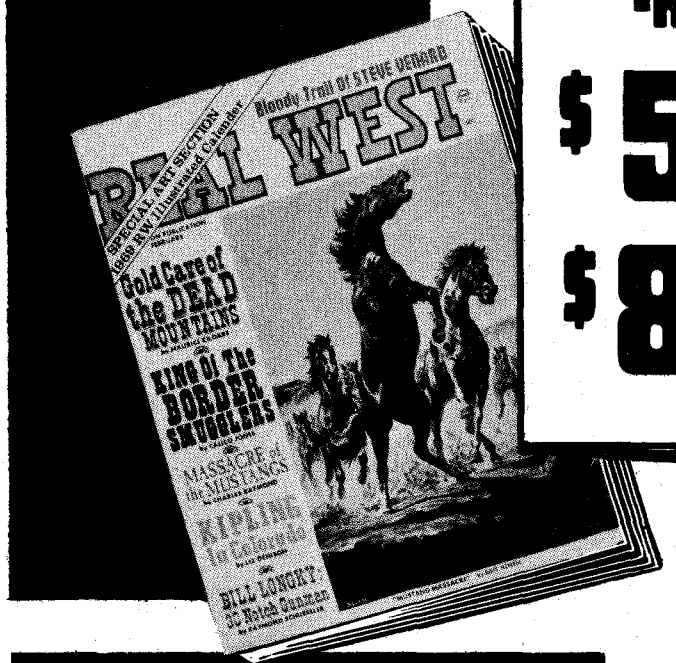
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Money-Saving Subscription Offer

Featuring:

- ★ Authentic Stories of the Old West
- ★ Exclusive Rare Photographs
- ★ The Truth About the Famous Men and Women Who Built the West
- ★ True Accounts of Famous Indians, Outlaws, Lawmen, Soldiers, Places and Events
- ★ Factual Data and Maps of the Fabulous Lost Gold and Silver Mines of the Frontier
- ★ 84 Exciting, Action-Packed Pages

REAL WEST MAGAZINE


REAL WEST
Bloody Trail of Steve Nemirr
Cold Care of the DEAD MOUNTAINS
KING OF The BORDER SMUGGLERS
MASSACRE of the MUSTANGS
BILL LONGLEY

SPECIAL MONEY SAVING -RATES-

$5.00 for 12 issues (one year)

$8.50 for 24 issues (two years)

Give REAL WEST as a gift... or pass on coupon to a friend!

MAIL COUPON TODAY !

REAL WEST, Dept. RW271
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is ☐ $5.00 for 12 issues (one year)
☐ $8.50 for 24 issues (two years)
Canada Add 25% - Foreign 50%

☐ **New Subscription** ☐ **Renewal**
(check one)

Please enter my subscription to REAL WEST now!

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** ..... Zip .....

If you do not want to cut this magazine, order on a separate sheet of paper. Be sure to include name, address, city, state and zip number.

MAIL COUPON TODAY !

REAL WEST, Dept. RW271
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is ☐ $5.00 for 12 issues (one year)
☐ $8.50 for 24 issues (two years)
Canada Add 25% - Foreign 50%

☐ **New Subscription** ☐ **Renewal**
(check one)

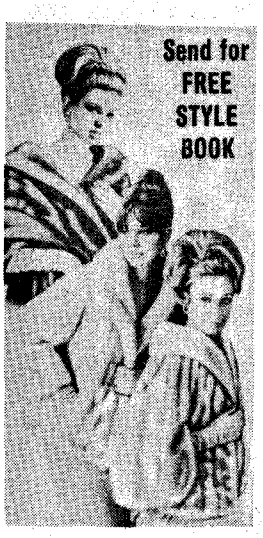
Please enter my subscription to REAL WEST now!

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** ..... Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOUR OLD FUR COAT INTO A LOVELY JACKET, CAPE OR STOLE.

FREE Style Book — 40 glamorous new styles. Only $34.95. I. R. Fox, fur specialist remodeling service includes cleaning, glazing, new lining, interlining, monogramming. Over 16 years old, our service has delighted thousands of customers Write for free Style Book.

BONDED FUR SPECIALISTS

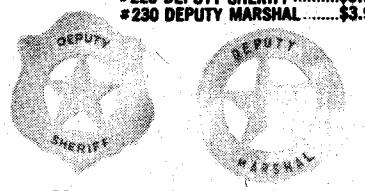
I. R. FOX Dept. F 2175

227 E. 45th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

FROM THE OLD WEST
"LAW MAN" BADGES

★ Authentic in every detail. Made from the original dies in gleaming nickel finish. Full size professional type; not a gag or toy . . . made with jeweler's precision. No C.O.D.; we pay postage.

#225 DEPUTY SHERIFF.....$3.95
#230 DEPUTY MARSHAL.....$3.95



POLICE EQUIPMENT CO. Dept.7009
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

20 COURSE HOME STUDY PROGRAM

KARATE JIU-JITSU
JUDO, BOXING, SAVATE,
Isometric Muscle Building,
Endurance, Stunts, etc.

Only $1.00

Here is what you get!

- 20 best KARATE Blows and Chops
- SAVATE French foot fighting
- Nerve center anatomy chart
- JUDO throws, Jiu Jitsu holds
- Isometric muscle building course
- Endurance Exercises and lots more

FREE Karate Practice and Nerve Center Chart

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send just $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling to:
GUARANTEED DISTRIBUTORS Dp.182.KR 74
LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

CRASH DIET $1 ONLY

LOSE UPTO 5 POUNDS OVERNIGHT!

Learn the secret of T.V.'s fantastic No-Pill, No-Exercise, 1 Day Interim reducing formula! Eat plenty! Go to sleep! Wake up! and you have lost Pounds and Pounds. Amazing? Sure! But guaranteed to work or YOUR MONEY BACK! Send only $1.00 today and also get Free Maintenance Diet, No C.O.D.'s.

MR. & MRS. ASSOCIATES, Dept. A 381
276 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010

BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

A CONFEDERATE IN THE COLORADO GOLD FIELDS

By Daniel Ellis Conner
University of Oklahoma Press
Norman, Oklahoma
$6.95 Illustrated 186 pages

Young Daniel Ellis Conner went to Colorado in 1859 with a group of gold seekers, and was still there when the Civil War broke out. A Kentuckian and Southern sympathizer, he became involved with a band of Rebel troops hiding in Mace's Hole, near Pueblo, who sought to wrest control of the Southwest from the Union. The narrative is from Conner's original manuscript, which he wrote after the war from notes he took in the course of his adventures. The editors have annotated it and added valuable maps and illustrations. Conner's account is the best available description of Confederate activity in Colorado. Conner's language has vigor and force, with power to move and delight the reader. Every animal and person encountered on the trip from Kansas to Colorado stands out in sharp detail. Infuriated grizzly bears attack the gold seekers. Wounded buffalo stand, too sullen to fall dead. Friendly Arapahoes try to converse with the gold seekers in a different language. Comanches and Kiowas dash about on the plains. Conner himself matures in the course of the narrative. Carefree, curious, and ready for anything in the beginning, in the end he faces possible death or imprisonment with the anguished courage of the very young who begin consciously to value life and freedom only when they fear they are about to lose them. An excellent book for both the Western buff and the Civil War enthusiast.

THE LEGEND OF CHARLIE GLASS

By Walker D. Wyman and John D. Hart
River Falls State University Press
River Falls, Wisconsin 54022
Paperback $1.00 Illustrated 20 pages

This small pamphlet is well worth the $1.00 charged. It traces the legend of Charlie Glass, a negro cowboy on the Colorado - Utah Range. Included is the first publication of "The Ballad of Charlie Glass" with words and music. We predict that in a few years this pamphlet will become a much sought after collector's item. ●RW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST BACK COPIES

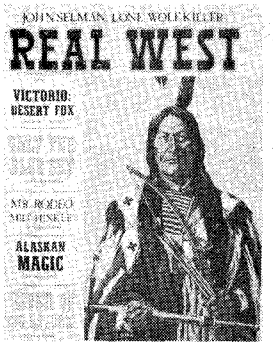
MAY, 1969

Dick Dowling, Texas Hero Of The Civil War

Terrors Of The Yukon

Mystery Of The Tipi Rings

Rocky Mountain Rails



JUNE, 1969

John Selman, Lone Wolf Killer

Victorio: Desert Fox

Only The Blue Sky

River Of No Return

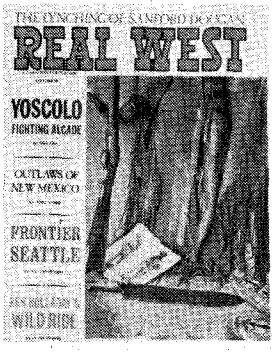
AUGUST, 1969

Henry Brown, Fake Lawman

Ed Lyon:Scar-Faced Avenger

Cattle Drive Through Hell

Bombing Of Castle James

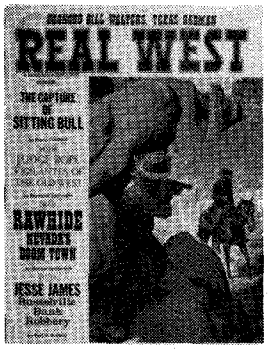


SEPTEMBER, 1969

The Lynching Of *Sanford Dougan*

Yoscolo, Fighting Alcade

Frontier Seattle



OCTOBER, 1969

Bronco Bill Walters Texas Badman

The Capture Of Sitting Bull

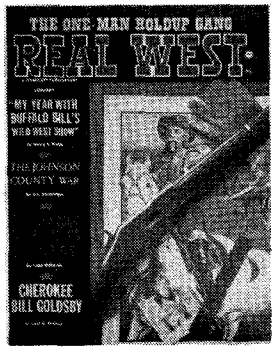
Rawhide; Nevada's Boom Town

NOVEMBER,1969

Bat Masterson, Lawman

Joaquin Murietta And Lola Montez

Outlaw Loot Of Wichita Mountain

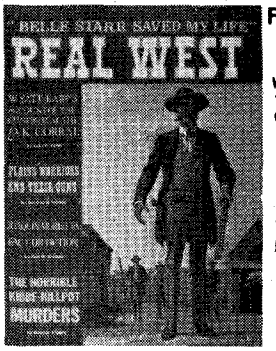


JANUARY, 1970

My Year With Buffalo Bill's Wildwest Show

The Johnson County War

Cherokee Bill Goldsby

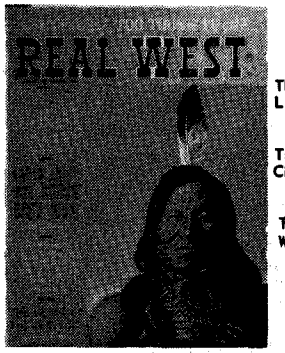


FEBRUARY, 1970

Wyatt Earp's Account Of The Gunfight At The O.K. Corral

Plains Warriors And Their Guns

The Horrible Kibbe-Hillpot Murders

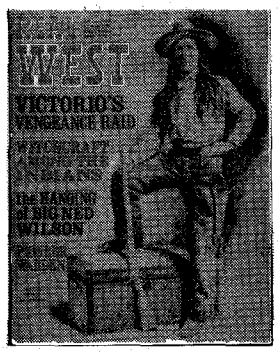


MARCH, 1970

The Saga Of Wild Bill Longley

Truth About The Dodge City War

The Horse Of The Real West

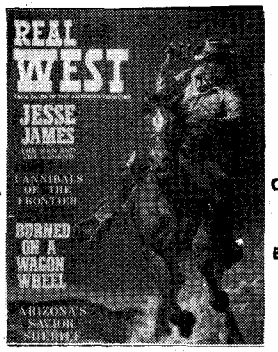


APRIL, 1970

Victorio's Vengeance Raid

Witchcraft Among The Indians

Pioneer Warden

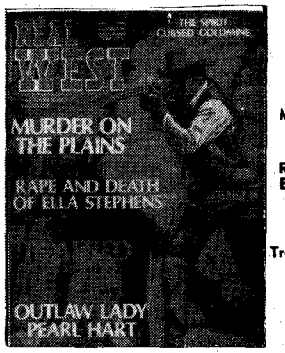


MAY, 1970

Jesse James, The Man And The Legend

Cannibals Of The Frontier

Burned On A Wagon Wheel



JUNE, 1970

Murder On The Plains

Rape And Death Of Ella Stephens

Trapped In The Mountains

50¢ PER COPY

$2.00 ANY SIX

$4.00 ALL TWELVE

CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dept. RW271
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. 06418

Enclosed is $..... (Canada Add 25% - Foreign 50%)

Please rush me the following back issue (s) of REAL WEST:

☐ MAY, 1969	☐ SEPT., 1969	☐ JAN., 1970	☐ APRIL, 1970
☐ JUNE, 1969	☐ OCT., 1969	☐ FEB., 1970	☐ MAY, 1970
☐ AUG., 1969	☐ NOV., 1969	☐ MAR., 1970	☐ JUNE, 1970

☐ ALL TWELVE ISSUES

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dallas

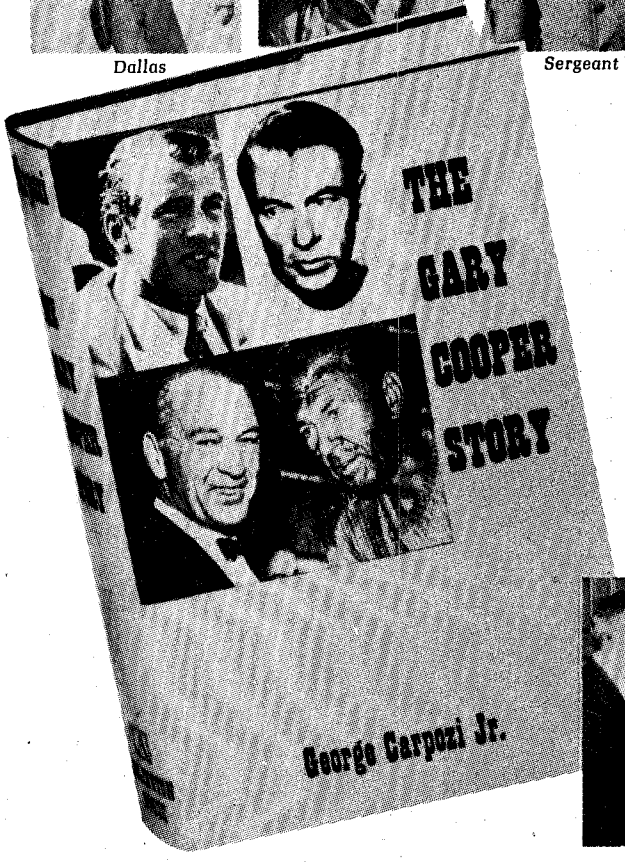
Sergeant York

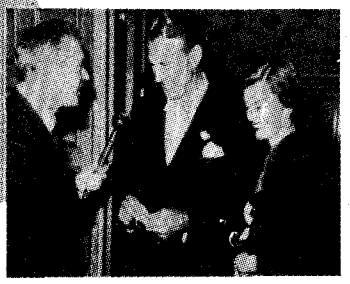
Ball of Fire

Pride of the Yankees

Dr. Wassell

Coop's Life Story





Left: Coop and wife rocky at the interview microphone, at the premiere of The Fountainhead.

Right: Cooper relaxing before the opening curtain of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, Hollywood, 1957.

Think back to the glories of *A Farewell to Arms, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sergeant York, Pride of the Yankees, For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *High Noon*. One heroic figure stands out — a tall, gaunt, shy champion of the just and the good. The man who played this role so well was only playing himself.

Far left: Cooper with his mother.

Center: Shown with actress Patricia Neal.

Right: Gary at the age of sixteen (1917).

The Gary Cooper Story by George Carpozi Jr.

- 21 chapters tell the story of Gary Cooper from Montana ranch to Hollywood set, recreate his enviable boyhood, his hilarious Hollywood debut, his loves and friendships, his work.
- 57 photographs picture the growth of the ranch boy, the would-be artist, the fledgling actor, the star, the super-star. Includes a rare find: a sample of Cooper's drawing—his first love.
- 26-page Filmography lists 95 films with casts, credits, awards: the most extensive Cooper filmography ever compiled. Dividend: the "lost" pictures — the silent two-reelers in which Cooper is glimpsed as an extra.
- 16-page index of 851 entries charts the history of Hollywood's finest hours. Every actor, director, writer, producer who ever worked with Cooper is listed, as well as his friends and womenfolk.

RISK-FREE EXAMINATION

As you read *The Gary Cooper Story*, you realize that this is more than just another manual on How to Make It Big as a Film Star. It is the story of a Man of the West — his colorful beginnings, his amazing career, his complex private life. And suddenly you see why men and women who never knew him except as that slow-talking, shy shadow on the screen loved him, and wept when he left us.

May we send you a copy of *The Gary Cooper Story* for risk-free inspection? If not well pleased, you may return the book within 30 days of delivery for a refund in full — plus extra money to cover the cost of return postage. Mail coupon with $6.95 to your bookseller or Arlington House, Publishers, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801.

To your bookseller or:

ARLINGTON HOUSE·PUBLISHERS

81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801

How to get this book for ONE DOLLAR

Would you like this book for just a buck—a saving of $5.95? You can get your copy for $1 by joining the Nostalgia Book Club. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 4 books or records from among the 75 or more we'll offer over the next two years, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the colorful Club bulletin, Reminiscing Time, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20% to 70% off store price plus shipping. The books we offer bring back the Twenties, Thirties, Forties, and Fifties . . . old-time radio shows . . . swing bands . . . favorite movies . . . comic books . . . the fun and laughter of the near past. If you accept the monthly Selection, no need to do anything. It's shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. If you don't want the monthly Selection, you merely let the Club know on the handy form always provided. If you think this plan makes good sense, please check the box in the coupon and mail today.

Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid. George Carpozi Jr.'s THE GARY COOPER STORY. My payment of $6.95 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage.

RW 202

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

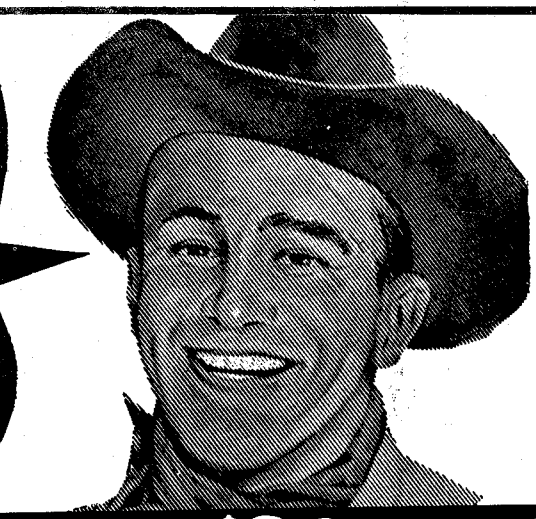
State_____ Zip_____

☐ **I enclose $1. Send THE GARY COOPER STORY and enroll me in the Nostalgia Book Club. I agree to buy 4 Club Selections in the next two years, at 20% to 70% discounts.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INVEST NOW!
PROSPERITY AWAITS YOU!

1¼ ACRES



MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in NEVADA

$20 DOWN PLUS CARRYING CHARGES

$20 MONTHLY
FULL PRICE **$995**

THE BOOM THAT HAD TO COME IS NOW ON IN NEVADA. Ground floor buyers are reaping fortunes from small initial investments. A factual example of skyrocketing values is Las Vegas, Nevada. Land in Las Vegas that originally sold for $200.00 an acre, now sells for $20,000.00 an acre, a profit of 1000%! Buyers who took advantage of low opening prices have become wealthy. The ground floor opportunity of Las Vegas is gone, BUT ANOTHER AREA OF PROSPEROUS NEVADA IS BEING RELEASED FOR PUBLIC SALE!

This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic, unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage.

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the factors needed to boom...to prosper...to skyrocket its land values. Ideally located in the prospering Elko Valley, The Ranchos have the backdrop of the statuesque Ruby Mountains. The sparkling Humboldt River actually flows through the property and is a valuable asset of The Ranchos. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road. The City of Elko, with its long established schools, churches, and medical facilities is MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS friendly neighbor.

RETIREES: Land is your best insurance against inflation, especially when it's in the clean air and pleasant climate of Nevada. Buy now...for investment...and for good living.

CAMPERS: Meadow Valley Ranchos is the perfect place to camp. Roads are in and water is plentiful. After your small down payment, you can enjoy all the advantages of camping . . . and on your own property.

FAMILY RECREATION?

FISHING: A fisherman's paradise. Huge Rainbow, Brook Trout and German Browns abound in Alpine-like lakes and streams.

GOLF: Enjoy leisurely golfing, with never a rush for starting times, at the city owned Ruby View Golf Course. This beautiful golf course is only minutes from the property.

LAKE OSINO: No charge to Rancho owners for full privileges at nearby Lake Osino. Fish, Picnic and Relax at this private lake.

HUNTING: You will find the hunting of your life. Big game Mule Deer are abundant. Duck, Quail and Chukar are plentiful.

YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW—

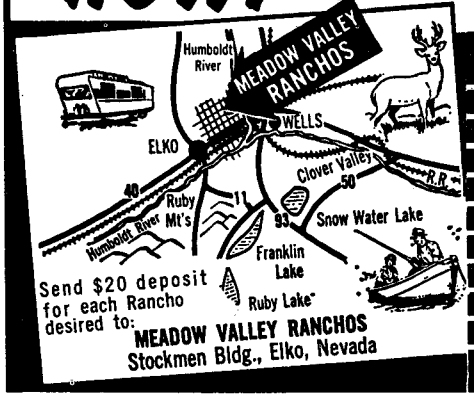
YES, wise investors are buying in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, but America's largest corporations, who buy in advance of population explosion, are also investing throughout Nevada. U.S. COMMERCE BUREAU FACT: Per capita income in Nevada is highest of all 50 states.

TAX RELIEF—No State Income, Gift or Inheritance Tax. The low Real Estate Property Tax is actually limited by the State Constitution.

WHAT ARE THE TOTAL COSTS?

The full price of the title to your 1¼ acre Rancho is only $995. Total payment schedule is $20 down and $20 per month. John D. Rockefeller said, "The big fortunes of the future will be made in Real Estate." You are not required to do anything to your land. Live or vacation on it, or watch its value grow, then sell all or part of it for a profit. Your profitable tomorrow is here today in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS.

NOW! DON'T MISS THIS OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY!



MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS

RW 271 STOCKMEN BLDG., ELKO, NEVADA 89801

MAIL COUPON TODAY

YES!—Reserve acreage at MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS for me—$995 for each 1¼ acre parcel plus carrying charges—payable $20 down and $20 a month. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. You will return my $20 deposit if I request same within 30 days. I enclose $20 deposit for each 1¼ acre Rancho desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO
1¼	$20	$20
2½	40	40
3¾	60	60
5	80	80

Name:_____

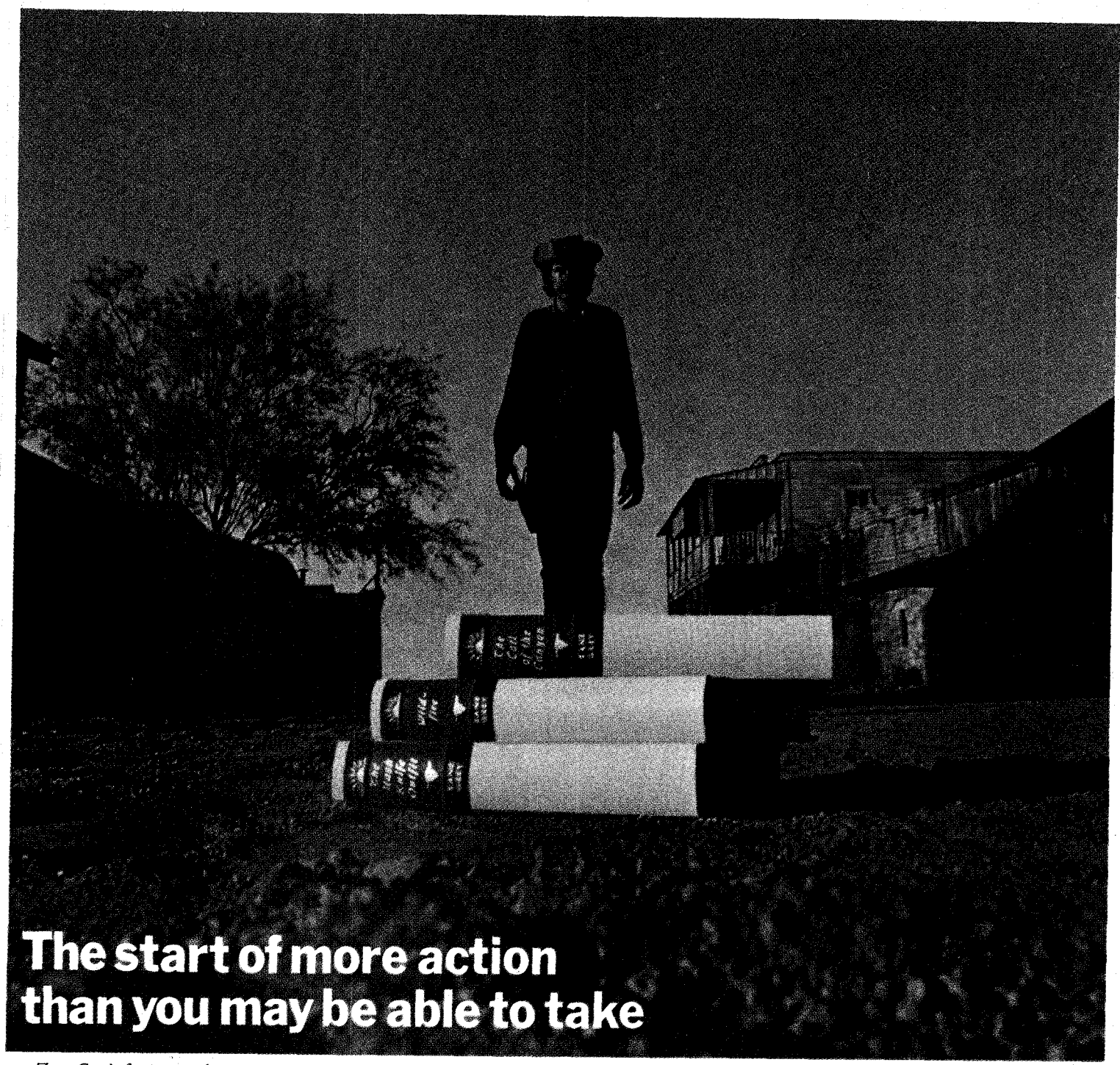
Address_____

City:_____ Zone:_____ State:_____

Indicate No. of Ranchos_____ Total enclosed $_____

Offer not valid to New York State residents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The start of more action than you may be able to take

Zane Grey's famous novels are written for tough-minded readers about some of the roughest characters who ever roamed the frontier: broken-nosed, bullet-scarred men who had to ride hard and shoot fast in order to survive.

If you enjoy this kind of story, we'll be glad to send you—for the token price of $1—three of the greatest books Zane Grey ever wrote.

The Call of the Canyon. What happens to a soft-living Easterner who gives up the good life to face an outlaw's vengeance alone on the Arizona frontier.

Wildfire. For a stallion who wouldn't be ridden, a girl who wouldn't be kissed, Lin Slone gambled everything.

The Hash Knife Outfit. The softest among them lived only to kill. What chance for their hostage, beautiful Molly Dunn, or for the hot-tempered cowpunchers trying to free her?

These rugged books are hard bound in sunset red, desert tan, and cavalry blue. And they're stamped in real gold. They're the first of what could be a library of Western classics you ll be proud to own.

You may wonder why we offer you three Zane Grey books (which are regularly $10.17) for only $1.

We think you'll be impressed. And that you'll want to own others in the series as they come from the presses.

They will include: Riders of the Purple Sage, The Dude Ranger, Wild Horse Mesa, Arizona Ames, Thunder Mountain, The Vanishing American, Maverick Queen, and many more.

Because we print in quantity and cut out the middleman, we can still offer our subscribers these distinctive, cloth-bound books for only $3.39 each plus shipping.

Send no money. Just mail coupon to get the first three books at the introductory price of only $1.

Please send me The Call of the Canyon, Wildfire, and The Hash Knife Outfit. I may keep all three for only $1 plus shipping or return them within ten days and pay nothing.

Also reserve for me the right to get other volumes in the Zane Grey Library as they come from the presses.

I'll get advance descriptions of all future volumes. I may reject any book before or after I receive it. For those I keep, I'll pay just $3.39 each plus shipping. And I may cancel my reservation any time. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.) 1-MM

Print Name

Address 28A

City State Zip

Walter J. Black, Inc., Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

The Zane Grey Library

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED